THE FAMILY HISTORY OF

RUDOLPH & ELIZABETH WEBER BLATTER

LYNN BLATTER

THE FAMILY HISTORY OF

Rudolph & Elizabeth Weber

BLATTER

Compiled Histories of Rudolph, Elizabeth, Their Children & Spouses

by

Lynn Blatter

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Introduction

The Blatter family has a rich heritage. To more fully appreciate it and make it available to all the descendants of Rudolph and Elizabeth Blatter, I was inspired to compile the available history in a book. I did not rewrite or alter these histories as they came to me. After publishing *Taylor Mountain Homesteaders* about those who originally occupied the dry farm land later owned by John and Reed Blatter and seeing how thrilled and appreciative they were to have their histories gathered and published, it was an incentive for me to start on this project.

This book is limited to the nine children of Rudolph and Elizabeth and their children's memory of them. Some of the families left a very meager account of their lives and others left a rich and detailed description of their experiences. As for Rudolph's name in its various spellings etc., Cheryl Blatter Graham, my sister, notes that in looking at the microfilm of J. Rudolf's baptism in Tenniken, Switzerland, he is listed as "Joh. Rudolf". It is a diminutive of his father's name Johannes and they intended to call him Rudolf from the very beginning. All his legal documents are in the name of "Rudolph" but his personal signature on his pension application he signed as "Rudolf".

This has been a work of great joy and satisfaction to me and I hope it will be appreciated by all the descendants of Rudolph and Elizabeth Blatter.

—Lynn A. Blatter

Acknowlegdments

This book was made possible by the generous contributions of the descendants of Rudolph and Elizabeth Blatter in furnishing histories, documents, pictures and first hand accounts of Rudolph's family. Everyone I contacted was most willing to help. Eva Blaylock and Kay Blatter, children of William Blatter, the youngest child of Rudolph and Elizabeth, were very helpful in locating relatives and histories. Velta Cleverly was wise and thoughtful some years ago in gathering memories of their mother Dora from the ten children of Gottlieb and Dora who knew her and made them available to me. I am grateful to my daughter in law Dawnika Blatter for typing those 40 pages of Dora into Microsoft Word making them ready for the graphic artist Matt Cole, who does the layout and format for the printing.

Kevin, Allen and Gary Blatter, my nephews, had previously done extensive research on Rudolph's Civil War experience and life in Illinois which they readily made available to me which was so greatly appreciated. My grandson, sixteen year old Brandon Blatter, was most helpful in converting the PDF histories into Microsoft Word and my daughter Jan Blatter Kotter for reforming that converted text. A special thanks to my sister Cheryl Blatter Graham as our family genealogist for keeping track of Rudolph and Elizabeth's nine children and their descendants so I would have a direct source to contact to obtain the histories. She made available the chart which links which histories go with which descendant line.

I express appreciation to Lane Blatter for furnishing the Blatter "Coat of Arms" and its English translation. Cherlynn Blatter Thomas, editor of the Weber/Baumann organization newsletter contributed extensively to much needed material. This has been a great cooperative effort for which I am most grateful.

—Lynn A. Blatter

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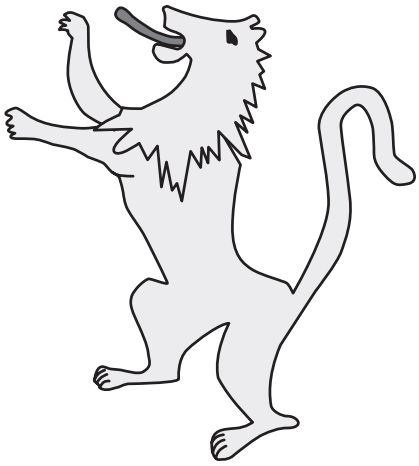
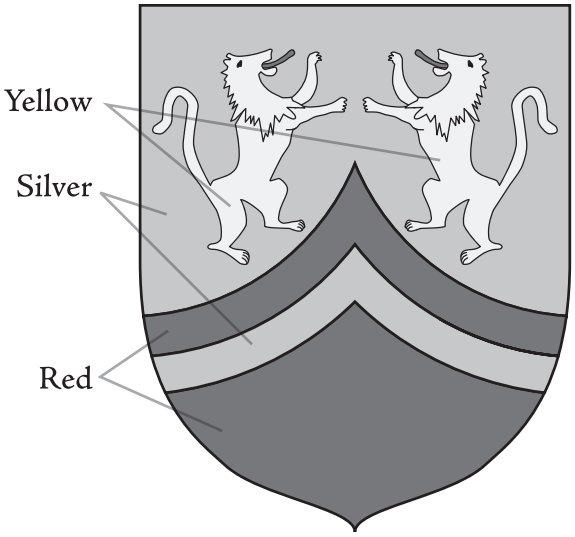


Coat of Arms

FAMILY: **BLATTER**

Of Tenniken, BRANCH (BASEL) Shield: **Silver-Red**



Helmet: **Fisier**

Cover: **Rot-Silber**

Zier: **Guardian Lions**

Legend: **Family which was known before the 18th century in Tenniken Basel**

16th Century

Registration Nr.: **133**

Origin of the coat of arms: **Basel Coat of arms book, and old seals, in the Bern Historical Museum**

Cost: 5 Swiss Franks

Institute for Heraldic und Genealogy *T. Mogg* Biel-Bienne

Coat of Arms

Confusion over the term "Family Crest" probably arose from an understandable abbreviation of the terminology used in heraldry for an important part of a coat of arms. It is not difficult to see how the term "Crest" could have become synonymous in common use with the term "Coat of Arms", since one is a part of the other. Through time the "Crest" has been associated with family names, independent of the Coat of Arms.

Coats of arms are not awarded to a family name, but to an individual. The coat of arms and crest was granted to someone with that name many years ago. This is why there is often more than one coat of arms associated with a given surname.

Meaning Behind Symbols
Color Meaning

Gold – Generosity and elevation of the mind

Silver – Peace and sincerity

Red – Warrior or martyr, military strength, magnanimity

Lion – Dauntless courage, bravery, strength, ferocity and valor

The coat of arms borne on a shield notes that "family" identification was practiced in Northern Europe even before the Norman Conquest. Regardless of their origins, coats of arms became military status symbols. The "Crest" is the adornment with colors and figures on, above, and around the shield. The depiction on the shield is the "Coat of Arms."

Pronunciation of the Family Name "Blatter"

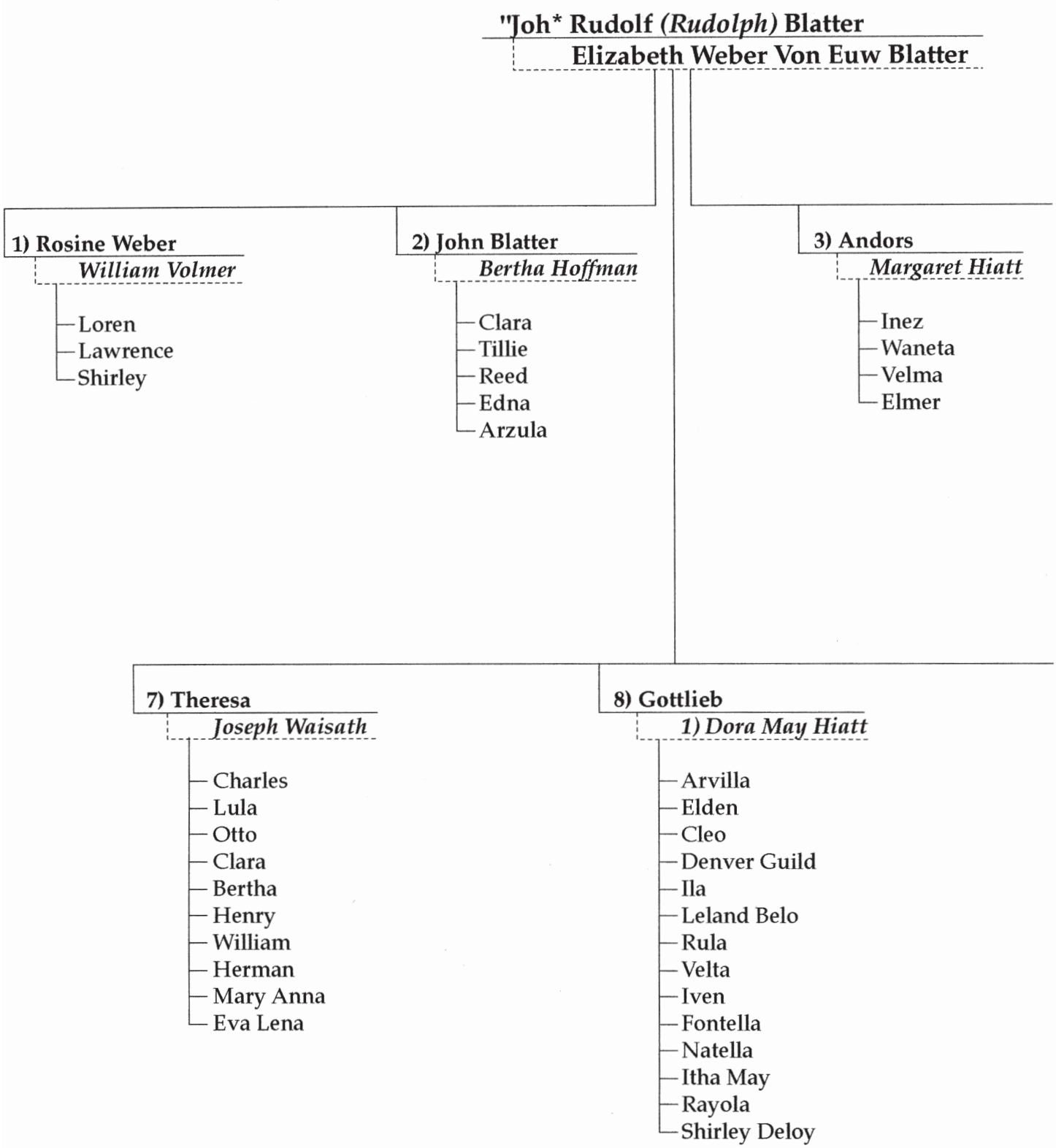
As many of you will know, the "Blatter" name comes from the German-speaking part of Switzerland. It is the plural of the noun, "Blatt," meaning in English, "leaf," "petal," "newspaper" or "sheet" (of paper). In the original German, the plural is made by placing two dots over the "a," called an "umlaut," or is sometimes written with an "e" following the "a" to let the reader know that it is plural and also of the changed pronunciation. In both cases, the plural is pronounced Blaetter (rhyming generally, but not exactly, with the English word "letter.") In any event, it appears that the original leader of the family, Rudolph Blatter, who came to the United States from Switzerland in 1854, presumably in order to make it simpler for Americans reading and speaking his name, called himself "Blatter." Rhyming with "matter." That is how the pronunciation of the name remained until 1948.

According to members of the Reed Blatter family, their altered pronunciation of their last name, now rhyming with "hotter," came about when Reed was called to be a member of the South Idaho Falls Stake Presidency at the Stake Conference held in Idaho Falls on May 30, 1948. The presiding authority at that conference was the senior president of the Seven Presidents of Seventy, Elder Levi Edgar Young, a former professor of History at the University of Utah and former missionary in the Swiss-German Mission. Having a love for and being familiar with German from his mission, on hearing the original pronunciation, Elder Young was taken aback and commented in order for the family to be closer and more accurate to the original pronunciation, they should call themselves Blatter (rhyming with "hotter.") So from then on, they did. Reed was apparently enthusiastically supported in this change by his friend and Stake President, Cecil Hart, who himself a former French missionary, was familiar with Europe and European languages and presumably liked to preserve their original sound.

Other members of the extended family thought the new pronunciation presumptuous and continued to call themselves "Blatter," (rhyming with "matter") to the present day. But regardless of pronunciation wherever they live have been proud to be part of the extended family and related to each other. They have distinguished themselves as patriotic and productive Americans, have raised faithful and law-abiding families, have been faithful and serving Latter-Day Saints, and have made their communities and country better places to live in. As a family, we are proud of them all.

Information provided by Sharlene Tobler Blatter and her brother Douglas Tobler, retired BYU professor.

Rudolph Blatter Family Portrait, 1913



*In the church baptism record the name appears as Joh. Rudolf and his parents are listed as Johannes Blatter and Anna Barbara Blapp and the city was Tenniken. Microfilm #0128247,1836, Kirchenbuch, Baselland, Switzerland church records

Rudolph Blatter
Family Descendants Chart

4) Frank Bernhart
Mary Caroline Miller
- Fredrick

5) Elizabeth Mary Blatter
John Krupp
- William Edgar
- Ezra Roy
- Victor John
- Robert Rudolph
- Aleta Maggie
- Ella Lowiena

6) Lillie Le Flora
Frank Ritter
- Florence Ella
- Kate Lillie
- Laura
- Flora Elizabeth
- Lucy Mary
- Irene Josephine
- Harvey Ralph
- Dortha Wenona
- Robert Harold

8) Gottlieb *(continued)*
2) Lorene Arabella Maddox
- Gailya Dee
- Layne Farrell
- Mahlon Dale *(Sam)*
- Steven Quayle
- Clothele

9) William Lincoln
Olga Vollenweider
- William Wilford
- Levi Preston
- Bethene
- Eva
- Calvin Sidney
- Melvin Richard
- David Lincoln
- Kenneth Bish
- Kay Milton

CHAPTER

Rudolph Blatter & Elizabeth Weber Family

Rudolph Blatter was the thirteenth child of Johannes Blatter and Anna Barbara Blapp. He was born May 22, 1836 in the little village of Tenniken, Kanton Basel-Landschaff, Switzerland. Tenniken is near the city of Basel. He emigrated from Switzerland as a 17 year old to avoid the compulsory military training of six years required of all 18 year old males. This seems very ironic considering what later ensued in his military career. He never used the name Johan in this country and was always known as Rudolph.

The first known record we have of him was his marriage to Nancy Scudder August 29, 1860 in St. Clair County as recorded in the Belleville, Ill. Court records. In his pension records he listed his former marriage to a Nancy Talbert. Whether Talbert and Scudder are the same is not known. No court records could be found of a Nancy Talbert marriage to Rudolph.

The next known event was his enlistment in the 7th Illinois Cavalry as a private on August 27, 1861 – shortly after the Battle of First Manassas (sometimes referred to as the first Battle of Bull Run). Most units that fought for the Union were mustered locally and the 7th Illinois Cavalry was mustered at Red Budd, IL. Rudolph was a resident of Pinckneyville, Illinois, which was about 40 miles away. Several other men from Pinckneyville also enlisted at the same time. It was considered to be more glamorous to join a cavalry unit and owning a horse was the only real distinguishing factor between joining the cavalry and being in the infantry.

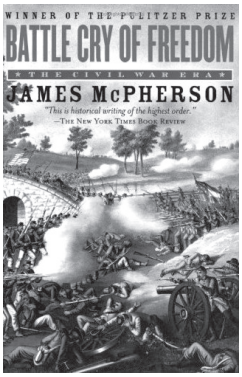
In the Union Army, the cavalry were used for scouting actions and guarding the long supply lines from the Union supply depots and the location of the armies. The 7th Illinois Cavalry was often assigned to guarding the Mississippi River and other strategic points in the Western Theatre which was west of the Appalachians' and east of the Mississippi River. On October 11, 1863 the 7th Illinois Cavalry was engaged in guarding Collierville, TN which was an important rail junction about 25 miles east of Memphis when they were attacked by Chalmers Confederate Cavalry. During this battle, General W.T. Sherman, who was visiting Collierville, was nearly captured. However, about 15 men were captured and among them was Pvt. Blatter.

Pvt. Blatter was transported to Libby Prison November 21, 1863, which was a converted tobacco warehouse in Richmond, VA. Just prior to Pvt. Blatter's capture, it had been common to "parole" or exchange prisoners. Paroling was a process where if a captured prisoner would sign an affidavit promising not to fight again, he could be released. There was widespread reneging on these promises on both sides, due to attractive enlistment "bounties" or

bonuses and the practice was discontinued. At the time of Pvt. Blatter's capture, exchanges were still done, but usually only for officers.

Libby Prison was set up by the Confederacy as a temporary holding center for enlisted prisoners until a more widespread system of prisoner exchanges could be instituted. (Being short on manpower, the Confederacy desired a more widespread system of exchange while the Union resisted such plans). Recognizing a need for permanent holding facilities away from the war zone where liberation might be possible, the Confederacy constructed the Andersonville Prison during the winter of 1864. The first prisoner's transferred to Andersonville came from Libby prison and the official war records show that Pvt. Blatter arrived on March 14, 1864. Pvt. Blatter likely spent close to 4 months at Libby Prison.

The following paragraph is an excerpt from McPherson, James, *Battle Cry of Freedom*, Oxford University Press, 1988, p 796.

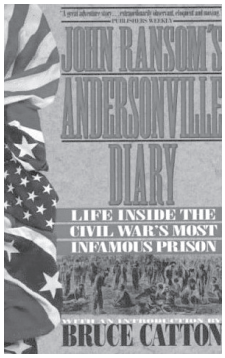


> Conditions in both prisons were intolerable and as heavy fighting of 1864 piled up captives in jerry-built prisons, grim stories of disease, starvation and brutality began to filter northward. The camp at Andersonville in southeast Georgia became representative in northern eyes of southern barbarity. A stockade camp of sixteen acres designed for 10,000 prisoners, Andersonville soon became overcrowded with captives from Sherman's army as well as from the eastern theater. It was enlarged to twenty-six acres, in which 33,000 men were packed by August 1864- an average of thirty-four square feet per man- without shade in the Deep South summer and no shelter except what they could rig from sticks, tent flies, blankets and odd bits of cloth. During some weeks in the summer of 1864, more than a hundred prisoners died every day in Andersonville. On one day more than 300 men died! Altogether 13,000 of the 45,000 men imprisoned there died of disease, exposure and malnutrition.

The same wagons that hauled in the daily rations were used to haul out the prisoners that had died in the afternoon. Many died in the stockade, but more commonly the men became too sick to eat and were sent to the hospital. A large majority of the prisoners that went to the hospital never came out. However, Pvt. Blatter's official war record indicates he spent time in the hospital at Andersonville being admitted June 16, 1864 where he recovered from his dysentery and was returned to the stockade August 31, 1864.

One of his war buddies, Mienrad Von Euw, who was also from Switzerland, was not as fortunate. Pvt. Von Euw had also enlisted in the 7th Illinois Cavalry and was captured in a separate engagement. Whether Pvt's Blatter and Von Euw knew each other prior to the war is not known, but they became close friends during their internment. Pvt. Von Euw died at Andersonville on November 1, 1864, a few days before he would have been released. Rudolph evidently promised Von Euw that he would inform his wife Elizabeth of his death, which he did, but just when is not known.

John Ransom's *Andersonville Diary* (the only known Andersonville prisoner to keep a day by day account of his prisoner days is an absolute must reading to understand prison conditions. It is available in your library and on Amazon. Com new and used for $18.00).



I, Lynn Blatter, will now include excerpts from his diary which parallels exactly Rudolph's imprisonment. John Ransom was a sergeant in the 7th Ohio Cavalry and was captured November 6 1863, at Rogersville, East Tennessee. (Rudolph was captured October 11, 1863).

We were marched 10 miles after being captured. We were Cavalry men and marching on foot made us very lame, and we could hardly hobble along. After we were captured everything was taken away from us, blankets, overcoats, and in many cases our boots and shoes. I saw that if I was going to remain a prisoner of war it behooved me to get hold of a blanket. We were well fed on corn bread and bacon. Reached Bristol, Va., Nov. 8th and soon aboard of cattle cars en-route for the rebel capital.

Nov. 23, 1863. Having a few good dollars of good Yankee money which I have hoarded since my capture, I have purchased a large blank book and intend as long as I am a prisoner of war in this Confederacy, to note down from day to day as occasion may occur, events as they happen, treatment, ups and downs generally. It will serve to pass away the time and may be interesting at some future time to read over.

Feb. 24, 1864. We are housed in the Pemberton Building, Richmond, Virginia. We are confined on the third floor of the building, which is a large tobacco warehouse. The lice are very thick. You can see them all over floors, walls, &etc., in fact everything literally covered with them. We talk of escape night and day—and are nearly crazy on the subject. No more news about exchange.

Feb 27, 1864. Were all searched again today but still keep my diary, although expecting to lose it every day; would be quite a loss, as the longer I write and remain a prisoner the more attached I am to my record of passing events. A man shot for putting his head out the window. We are nearly opposite and not more than twenty rods from Libby Prison, which is a large tobacco warehouse. (Rudolph could have been housed in either place. (Ransom was a printer previously.)

Feb. 28, 1864. Had the (?) honor of seeing Jefferson Davis again and part of his congress to-day. They visited Libby and we were allowed to look out the windows to see them as they passed in and out of the building. Strut around like chickens with frozen feet.

March 7, 1864. We were roused from our gentle slumbers during the night, counted off and marched to the cars, loaded into them, which evidently just had some cattle as occupants. Started southward to some position of Georgia, as a guard told us.

March 10, 1864. Still traveling, and unloaded nights to sleep by the track. Rebel citizens and women improve every opportunity to see live Yankees.

March 13, 1864. Ran very slow through the night, and are in the vicinity of Macon, Georgia. Will reach our prison tonight. Received a pone of corn bread apiece weighing about two pounds, which is liberal on their part. Two more days such riding as this would kill me. The lice are fairly eating us up alive, having no chance to rid ourselves of them since leaving Richmond.

March 14, 1864. Andersonville, Georgia. Arrived at our destination at last. And a dismal hole it is, too. (Rudolph would have been on the same train as both arrived from Libby Prison on the same day) We got off the cars at two o'clock this morning in a cold rain and were marched into our pen between a strong guard carrying lighted pitch pine knots to prevent our crawling off into the dark. I could hardly walk having been cramped up so long, and feel as if I was a hundred years old. Have stood up ever since we came from the cars, and shivering with the cold. The rain has wet us to the skin and we are worn out and miserable. Nothing to eat to-day and another dismal night just setting in.

March 15, 1864. At about midnight I could stand up no longer, and lay down in the mud and water. Could hardly get up. Have drawn some rations which consisted of nearly a quart of corn meal, half a pound of beef, and some salt. This is splendid.

March 16, 1864. The prison is not yet entirely completed. One side is yet open, and through the opening two pieces of artillery are pointed. About 1800 Yankees are here now. Col. Piersons commands the prison, and rides in and talks with the men. Is quite sociable, and says we are all to be exchanged in a few weeks. We had been fooled enough, and paid no attention to what they told us. Weather cleared up and very cold nights. Have picked out our ground, rolled some big logs together, and are trying to make ourselves comfortable. We put on all our clothes nights and take them off day-times. The men do most of their sleeping through the day, and shiver through the long nights.

March 17, 1864. Get almost enough to eat, such as it is, but don't get it regularly. 600 more prisoners came last night. Andersonville is situated on two hillsides, with a small stream of swampy water running through the center, and on both sides of the stream is a piece of swamp with two or three acres in it. We have plenty of wood now, but it will not last long. A very unhealthy climate. A good many are being poisoned by poisonous roots, and there is thick green scum on the water. All who drink freely are made sick, and their faces swell up so they cannot see.

March 18, 1864. There are about 15 acres of ground in the stockade and we have the freedom of the whole ground. Plenty of room, but they are filling it up. Six hundred new men each day. Guards are perched on top of the stockade; are very strict, and to-day one man was shot for approaching too near the wall. We have no shelter of any kind whatever. Eighteen or twenty die per day. The dews wet things through completely, and by morning all nearly chilled. Rebels all the while at work making the prison stronger. Prevailing conversation is food and exchange.

March 19, 1864. A good deal of fighting going on among us. A large number of sailors and marines are confined with us, and they are a quarrelsome set.

March 23, 1864. Stockade all up, and we are penned in. My blanket keeps us all warm. There are two more men in our mess. Daytimes the large spread is stretched three or four feet high on four sticks, and keeps off the sun, and at night taken down for a cover.

March 24, 1864. Digging a tunnel to get out of this place. Prison getting filthy. Prisoners somewhat to blame for it. Good many dying and they are those who take no care of themselves, drink poor water, etc.

March 25, 1864. Lieut. Piersons is no longer in command of the prison, but instead a Capt. Wirtz. Came inside today and looked us over. Has a sneering sort of cast of countenance. I asked him if he didn't think we would be exchanged soon. He said: Oh, yes, we would be exchanged soon. Somehow or other this assurance don't elate us much; perhaps it was his manner when saying it.

March 27, 1864. We have issued to us once each day about a pint of beans, or more properly peas, (full of bugs). And three quarters of a pint of meal, and nearly every day a piece of bacon the size of your two fingers, probably three or four ounces. This is very good rations taken in comparison to what I have received before. The pine which we use in cooking is pitch pine, and a black smoke arises from it; consequently we are black as Negroes. It is a sad sight to see men die so fast. New prisoners die the quickest and are buried in the near vicinity, we are told in trenches without coffins. A dead line composed of slats of boards runs around on the inside of the wall, about twelve or fourteen feet from the wall, and we are not allowed to go near it on pain of being shot by the guard.

March 28, 1864. Wirtz comes inside and has begun to be very insolent. Is constantly watching for tunnels. He is a brute. We call him the "Flying Dutchman".

March 29, 1864. Raiders' getting bolder as the situation grows worse. Often rob a man now of all he has, in public, making no attempt at concealment. In sticking up for the weaker party our mess gets into trouble nearly every day.

April 3, 1864. We have stopped wondering at suffering or being surprised at anything. Can't do the subject justice so don't try. Walk around camp every morning looking for acquaintances, the sick, &etc. Can see a dozen most any morning lying around dead. A great many are terribly afflicted with diarrhea, and scurvy begins to take hold of some. Scurvy is a bad disease and taken in connection with the former is sure death. Some have dropsy as well as scurvy, and the swollen limbs and body are sad to see. Have been digging in a tunnel for a day or two with a dozen others who are in the secret. It is hard work. A number of tunnels have been discovered. The water now is very warm and sickening.

April 6, 1864. Probably thirty die per day. The worst looking scalawags perched upon the stockade as guards, from boys just large enough to handle a gun, to old men who ought to have been dead years ago for the good of their country. Some prisoners nearly naked. The majority in rags and daily becoming more destitute.

April 7, 1864. Capt. Wirtz prowls around the stockade with a rebel escort of guards, looking for tunnels. Is very suspicious of amateur wells which some have dug for water. Weather getting warmer, water warmer and nastier, food worse and less in quantities and more prisoners coming nearly every day.

April 8, 1864. We are digging with an old fire shovel at our tunnel. Not much faith in the enterprise. Raiders acting fearful. Was boiling my cup of meal today and one of the raiders ran against it and over it went. Gave him a whack side of the head that made him see stars I should judge, and in return he made me see the whole heavens. Battese, a big Indian, rather helped me out of the scrape. All of our mess came to my rescue. We sometimes draw small cow peas for rations, and being a printer by trade, I spread the peas out on a blanket and quickly pick them up one at a time, after the manner of picking up type. One drawback is the practice of unconsciously putting the beans into my mouth. In this way I often eat up the whole printing office.

April 10, 1864. Getting warmer and warmer. Can see the trees swaying back and forth on the outside, but not a breath of fresh air. Our wood is all gone and we are now digging up stumps and roots to cook with. Rations not so large.

April 11, 1864. As many as 12,000 men here now, and crowded for room. Death rate is in the neighborhood of eighty per day. Many are tunneling to get out. Our tunnel has been abandon, as the location was not practical. Yank shot today near our quarters. Approached too near the dead line. Many of the men have dug down through the sand and reached water, but it is poor; no better than out of the creek.

April 12, 1864. Insects of all descriptions making their appearance, such as lizards, a worm four or five inches long, fleas, maggots, &etc. There is so much filth about the camp that it is terrible trying to live here. New prisoners are made sick the first hours of their arrival by the stench which pervades the prison. Old prisoners do not mind it so much, having become used to it. James Gordon was killed today by the guard. In crossing the creek on a small board crossway men are often shot. It runs very near the dead line, and guards take the occasion to shoot parties who put their hands on the dead line

in going across. Some also reach up under the dead line to get purer water and are shot. New prisoners coming in are shocked at the sights.

April 13, 1864. The raiders are the stronger party now, and do as they please; and we are in nearly as much danger now from our own men as from the Rebels.

April 15, 1864. The hospital is a tough place to be in, from all accounts. The detailed Yankees who work at the hospital use it for all it is worth. In some cases before a man is fairly dead, he is stripped of everything, coat, pants, shirt, finger rings, and anything of value taken away. These the nurses trade to the guards. The sick now are huddled up in one corner of the prison, to get as bad as they can before being admitted to the outside hospital.

May 2, 1864. A crazy man was shot dead by the guard an hour ago. The guard dropped a piece of bread on the inside of the stockade, and the fellow went inside the dead line to get it and was killed. The bread wagon was raided upon as soon as it drove inside today and all the bread stolen, for which offense no more will be issued today. As I write Wirtz is walking about the prison revolver in hand, cursing and swearing. The men yell out "Hang him up!" "Kill the Dutchman louse!" "Buck and gag him!" "Stone him to death!" & etc.

May 3, 1864. Over 19,000 confined here now, and the death rate ninety or one hundred. Three men out of every hundred allowed to go out after wood under strong guard.

May 10, 1864. Capt. Wirtz very domineering and abusive. Is afraid to come into camp any more. There are a thousand men in here who would be willing to die if they could kill him first. Certainly the worst man I ever saw. New prisoners coming in every day with good clothes, blankets, &etc., and occasionally with considerable money. These are victims for the raiders who pitch into them for plunder. Very serious fights occur. Occasionally a party of new comers stick together and whip the raiders, who afterward rally their forces and the robbers end up victorious. No less than five have died within a radius of thirty feet in the last twenty-four hours.

May 19, 1864. Nearly twenty thousand men confined here now. New ones come every day. Rations very small and very poor. The meal that the bread is made out of is ground, seemingly, cob and all, and it scourges the men fearfully. Times getting continually worse. Hundreds of cases of dropsy. Men puff out of shape and are perfectly horrible to look at.

May 25, 1864. One thousand new prisoners came today from near Petersburg, Va. Our squad has a very good well, and about one quarter of water enough, of something a trifle better than swamp water. Man killed by the raiders near where we slept. Head all pounded to pieces with a club. Murders an every day occurrence.

May 29, 1864. Sabbath day but not a pleasant one. Nearly a thousand just came in. New men are perfectly thunder struck at the hole they have gotten into. A great many give right up and die in a few weeks, and some in a week. My limbs are badly swollen with scurvy and dropsy combined. Mouth very sore. Battese digs for roots which he seeps up and I drink. Could give up and die in a short time but won't. Have got living reduced to a science.

June 4, 1864. Have not been dry for many days. Raining continually. Very small rations of poor molasses, corn bread and bug soup. Raiders rule the prison. Nearly all the old prisoners who were captured with me are dead. Don't know of over 50 or 60 alive out of 800.

June 8, 1864. More new prisoners. There are now over 23,000 confined here, and the death rate 100 to 130 per day and I believe more than that. Rations worse.

June 13, 1864. It is now as hot and sultry as it was ever my lot to witness. The cloudy weather and recent rains make everything damp and sticky. We don't any of us sweat though, particularly, as we are pretty well dried up. Lying on the ground so much has made sores on nearly everyone here, and in many cases gangrene sets in and they are very bad off. Have many sores on my body, but am careful to keep away the poison. Today I saw a man with a bullet hole in his head over an inch deep, and you could look down in it and see maggots squirming around at the bottom. Andersonville seems to be head-quarters for all the little pests that ever originated—flies by the thousand millions.

June 15, 1864. I am sick: just able to drag around. My teeth are loose, mouth sore, with gums grown down in some places lower than the teeth and bloody, legs swollen up with dropsy and on the road to the trenches. Where there is so much to write about, I can hardly write anything. Raiders now do just as they please, kill, plunder and steal in broad day light with no one to molest them. Have been trying to organize a police force, but cannot do it. Raiders are the stronger party. Ground covered with maggots. Lice by the fourteen hundred thousand million infest Andersonville.

June 18, 1864. Have now written two large books full; have another at hand. New prisoners who come here have diaries which they sell for a piece of bread Rebels say they don't begin to have hot weather down here until about August. Well, it is plain to me that all will die.

June 26, 1864. The same old story only worse, worse. It seems all the time it was as bad as it could be, but is not. They die now like sheep.—fully a hundred each day. New prisoners now come in squads of hundreds, and in a few weeks all are dead. The change is too great and sudden for them. Old prisoners can stand it best.

June 29, 1864. Capt. Wirtz sent a guard inside to arrest fifteen or twenty men that some tell-tale traitor has been informing on them, for attempting to escape or something. Wirtz punishes very hard now. Has numerous instruments of torture just outside the gate.

The instruments of torture in that time was:

1. Buck and gagging. The prisoner is seated with knees drawn up and the hands tied to the ankles, then a stick inserted over the arms at the elbows and under the bent knees. A gag was then placed over the mouth.
2. Hung by the thumbs.
3. Astraddle a small log or board with feet off the ground.
4. Carry a heavy log back and forth with guard prodding with bayonet.

July 1, 1864. Matters must approach a crisis pretty soon with the raiders. It is said that even the Rebels are scared and think they will have no prisoners, should an exchange ever occur.

July 3, 1864. 350 new men from West Virginia were turned into this summer resort this morning. They brought good news as to successful termination of the war, and they also caused war after coming among us. As usual the raiders proceeded to rob them of their valuables and a fight occurred in which hundreds were engaged. The cut throats came out ahead. Complaints were made to Capt. Wirtz that this thing would be tolerated no longer, that these raiders must be put down or the men would arise in their might and break away if assistance was not given with which to preserve order. Wirtz flew around as if he had never thought of it before, issued an order to the effect that no more food would be given us until the leaders were arrested and taken outside for trial. The greatest possible excitement. Hundreds that before had been neutral and non-committal are now joining a police force. Captains are

appointed to take charge of the squads which have been furnished with clubs by Wirtz. As I write, this middle of the afternoon, the battle rages. The police go right to raider headquarters knock right and left and make their arrests. Sometimes the police are whipped and have to retreat, but they rally their forces and again make a charge in which they are successful. Can lay in the shade and see the trouble go on. Must be killing some by the shouting. The raiders fight for their very life, and are only taken after being thoroughly whipped. The stockade is loaded with guards who are fearful of a break. A number killed. Thirty or forty of the worst characters are taken outside and still the good work goes on. When arrested the police had hard work to prevent their being lynched.

July 5, 1864. Court is in session outside and raiders being tried by our own men. Wirtz has done one good thing, but it's a question whether he is entitled to any credit, as he had to be threatened with a break before he would assist us. Stockade enlarged taken in eight or ten more acres.

July 7, 1864. The court was gotten up by our own men and from our own men; Judge, jury, counsel, &etc. Had a fair trial, and were even defended, but to no purpose. It is reported that six have been sentenced to be hung, while a good many others are condemned to lighter punishment, such as setting in the stocks, strung up by the thumbs, thumb screws, head hanging, etc. The court has been severe, but just.

July 8, 1864. Over 150 dying per day now, and 26,000 in camp. Guards shoot very often now. Boys, as guards, are the most cruel. It is said if they kill a Yankee, they are given a thirty day furlough.

July 10, 1864. Have bought of a new prisoner quite a thick blank book so as to continue my diary. Although it is a tedious and tiresome task, am determined to keep it up. Don't know of another man in prison who is doing likewise. On all four sides of us there are tall trees, and there is apparently no wind or breeze to blow away the stench, and we are obligated to breathe and live in it. Dead bodies lay around all day in the broiling sun, by the dozens and even hundreds, and we must suffer and live in this atmosphere. It is too horrible for me to describe in fitting language.

July 11, 1864. This morning the lumber was brought into the prison by the rebels, and near the gate a gallows was erected for the purpose of executing the six condemned Yankees. At about ten o'clock they were brought inside by Capt. Wirtz and some guards, and delivered over to the police force. Capt. Wirtz then said a few words about them having been tried by our own men and for us to do as we choose with them, that he washed his hands of the whole matter, or words to that effect.

July 12, 1864. Good order has prevailed since the hanging. Then men have settled down to the business of dying, with no interruption. I keep thinking our situation can get no worse, but it does get worse every day and not less than 160 die each 24 hours. Probably one-fourth or one-third of these die inside the stockade. The balance in the hospital outside.

July 14, 1864. A court is now held every day and offenders punished, principally by buck and gagging, for misdemeanors. The hanging has done worlds of good, still there is much stealing going on yet, but in a sly way, not openly.

July 20, 1864. Am troubled with poor sight together with scurvy and dropsy. My teeth are all loose and it is with difficulty I can eat.

July 21, 1864. And rebels are still fortifying. Battese has his hands full. Takes care of me like a father. Nothing but corn bread issued now and I cannot eat it any more.

August 5, 1864. Severe storm. Could die in two hours if I wanted to, but don't.

August 12, 1864. Warm. Warm. Warm. If I only had some shade to lay in, and a glass of lemonade.

August 13, 1864. A nice spring of cold water has broken out in camp, enough to furnish nearly all here with drinking water. God has not forgotten us. Battese brings it to me to drink.

The Miracle of Providence Springs

By 1864 food was scarce throughout the South, and scarcer still for the ill-fated Union prisoners. But, as ever the case in the history of human misery, it was the lack of water and the torture of continuous thirst which became most destructive to body and mind. At Andersonville there simply was not enough water for so many men. In fact, because of poor planning and design, and the influx of such unexpected numbers, there was no clean water at all.

Stockade Creek was the name for the pitiful stream which ran through the lower third of the prison ground. With the exception of several small wells dug by the prisoners, it was Andersonville's only source of water, but before it ever entered the prison it was befouled by the cooking and contamination from the adjacent Confederate guards' camp outside the stockade. The low banks and areas all around Stockade Creek became a vast and fetid morass in a very short time, for it was also used as the prison's open latrine.

With no officers among the unfortunates at Andersonville, there was no formal leadership or organization. The basics of survival became the responsibility of the individual prisoner, and the sole occupation of each man. Beyond the deathly sick and wounded, those without any sort of personal purpose or direction were inevitably the first to die. Within such an incubator for the worst of human suffering and misery, the actions of the individuals ranged from the extraordinary to the unforgivable.

While some prisoners became part of the feared gangs which organized to exploit and brutally prey upon their comrades, such as the notorious "Andersonville Raiders," other men dedicated themselves to provide such assistance and comfort as possible to the infirm and dying. Also, as the long months passed within the camp, religious activities became an important part of many prisoners' lives. Interest in prayer meetings and growing attendance enabled them to be held each night in different parts of the camp, and preachers of all sorts emerged from the desperate ranks to hold services and to minister to the wavering hopes and spiritual needs of the forlorn men. An Andersonville Sunday School was even established; and even as the camps horrid conditions became worse, the numbers of the faithful grew.

June and July of 1864 brought weeks of searing heat, and the number of dead steadily grew. Loaded in crude carts and carried outside the stockade to what is known as the Dead House, they awaited a primitive mass burial in the long shallow trenches dug by their comrades. Such was the particular hell of Andersonville that, although surrounded by tall Georgia pines, the prisoners had no wood to boil the filthy water; and in the midst of what had once been rich farmland, they had no food. And men within the stockade were dying from thirst only yards from the clear, free-flowing waters of Sweetwater Creek which ran just outside of the south wall of the prison.

But in early August the rains came. The blessed relief began as light showers which came down and rinsed the mass of 30,000 prisoners as they lie about the seared open acreage. Then as the rain grew stronger, the men looked skyward and opened their parched mouths. Soon, all those who could began to hold up battered canteens and tin cups, and any other vessels they could find to hold the clean precious rainwater. The downpour soon became a torrent which soon turned the prison's 26 acres into a vast quagmire. As

the heavy rains continued, Stockade Creek raised higher, overflowing its banks and carrying away large quantities of the camp's accumulated filth and mire with its strong new current.

Survivors testified after the war that the stream rose five feet in one hour. Eventually the surging water carried away portions of the east and west stockade walls. Although the Confederates hurried to arms in anticipation of the threat of a mass escape, the prisoners were simply too weak to much more than avoid the rushing water, and to revel in the relief from the torments of thirst and the burning sun.

After five days of intermittent rain, on August 13, the great cloud appeared. Distinctive for its tremendous size and sharply defined shape, it was said to be like a giant mountain in the sky, its color like that of blued gun metal. Approaching from the east, the cloud moved slowly westward until it was directly over the camp. As thousands of men watched with a growing sense of awe, it seemed to stop and hover directly above the bough-covered Dead House, before moving slowly towards the North Gate.

Even the nervous guards were compelled to stare in wonder as the cloud loomed over the prison, still and powerful. By this time most of the camp's crude shelters had been washed away by the rains, and the prisoners had been soaked to skin for days. Now as the emaciated men stood staring heavenward, for the first time at Andersonville Prison there was complete silence. Even the endless drone of misery from the sick and dying became muted, and then seemed to disappear. As the cries of the suffering quieted, a soft rain could be heard falling gently on man and earth.

Suddenly there came a thunderous deafening roar. From men who knew the sound all too well, it was said to be like the explosion of a thousand cannon. It was so powerful that the weaker men standing near the west wall were thrown to the ground. Then from the heart of the deep blue cloud, came a great, blinding flash – followed nearly immediately by searing bolt of blinding white lightening. It too exploded from the sky, violently striking the earth just within the stockade at a notorious point known as the Dead Line, beyond which no prisoner could pass without being shot. At the place where the fiery lightening struck there was another tremendous explosion, and a stunning eruption of earth and steam filled the air. Instantly torrents of fresh water gushed from the blasted broken ground, pouring forth and coursing into the prison. This awesome water was cool and clean, and its flow was to become a permanent thing.

The thunderous lightening had found the highest point of an underground stream, and the name of Providence Spring emerged nearly as quickly as the waters came forth to the relief of thousands.

On that same day as the rains stopped, the stockade walls were soon repaired. No attempts at mass escape were ever made, nor any effort made for the prisoners' liberation by the Union forces, even when Sherman's army was within 20 miles of Andersonville on their "March to the Sea"." The imprisonment and harsh conditions for thousands of Federals continued through another long winter, until the war's end in April 1865; but throughout the entire time the miracle waters of Providence Spring continued to flow at the rate of about 10 gallons per minute. All who were there knew how rare a thing it was, but among the religious and newly religious in the camp, there was the special knowledge that the prayers of men in the most desperate sort of need had been answered. The awareness and belief that plaintive supplication could be heeded from even such a forsaken and miserable place as Andersonville was infinitely gratifying.

Copied from a Portion of The History of Andersonville

The spring is still flowing the same rate as I (Lynn Blatter) visited it in 2007.

August 13, 1864. The water is a God-send.

August 17, 1864. Hanging on yet. A good many more than 225 now die in 24 hours. Messes that have stopped near us are all dead.

September 5, 1864. The nice spring of cold water still flows and furnishes drinking water for all; police guard it night and day so to be taken away only small quantities. 300 said to be dying off each day.

September 6, 1864. Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!! Can't holler except on paper. Good news. Seven detachments ordered to be ready to go at a moment's notice. Later.--- All who cannot walk must stay behind. If left behind shall die in twenty-four hours. Battese says I shall go. –Later Seven detachments are going out the gate; all the sick are left behind. Ours is the tenth detachment and will go tomorrow so said. The greatest excitement; men wild with joy. Am worried fearful that I cannot go, but Battese says I shall.

September 7, 1864. Anxiously waiting the expected summons. Rebels say as soon as transportation comes, and so a car whistle is music to our ears. Hope is a good medicine and I am sitting up and trying to stand up but can't do it; legs too crooked and with every attempt get faint. Men laugh at the idea of my going, as the rebels are very particular not to let any sick go, still Battese say I am going. Most Dark—Rebels say we go during the night when transportation comes. Battese grinned when this news came and can't get his face straightened out again.

Marine Hospital, Savannah, Georgia, September 15, 1864. A great change has taken place since I last wrote in my diary. Am in heaven now compared with the past. At about midnight September 7th our detachment was ordered outside at Andersonville and Battese picked me up and carried me to the gate. The men were being let outside in ranks of four, and counted as they went out. They were very strict about letting none go but the well ones, or those who could walk. The rebel adjutant stood upon a box by the gate, watching very close. Pitch pine knots were burning in the near vicinity to give light. As it came our turn to go Battese got me in the middle of the rank, stood me up as well as I could stand, and with himself on one side and Sergt. Rowe on the other began pushing our way through the gate. Could not help myself a particle, and was so faint that I hardly knew what was going on. As we were going through the gate the adjutant yells out: Here, here! Hold on there, that man can't go, hold on there!" and Battese crowding right along outside. The adjutant struck over the heads of the men and tried to stop us, but my noble Indian friend kept strait ahead, hallooing: "He all right, he well, he go!" And so I got outside, and adjutant having too much to look after to follow me. After we were outside, I was carried to the railroad. We were crowded very thick into box cars. I was nearly dead, and hardly knew where we were or what was going on. We were two days getting into Savannah. The men as they were unloaded fell into line and were marched away. Battese got me out of the car, and laid me on the pavement. They then obliged him to go with the rest. Leaving me. I lay there until noon with four or five others without any guard. Three or four times Negro servants came to us from houses near by, and gave us water, milk and food. With much difficulty I could sit up, but was completely helpless. A little after noon a wagon came and toted us to a temporary hospital in the outskirts of the city, and near a prison pen they had just built for the well ones.

Note by Lynn Blatter. Ransom was given good treatment at the hospital, recovered and while being transported to another prison jumped off the train with two others. They made their way to a plantation owned by a loyal Union man by the name of Kimball. They waited a few weeks on the plantation hiding out

until Sherman's army came and he finds his old unit and joins them.

Note: Rudolph could have been released at that same first release from Andersonville as he was shipped to Savannah also and spent a few months in the new stockade that had been constructed until he was paroled on November 18, 1864 and reported to camp Parole, Maryland November 26, 1864. He was given a 30 day furlough on December 6, 1864 and was to report to Camp Chase, Ohio.

Official Government report of Andersonville deaths 1864

In April one in every sixteen died
In May one in every in every twenty-six died
In June one in every twenty-two died
In July one in every eighteen died
In August one in every eleven died
In September one in every three died
In October one in every two died
In November one in every three died

Rudolph went from Camp Parole in Maryland to Springfield, Illinois where he was mustered out on an individual muster out roll on January 16, 1865 according to his war department record dated March 19, 1883.

Following his discharge and seventeen days later he re-enlisted in the 149th Illinois Infantry; this time as a Sergeant, on February 2, 1865 at Belleville, Illinois. He signed up for a one year tour of duty. He spent this second tour of duty as part of an occupying force in the former Confederacy. He remained in the Army until 27 January 1866, when he was mustered out at Dalton, Georgia. He was reduced in rank on August 10, 1865 from Sergeant to Private for an infraction or went absent while on detached service according to his war record.

We are deeply indebted to Kevin L. Blatter, Great, Great, Grandson of Rudolph through John Blatter, for researching and compiling Rudolph's war records, other documents and history of him.

Rudolph learned the Blacksmith trade in the Army (though there are other accounts he learned it at a foundry in Philadelphia) so when he was discharged he returned to Monroe County in Illinois and worked his trade and farmed a little.

On March 30, 1867 he married Elizabeth Von Euw, the widow of his fellow war comrade, Joseph Corolus Meinard Von Euw. Elizabeth had a daughter Josephine, when she married Rudolph. She also had a son Alexander that was born in 1860 and died in 1861; another son, Meinard died soon after birth and a daughter Emma, born in 1864 and died in 1865. Thus , she lost a husband and three children in a five-year period. Elizabeth was born March 15, 1844 at Red Bud, Monroe County, Illinois.

Rudolph and Elizabeth were Married March 30, 1867 at Freeburg, St. Clair, Illinois, five days after Elizabeth's 23 birthday. Rudolph was 31 years old. Elizabeth had remarried John Harold on 1 June 1865, after her husband Meinard Von Euw died in Andersonville prison on 1 November 1864. They later divorced.

A few years later Rudolph and Elizabeth moved to Duquoin, Illinois, then moved again to Perry County, Illinois where they engaged in farming and stock raising. The couple was very poor, even though Rudolph was a good farmer.

They bought 160 acres of timberland in Round Prairie, Perry County, Illinois. This land was covered with big, heavy timber. Everyone worked hard to clear a patch large enough to build a house, barn and other buildings. They sawed lumber, split rails, split fence posts and made railroad ties. Eventually the last acre was cleared and under cultivation. Times were hard and prices were low. Fifty cents a day was the going wage for a good farm hand. They sold railroad ties for twenty cents each and hardwood lumber sold for $5 or $6 per thousand feet.

By this time the family had grown to 12 children, including Josephine. They were: Rosine Catherine born 1867; John born 1868; Andors Casper born

1870; Frank Bernhart born 1871; Elizabeth Mary born 1873; Lillie LaFlora born 1875; Threcie born 1877; twin boys born 1879 and died 3 days later; Gottlieb born 1881 and William Lincoln born 1883.

The only chance the children had to go to school was in the winter when it was too cold and stormy to clear land. Rudolph then said, "Well, we cannot work today so you had better go to school".

Rudolph and Elizabeth belonged to the Lutheran Church and all the children were "sprinkled" in that church. During the spring, summer and fall of the year there were preachers and ministers going about holding revival meetings trying to make converts. The family would go just for the fun of it. The preachers and converts would shout, holler, yell, jump around and throw themselves on the floor and moan and groan. It was this excitement that large crowds went to see.

The first Mormon Elders came to the Blatter home in the early spring of 1888. Elder Charles A. Terry and Elder Ernest Penrose came and asked for food and a night's lodging. After this they came many times, holding meetings in the home and in the homes of their neighbors.

I, Lynn Blatter, will insert here an account from the diary of Charles Alonzo Terry which is in the possession of my brother, Kay Blatter's daughter-in-law, Jeanine Blatter, and some comments from her friend, Sherry Shields on the life of Elder Terry. Her account of Charles Terry is as follows. This is a good example of the sacrifices those early missionaries and their families made.

> In March of 1886, while living in Fairfield, Utah, Charles received a call from President John Taylor to serve in the Northwestern States Mission, which at that time, included areas of Illinois and Indiana. He was married to two wives, both of whom were pregnant. And was the father of five children. When the call came he was ill with pneumonia, yet he was to leave in just two weeks. Despite his illness, and knowing that his large family would be left with no means of financial support, he put his trust in the Lord, and accepted his call to serve.
>
> "I left with these thoughts in mind, 'Will I ever come back to see my dear family and relatives?' I shed many tears in our parting, and when I looked back at my dear old Fairview home I thought my heart would break, but I never faltered, but said, 'Onward I must go!'"

As a missionary, Elder Terry traveled from place to place with little or no money and had to rely on the generosity of others for food to eat and places to sleep. "We got something to eat when we could. We slept where we got a chance, sometimes in good beds and sometimes on the floor with old clothes under us and a quilt over us, sometimes on the benches of churches and schoolhouses, or in barns or straw stacks, and sometimes we wouldn't sleep at all. It was decided if they wouldn't feed or sleep us, we would do without."

As Elder Terry traveled around, he and his companion would often set up meetings where they would preach to groups of people. Sometimes they experienced great success and other times they were simply run out of town with threats of violence.

"I thought it was a question whether I should ever return in safety. I never worried about it, but thought if the Lord wanted me to die in the mission field that was alright with me. Although I was sick nigh unto death one time, threatened by mobs, and saw a man hunting me with a gun ready for action, I was never harmed."

After faithfully serving a mission away from his family for 25 months, Elder Terry was asked by his mission leader if he wanted to go home. He replied, "Oh don't ask such a question. Why? Do you want me to stay longer? If you say for me to stay five years longer, I am right here."

He was released and returned home. "This ended one of the happiest times of my life. For the last two years were well spent. I had made many converts, baptized 32, and many more were ready.

I had held hundreds of meetings…administered 28 times with wonderful success… I made many friends. It was the best time of my life.

In his diary Elder Terry records:

On December 31, 1887 we held a meeting with the saints, and New Years day we also held two meetings. We were going next day, but the Saints persuaded us to stay another day, and we held meeting at night. There was quite a crowd came, and we gave out meeting for the next night. The next day Elders Gibby and Harris took leave of the Saints and us, and went to their labor again about 20 miles from us. Elder Penrose and I remained and filled our appointments, and was going to bid adieu to the Saints next day, but some of our friends desired us to give them sermon, so we stopped another night.

January 5, 1888. We took leave of the Saints and went three miles to Peter Reisinger, a friend, who was sick in bed. Next morning we went to Round Prairie and held meeting there that night. Held meeting at 11:00 A.M. and at night on the Sabbath. The next day we went to John Pallest. It rained all day, and froze as fast as it fell and made the ground very slick, all icy. We filled our appointment on January 8, at night, and went home with Rudolph Blotter, gave out another appointment for January 9, and filled that one and also the following nights.

January 15 we preached to a crowded house, it being Sunday. We held meeting at 11:00 o'clock and also two others. It was a very stormy time. It snowed very hard and melted to ice as fast as it fell, but the people came to our meetings, 12 in night. They were all very well attended, and we had plenty of kind friends. At the 11:00 A.M. meeting we were invited to go home with a Spiritualist by the name of Jacob Weber. (This is Elizabeth Weber Blatter's brother) He asked us to preach to them in the afternoon, which we gladly accepted. A goodly number came and we had a very good time. On February 27 we went back to Round Prairie and filled an appointment, and also held meetings the next night at the same place. These people were much interested.

February 29, 1888. We went back to Jacob Weber's and held meetings again there, and people came for miles around and the house was filled to the utmost, and they went home rejoicing. The next day March 1, we went to Rudolph Blotter and made 50 shingles, which are called boards, 2 feet long. At night we held a meeting in the Round Prairie school house, and also the next night. The people began to believe and were preparing for baptism, and that worked up the devil and a mob of 25 was organized to drive us out of the county, but we had too many friends. Saturday night we did not hold meeting, for the Farmers Club had the house, but they broke up in a row about Mormons. The next night held meeting in the same place.

Note: Rudolph and Elizabeth were baptized on April 1, 1888 — the first in the family.

The missionaries would hold meetings in the school house when they could get permission to do so. The people in the town were very prejudiced against the Mormons. Rudolph and Elizabeth and some of the neighbors were baptized April 1, 1888 in a stock pond which belonged to Thomas Rice. This man was very bitter toward the Mormons and when he found out that the Mormons had been baptized in his stock pond he filled it up declaring the water would poison his stock. This man was director of Round Prairie School and he saw to it that the Mormons were not allowed to hold any more meetings in the school house.

At this time there were four Elders laboring in Perry County. Rudolph and the other members held a council meeting and decided to build a Mormon Church on one corner of Rudolph's farm which was at an intersection of two country roads. Rudolph donated the building lot, Frank and a

brother-in-law owned a saw mill and they sawed all the lumber free of charge. Logs were hauled to the mill, then lumber hauled to the building site where it was piled up to dry. When it was dry the four Elders and members started to build the church and in a few weeks the little church was completed. The Elders organized a Sunday School. The Elders held a meeting each Wednesday night. On Sunday morning Sunday School was held at 10 o'clock, a meeting at 2 p.m. and another meeting at 8 p.m. This was the first Mormon meeting house built in all the southern part of Illinois.

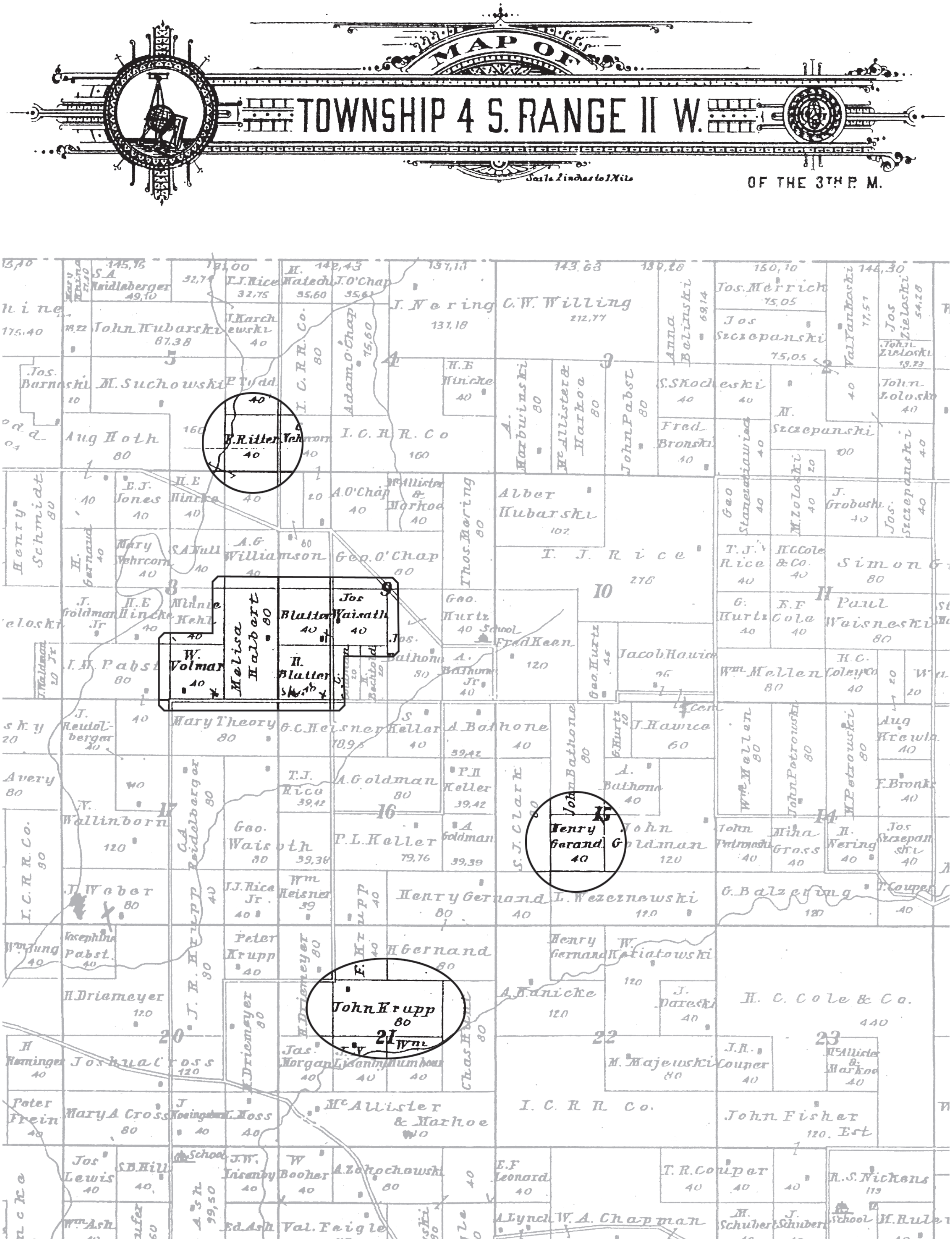
At the time they were converted there was still much persecution of the Saints in Illinois and Missouri. They were threatened and harassed by neighbors and towns people so much so that they sold their means of lively-hood, the saw mill and what property they could and the rest they gave away and so in the fall of 1898 (10 years after becoming members of the church) Rudolph and family and the family of John Krupp, who had married Elizabeth Mary Blatter, boarded a train to come west and start a new life. John, Andors and Frank and their families were already in Idaho having arrived several months earlier. All of the children, with the exception of Rosine and Threcie, joined the church. Threcie, who had married Joseph Waisath, wanted to join but her husband would not let her, stayed behind when the other members moved to Idaho. She died when she was 33 of breast cancer.

Elder Joseph Empey, one of the missionaries who served in Perry County, encouraged Rudolph to immigrate to Idaho. There was 160 acres of virgin land covered with sage brush adjoining Elder Empey's land and he told Rudolph he could buy this tract of land very cheap and promised he would help him purchase this property. He indicated he would like to have them as neighbors. When they arrived, however, Elder Joseph Empey had already purchased the 160 acres for himself and had several teams plowing it up to plant the next spring.

This caused Rudolph to become discouraged and dissatisfied. These Elders whom he had fed and housed and many times, given them clothing and money were now swearing, smoking, chewing tobacco and seldom attending church. He said "If this is the fruits of Mormonism, then I want nothing more to do with it". Rudolph and Elizabeth moved back to Illinois in 1899 but later returned to Idaho and became active in the church. John, his son, sold him 80 acres of land that bordered John's place on the east. Rudolph died December 29, 1917 at the age of 81, in Ammon. Elizabeth died January 26, 1922 in Ammon. Both are buried on the main corner of the Ammon Cemetery.

Rudolph Blatter's Land Records

1. The first land transaction we have record of is the sale of 40 acres on 6 August 1878 to Henry and Josephine Gernand for $1200 located NE ¼ of SW ¼ Section 15 Township 4S R2W Perry County, Illinois. They had been married just four months. How and when Rudolph acquired this land is not known.
2. 1 October 1887 Rudolph purchased from William Murphy by quit claim Deed 80 acres located E1/2 of SE ¼ Section 8 T4S R2W Perry County for $300. On the same day he mortgages this 80 acres to Owen Grimshaw to secure note of $400 due at 5 years. On 13 April 1894 Grimshaw releases mortgage.
3. 12 February 1891 Rudolph purchased from Mary Schlosser, a widow, 40 Acres located SW ¼ of SW ¼ of Section 9 T4S R2W Perry County, Illinois for $400. This land is adjacent to the purchased Murphy land.
4. 17 October 1891 Rudolph purchased from Hubert Van Dreveldt 40 Acres Located NW ¼ of SW ¼ of Section 9 T4S R2W Perry County for $245. This land joined the Schlosser and Murphy purchases so he had 160 acres in one piece.
5. 8 April 1895 Rudolph sells to son John Blatter the 40 acres located NW ¼ of SW ¼ of Section 9 he had purchased from Dreveldt for $450. John had been married two years.


MAP OF
TOWNSHIP 4 S. RANGE 11 W.
OF THE 3TH P. M.
John Kubarski
M. Suchowski
Aug Roth
J. Nering
C. W. Willing
Jos. Merrich
Jos Szczepanski
F. Ritter
I. C. R. R. Co
Alber Kubarski
T. J. Rice
Henry Schmidt
E. J. Jones
A. G. Williamson
Geo. O'Chap
Melisa Halbert
Blatter
Jos Vaisath
W. Volmar
R. Blatter
Geo. Hurtz
Fred Keen
Jacob Hawice
Paul Weisneski
J. H. Pabst
Mary Theory
G. C. Heisner
A. Bathone
J. Hawice
Avery
A. Goldman
T. J. Rice
P. L. Keller
Geo. Waisoth
S. J. Clark
Henry Garand
John Goldman
J. Weber
Henry Gernand
L. Wezcznewski
G. Balzering
Josephine Pabst
Peter Krupp
H. Gernand
John Krupp
H. Driemeyer
Joshua Cross
M. Majewski
H. C. Cole & Co.
I. C. R. R. Co.
Mary A. Cross
McAllister & Markoe
John Fisher
Jos Lewis
J. W. Insenby
W. Booher
A. Zohochowski
E. F. Leonard
T. R. Couper
R. S. Nickens
Val. Feigle
W. A. Chapman
School

6. 24 May 1898 John sells back to Rudolph the 40 acres he had purchased 8 April 1895 from him for $550. John was now in Idaho and Rudolph in Illinois.
7. 30 June 1898 Rudolph sold to Melissa Halbert 80 acres located E ½ of SE ¼ of Section 8 T4S R2W Perry County for $1800. This land previously purchased from Murphy 1 Oct. 1887 for $300.
8. 24 February 1898 John Blatter now in Idaho since 16 April 1897, buys From A.L. Kempland 160 acres located SW ¼ Section 34 TWN 2N R38E BM for $1100. in Bingham County, Idaho.
9. 6 September 1898 Rudolph purchases from John Blatter the E ½ of SW ¼ Section 34 TWN 2N R38E BM for $550. Rudolph had just arrived in Idaho.

Perry County Illinois Plat maps in the late 1890's show extended families and in-laws living nearby the Blatter's were Gernand, Goldman, Heisner, Krupp, Mueller, Pabst, Reidleberger, Ritter, Volmer, Waisath and Weber.

In attempting to trace the movements of Rudolph since his marriage to Elizabeth Weber 30 March 1867 in St. Clair County, Illinois I record these few known facts. The first two children, Rosina and John, were born in St. Clair County. Andors Blatter was born 8April 1870 in Perry County so they resided there at that date. The rest of the children were born in Perry County Illinois except Gottlieb who was born just across the County line in Du Bois, Washington County, Illinois.

Rudolph must have purchased the 40 acres he sold to Henry and Josephine Gernand on 6 August 1878, previously, as Rudolph had a family of Eight children by then but where he was living is unknown as the first known recorded purchase of land was 1 October 1887 some nine years later when the youngest child, William was four years old.

From the children's histories the family had been clearing land and farming so they were perhaps renting or purchasing on time and the deeds show when title was transferred. Copies of these deeds are in the possession of Lynn Blatter.

CHAPTER

Rosine K Blatter & William Lincoln Volmer Family

Hand written by Loren Volmer, excerpts taken from this history and typed corrections made

These people are my Grandpa and Grandma Volmer. William (Bill) Volmer was born Sep 22, 1860 in Perry County, Illinois, and died Jan 15, 1943 at his home in Round Prairie, Illinois.

Rosine (Rosie) Katharine Blatter was born July 23, 1867 at New Athens, Monroe County, Illinois and died Dec 29, 1931 at her home in Round Prairie.

Bill and Rosie are buried at New Concord, Perry County, Illinois. They were married March 8, 1885. Bill was 24 ½ years old and Rosie was nearly 18. Seven children were born to Bill and Rosie:

Daughter Volmer – apparently died at birth
John R. Volmer married Velma K. Goldman
Ida J. Volmer married Willie H. Goldman
Jeanette Volmer (Nettie) married John Huston (1st).
Henrietta Volmer (Etta) married Chris Nagel
Emma Volmer married Harry Krupp
Caroline M Volmer (Tillie) married Jack Carrol (1st)

The birth place of all children is shown on the record sheet as Round Prairie, Perry County, Illinois.

It is not known where Bill and Rosie lived just after their marriage. Aunt Nettie sent me the following account:

My father and mother bought 40 acres which was all timber. He has often told us kids that when he bought it and moved there in April (I don't know the exact year), he had a wife and two children, a team of horses and a wagon, a cow, a few chickens and $3.60 in cash. He cut some trees and hauled to the saw mill, worked at the mill to pay for the sawing. He then hired a carpenter to build a house until his $3.60 was used up. They got the house far enough that they lived in it that summer. Then he cleared a patch of ground and planted some corn to feed the live stock thru the winter.

Grandpa Blatter Rudolph) lived a short distance from there so I assume they must have stayed with them until they got the house built. No doubt you or any of your generation would get a big chuckle when you think of building a house for $3.60.

I (Nettie) was born there May 23, 1891. We kids all grew up there and as far back as I can remember we all sat down to a table full of food three times a day. Very little of it came from a grocery store.

There were lots of good oak trees and Dad cut them and made railroad ties and hauled them to Tamaroa. I believe it was about 10 years later that Dad bought another 40 acres ¾ mile south of there. In the meantime they built another big room for a bedroom. I can

well remember the pretty lace curtains for the windows and a hand made rag carpet on the floor.

A few years later they built another house which no doubt you can remember. I often think that I must have lived to this ripe old age in order to appreciate how well my parents managed with so little they had to do with. No social security, no welfare; just plain honest hard work." (*End of Aunt Nettie's comments*).

John R. Volmer and Velma C Goldman Family

These are my dad and mom who brought me and my brother and sister into this world, who I have seen, known, and was supported, fed and sheltered for twenty one years two months and with who I visited nearly every year until their passing.

John Rudolph Volmer was born Jan 9, 1887 and died April 4, 1963.

Velma Catherine Goldman was born July 25, 1891 and died Dec 29, 1964.

They were married Nov 1, 1911 at Nashville, Illinois. Four children were born to Mom and Dad.

Loren Herschel
Lawrence Olen
Daughter died after birth
Shirley Lewell

Both Dad and Mom were born at an area called Round Prairie, Perry County, Illinois. This is a rural area devoted to farming and is located eight miles north east of Pinckneyville, the county seat.

Southern Illinois land is less fertile than central Illinois, and has been described as a "poor area." Although abundant soft coal is stripped mined to the south at Carbondale, there seems to be limited deposits in the area of Round Prairie.

(This is the end of page 15 then it skips to page 21)

Illinois to Idaho

There was no one to meet us at the (train) station so Dad tucked me under one arm and carried a suit case with the other. Mom carried another suitcase of clothes and leading the way we all walked or were carried to Grandpa and Grandma Blatter's house about a mile east of the depot (in Idaho Falls).

Uncle Louie, Aunt May and cousins, Aileen and Ella were with us. What a sight we must have been!

The Blatters (John Rudolph and Elizabeth) welcomed us with open arms, prepared supper and a place where us kids could lay down and rest. They had been expecting us but didn't know the date or time of our arrival. That day their son John (Dad's Uncle) had hauled a load of hay to town for sale and he drove by his folks place to see if by chance we had arrived. Aunt May says, "We all piled on the empty hay rack and John Blatter drove us to his home at Ammon, about five and one-half miles south east of Idaho Falls.

Uncle Louie's family stayed with John Blatter and we stayed with Dad's uncle Bill Blatter, who lived in the old house of Great Grandpa Blatter. This house was located on the same farm as John Blatter only on opposite corners. It was one mile south and three quarters miles west of the Ammon store.

Bill and Olga Blatter had been married since November and we stayed with them for a week or so until Dad could find a house for us to live in.

The early years in Idaho were happy times for Dad and Mom. They were young and strong, work was plentiful for Dad. He picked spuds and topped beets for Blatter's the first fall. In the winter he sorted spuds and helped haul them to market. There were also jobs of hauling hay, plowing, hauling wood and looking for better housing or any housing.

The Blatter's raised many crops of beets on the heavy clay soil and it was hard work. John would watch the summer rain storms form over Taylor Mountain and wonder if some day the drought would be broken which had caused the abandonment of dry farming some years earlier. For

several years John watched the clouds and noticed that rain always fell in a particular area of Taylor Creek. He said he prayed for guidance and was led to go into the area and investigate. There he found the grass thick enough to graze sheep and he made his first purchase of Taylor Creek land and began to clear land of sage brush and plant winter wheat. The next summer he invited us up to see the crop ready for harvest and it was beautiful, reaching to my arm pits, thick and heavy and that year he cut it with a binder and it produced more per acre than the irrigated land in the valley. Gradually he and Reed bought more dry land in the Taylor Creek area, bought a crawler tractor and machinery for dry land operation. His son, Reed, took over the farm operation and prospered more. Now one of Reed's sons, Glenn took over the mountain land…

During the years after Lawrence's (Volmer) return to the area he has helped Glenn with the operation, and in turn Glenn has helped Lawrence with loan of tractors, trucks and the shop and they continue to be good friends.

Gottlieb Blatter homesteaded dry farm land on Peterson Hill and (got) burned out from the drought. Then he bought the farm just south of Holm's and installed an underground wood pipe to carry water from one hill to the other. He and his family were very hard workers. They were able to buy a dodge sedan and he installed electric wires and installed the first gas powered Delco direct current electric system in the area and people came all around to see the electric iron, stove and lights and the many storage batteries. A few years later the power lines were extended from the city into the rural area by Utah Power and Light Co. and the Delco systems became obsolete.

Gottlieb sold the farm and moved to Montana to farm in the Milk River Valley near Havre, Montana. His oldest son Cleo and I used to go to high school band practice together and ride in his dad's Dodge sedan.

One day at his home, Cleo spotted a cotton tail rabbit in the wood pile and grabbed his dad's .22 rifle and was determined to get the rabbit. He leaned the gun against the wood pile and began to remove the wood to get at the rabbit. During Cleo's excitement he did not notice the rifle falling until it discharged, putting a bullet in his left chest just above his heart where it lodged. All the way to town he kept pleading with his dad and then with the doctor not to give him chloroform as he was afraid it would kill him. Finally the doctor agreed and said, "I can stand it if you can," and with two people holding Cleo he went into the wound opening with the bullet remover (instrument) and pulled out the slug. Cleo told me later, "I almost passed out." Within a week or so, Cleo was out in the farm again. Later he showed me the blue scar of the bullet hole. He passed the incident off lightly but not his Dad, who worked him harder than ever so he wouldn't forget it.

Bill Blatter later also moved to Montana. His son, Levi, younger than me, visited with us in Burbank years later. He was with the F.B.I. at the time. I have not seen any of the families of Gottlieb or Bill since that time.

Andors sold his farm to Norman Bingham and moved to Ammon where he resided until his death. (Correction: Clara Bingham's diary says, "Bought A.C's place 20 Feb 1935 for $500 down and assumed the mortgage.") His daughter Inez Olsen provided the family Genealogical sheets from which much of the data for this family history was taken. Inez passed away shortly after sending the sheets to us.

Clara Blatter (Reed's sister) married Perry Bingham. They lived on their farm south west of Dad's until their death. Their son Norman bought the home place and is also engaged in Mink ranching.

Tillie (Reed's sister) married Leonard Purcell and they bought the farm from Everett's. Later they sold to Guy Empey who traded this farm for Mom and Dad's. Purcell's moved to Ammon and bought the house of Erne Empey which is just east of the church house.

Bill Blatter died April 8, 1962, the last of the family of Rudolph and Elizabeth. One son Frank was killed in World War I on Feb 18, 1917. (Correction: Frank died in Idaho Falls, at the age of 46, not in the war). They were the only great grand parents of our family which I remember seeing, except perhaps Mary Reidelberger Redfern who died Dec 17, 1914.

CHAPTER

John Blatter and Bertha Hoffman Family

Bertha Hoffmann was born July 9, 1876 at New Athens, Illinois. She was the oldest of three children. She had a brother Henry and a sister Anna. Her father died when she was 8 years old. After that her mother remarried and from then on life became very difficult for Bertha. She was taken out of school when she was in the third grade and made to work. First for her room and board and as she grew older for 50 cents a week. She tells about washing for a family of 12, scrubbing on the board, using home-made soap with a lye base to help clean the clothes and carrying the water. She washed several days a week. It would take one day just to wash white shirts and blouses, pillow shams, doilies and table linen. The shirts all had tucks down the front so they had to be starched and ironed without a wrinkle. Imagine ironing 10-12 shirts, heavily starched, with irons that had to be heated on a cook stove in the summer time. After working for a month and earning $2.00, which she wanted to use to buy herself a pair of shoes, she said her step-father came and collected her wages and bought booze with it. She had an unhappy childhood and perhaps that was the reason she married at 16.

John & Bertha were married Jan 31, 1893. A daughter Clara was born July 5, 1894 in Illinois. They were baptized March 6, 1897 by Elder D. W Guest (in Edna Goodliffe's history she said they were baptized by Elder's Joseph Empey, Charles Dinwoodey and Melvin J Ballard). Shortly after their baptism they left for Idaho and settled in Ammon on April 16, 1897.

The first year they were in Ammon they lived on Sam Taylor's place and farmed it for one year. This is now known as the Mark Hoff place. It was near the mouth of Henry Creek and this whole area was part of the Iona branch of the church. She has told of riding in a wagon to church, holding her small daughter on her lap. The next year they lived by the John Empey family on the place Dean and Reed Elkington have at the present time (1959). Tillie was born in a little log house that was built just across the road from the old Joseph Lee place, one mile south of Ammon. They were very poor these first years and would have returned to Illinois if they would have had the money for transportation

John bought from A.L. Kempland 160 acres of land on February 24, 1898 one mile west and ½mile south of Ammon. He cleared the land and then built a two-room log hut in which 3 other children were born. One was a baby girl born on Dec. 25, 1901, whom they named Grace. She contracted measles from her mother and died Jan 8, 1902. Next was a son, Henry Reed; then Edna. Arzula, the youngest, was born in the new white brick house John had

built in 1910. Water had to be carried from Sand Creek before their well was dug, and on cold winter days Bertha would drive the stock to water while John was at the Lava's getting firewood.

Because the family was very poor they were taught to be saving in all things and to make the most of things as they were. Tillie said her mother told her the first summer they were in Idaho they lived on jack rabbits and pig weeds (which I think are dandelions), both of which were plentiful.

In January of 1914 John took his family, by train, to Salt Lake where they had their temple work done and the family was sealed.

John was a strict disciplinarian. He never raised his voice, he didn't need to. If a child misbehaved, he only had to look at them (a characteristic his son Reed inherited from him! How many times have we been "wilted" by his stare???) He had very blue eyes. He had no formal education, he could only write his name, but he had a brilliant mind and an uncanny ability to estimate the tons of hay in a stack or the amount of bushels of wheat in a granary. He would sell hay and the buyer would figure the cost with pencil and paper but John would figure in his head and have the answer first. He read the newspaper and church books. The only writing he did was to sign his name to checks and legal papers. He practiced many evenings during the winter months trying to improve his writing. He regretted his lack of education but to talk to him you would never realize he did not have a formal education.

John and Bertha Hoffman Blatter

He didn't have a hobby, he loved work. His children remember him with a shovel and canvas dam across his shoulder irrigating his crops. The only time he was incapacitatedwas when he had his appendix removed andhe also had a severe case of small pox in the winter of 1908. Bertha was a good nurse because he never had one scar from it.

His children always called him by his given name, "John". He wanted it that way and his reason was that at one time, when he was a young man in a city in Illinois, a little child was lost and crying. The police were trying to find out the child's name and all the child could answer was "daddy". So John decided then that when he had children he wanted them to call him by his name "John".

Bertha mentioned that they lived in the west several years and never saw a dime. Every transaction was barter. So many dozen eggs bought so many yards of fabric. They swapped wheat for flour and sugar and they bought a cow and 2 pigs. Somehow Bertha got a few chickens. She really treasured her chickens, they were hers and she could trade the eggs and have a few niceties for her babies.

The hardships Bertha went through took its toll on her health. When she was pregnant with Reed she put on a lot of weight, which she carried for the rest of her life. She was only about 5 feet 2


JOHN EDNA BERTHA REED ARZULA CLARA TILLIE 1910

inches tall and weighed close to 200 hundred pounds. She developed high blood pressure, shortness of breath and had respiratory problems. She contacted a disease called Air-Sipulus, a skin infection. *(Erysipelas is a Streptococcus Pyogenes bacteria also known as Beta Hemolytic group A streptococci. It is a superficial bacterial skin infection that characteristically extends into the cutaneous lymphatics. Symptoms include high fever, shaking, chills, fatigue and general illness. It ranges from slightly visible rouges to very angry looking skin, meaning very red and hot. It may involve any part of the body, although it is more commonly seen on the face, the legs and the ears. It is most often seen in adults.)* It spread over her entire body. To keep it from getting in her scalp they used an ointment that was black as tar and it was used all around her hairline, on her face and neck. It stained everything it touched. She was very sick and it took all summer for her to get well.

The reason they had to keep the infection out of Bertha's scalp was that she had a beautiful head of hair. It had never been cut and when she combed it she would bend her head forward to comb her hair at the back of her neck and the hair would more than touch the floor. She wore it in a bun on top of her head. At night she'd take it down and braid it into two braids. Her hair was her crowning glory.

In 1910, the family moved into an 8 room white brick house that had been built just a few yards south of the log cabin. At that time it was the nicest home in Ammon. It had running water, a kitchen sink and toilet and bath. The water was pumped into a huge galvanized tank in one of the rooms upstairs, first by a windmill which pumped water only when the wind blew. Later John ran the windmill using a tractor with a belt hooked to it someway. That was a red letter day when they didn't have to wait for the wind to blow to get water. There was no electricity available. Coal oil lamps and candles were used to find the way upstairs to bed. Many years later gas lights were installed in the kitchen and dining room only. They were expensive and not very dependable. They cooked and heated the kitchen with a Home Comfort coal range and had a big belly'd heater in the dining room.

Bertha was a wonderful cook and a spotless housekeeper. Her baking powder biscuits, coffee cake and loaves of bread were something to be remembered. They always had coffee cake for Sunday morning breakfast. She did all her baking on Saturday, very little cooking was done on Sunday. It was a day of rest and the family kept the Sabbath Day holy. Bertha loved her garden and she would prepare the entire dinner, except for the meat, from the garden. One specialty of hers was her wilted leaf lettuce. Bertha was always working, never idle. She darned beautifully, she could crochet, make hooked rugs and pillow tops, patch, cook, wash, iron and sew. Her family was her life. She had beautiful handwriting in spite of not being able to attend school.

Because of her lack of education she felt inferior and never held positions in the church with the exception of being a Relief Society Visiting Teacher. Bertha was a Primary teacher for awhile until some

of the children misbehaved and called her bad names so she quit.

In 1912 Bertha returned to New Athens. She hadn't seen her folks for 19 years as they had disowned her when she got married, joined the church and moved west. Edna said the first time she ever saw her mother cry waswhenshe finally received a letter from her brother Henry telling her that her sister Annie had died several years before. John had felt so sorry for her he gave her the money to take a trip home. She took Arzula with her as she was just over a year old.

In 1919 there was a severe epidemic of flu and many people lost their lives. Bertha got the flu but the rest of the family did not. She was very ill for a long time and John, Edna, Reed and Arzula took care of her at home. John and the elders administered to her and with faith and prayers in her behalf she recovered slowly. She was weak and rundown so John took the family to Long Beach, California for the winter months, hoping the mild climate would be beneficial for her health. Reed didn't care for it in California so within a month he left for home. Later Edna and John returned but Bertha and Arzula stayed until spring. Arzula mentions they had a wonderful time together. Bertha enjoyed her rest and regained her strength and health. It was her first real vacation.

About 1930 John bought a piece of land on Taylor Mountain, just south of Ammon. Bertha and all the family thought he was out of his mind but he insisted. He raised fall and spring wheat and did very well on it and expanded. Reed also bought some property bordering his dads and they went into partnership with machinery. It was a successful venture and in his later years they were very financially secure.

The first three dry farms purchased by John Blatter were from the original homesteaders: Bill Bingham, 7 March 1925 240 acres for $500; Bertie Wadsworth 320 acres for $3,000 on 24 October 1929; and William Zimmerman farm on 11 January 1936. All other land on Taylor Mountain was purchased by John and Reed Blatter as they had funds available from secondary owners who had purchased it from the homesteaders or got it for unpaid taxes as the homesteaders abandoned it because of the severe drought years of 1918 and 1919, the flu epidemic and low prices for crops.

In the fall of 1937 Leonard and Tillie moved to the white brick home, which was ½ mile East and ½ mile South of their 80 acre farm,and rented the farm, and John and Bertha moved to Ammon where they lived the rest of their lives. It was a traumatic experience for Bertha when John decided he'd lived long enough in rubber boots, with a canvas dam thrown over his shoulder, and he rented the farm to Tillie and Leonard and bought a small home in Ammon. Giving up the big home was hard on Bertha even though she knew it was staying in the family.

John and Bertha spent the winters in Long Beach California and they enjoyed this very much. They attended lectures, concerts, took tours and took time just to relax and enjoy life. They were nowfinally able to enjoy some of the nicer things in life.

In the winter of 1941 John and Bertha had Tillie and Leonard drive them to Long Beach where they planned to spend the winter. They arrived in Long Beach on Dec. 7, 1941, the day Pearl Harbor was bombed and the United States plunged into war. Tillie and Leonard stayed a week and came home. Johnhad a heart attack on the morning of December 26, 1941, after getting out of bed and attempting to dress. He died at the age of 73. It was a shock to everyone as no one realized he had health problems. Bertha was alone in California and she never spoke about what happened. Reed was notified and he flew down and took care of all the details.

At his funeral his bishop of 20 years, Leonard Ball, paid this tribute to him: "I think of all the men I have ever known and associated with, and done business with, I know of no better man than John Blatter. He has been a good neighbor; he has been a good citizen. He has dealt honestly with his neighbors and has always been on hand

whenever he was needed. He was a member of the School Board for several years and a member of the Building Committee when this church was built. He was always ready with both his money and his labor. He was not hypocritical in his religion or faith. He lived the gospel, that plan of life given by the Savior."

John had great faith in the Lord and was always very certain of His power in healing the sick. This was a special talent the Lord blessed him with. The Priesthood he held meant everything to him. He didn't like to appear before the public. He didn't seek public office. He just wanted to live a good, clean, wholesome life, which he did for 73 years.

Bertha came back to Ammon a weary and heartbroken woman. She tried staying at her home that winter. Her granddaughter, Beatrice Bingham, stayed with her and went to school part of the time but when spring came Beatrice moved back home. Bertha then moved in with Tillie and Leonard and stayed with them during the summer. The lease Tillie and Leonard had on the farm was up so Bertha rented the farm to Art Suitter.

Bertha lived seven years as a widow, spending a lot of time with her married daughters. It was only the last two years of her life that she seemed contented to be at home.

On August 23, 1947 in the early afternoon, Bertha passed away very suddenly of a cerebral hemorrhage. Arzula was with her at the time.

Compiled from the histories of John and Bertha's daughters Tillie, Edna and Arzula by Marilyn Blatter Crawford, Grand daughter.

John and Bertha Blatter Timeline

On the marriage license for John and Bertha, John lists his birthplace as Du Quoin, Perry County, Illinois. At that time locations in the county were known as Prairies such as Round Prairie, Beaucoup, Johnson's, 4 mile, 6 mile, Lost, Brush, Brunt, Galum and Grand Cote. Two towns of any size were Pinckneyville, the county seat and Du Quoin. Historically birth places listed the nearest known town. For voting purposes Prairies were broken down into precincts. Both John and Bertha listed their place of residence on the marriage license as Beaucoup precinct. Beaucoup is about 8 miles North of Pinckneyville and about 40 miles East of New Athens.

Bertha Hoffman was born in Lenzburg, St. Clair County, which is 8 miles from New Athens. New Athens is listed on records as her birth place. John was born 3 October 1868 and Bertha was born 9 July 1876. They were married 31 January 1893 in the St. Bruno Catholic Church by Reverend John Schneider. John was 24 and Bertha was 17 and written consent was given by Bertha's father.

Nothing has been recorded about how John met Bertha. In Reed Blatter's history he said "my father (John) helped his father on their farm until old enough to work for himself." He related how he and his other brothers cleared land by chopping down the trees, piling them in huge piles and burned them and then plowed the land between the stumps to eek out a living for a large family. Consequently there was little chance for schooling. He jokingly said one time he went to school two days. One day the teacher wasn't there and the next day he forgot his book. However he acquired an education from his association with others and his determination to win over apparent obstacles. His ability to figure in his head often got the best of me with pencil and paper. John was probably working around the county for various farmers and Bertha was probably working for various families also. How and when they met and where they lived after marriage and what they did for a living is unknown.

8 April 1895, two years after their marriage Rudolph sold to John the north west quarter of the south west quarter in section 9 township 4 south Range 2 west Perry County, 40 acres of land for $450. Rudolph bought this same land from Herbert Van Dreveld on 17 October 1891 for $245.

A daughter, Clara, was born to John and Bertha on July 5, 1894 in Round Prairie where they must

have been living at that time. The next thing we know about them is their recorded baptism. Bertha records in her diary; This is to certify that John and Bertha Blatter was baptized March 6, 1897 by D.M. Guest and confirmed a member of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints March 6, 1897 by D.M.Guest at Round Prairie Perry County, Illinois. Signed by V.E.Caudland.

In Reed's history he writes, "He (John) came west in 1897 with his brother Frank and first went to Lehi Utah, but decided to come here (Ammon) at the invitation of Joseph Empey as this was a new country and offered more possibilities to one starting with very little money. They rented a farm from Sam Taylor at the mouth of Taylor Creek where they farmed the first year (1897). Mother (Bertha and daughter Clara) and Mary Blatter (and son Fred) Frank's wife came that spring."

The first entry in Bertha's diary: "Got to Idaho April 16, 1897 rented a farm from Sam Taler April 20 and moved on the 21. Baut 5 pigs from Taler for $7. Frank owes me $3.50 on pigs." They all must have come on the train and very shortly after being baptized 6 weeks previously. They lived in a little log house in what is now the Hoff farm. We (Reed, Glenn and Lynn) would pass by it on the way to the dry farm and dad said that is where they lived. The log house stood empty for 40 years until Hoff's cleared the trees and house to farm that spot.

John farmed the Taylor place in 1897, then farmed for John Empey in 1898. On February 24 1898 John bought from A.L. Kempland 160 acres for $1100. It was the south west quarter of section 34 township 2 north Range 38 east BM. Warranty Deed Book U p 297 Blackfoot Court House. The land was in sagebrush and evidently had not been farmed.

24 May 1898 John sells back to Rudolph for $550 the same 40 acres in Illinois that Rudolph sold to him in April 1895 for $450. On September 6, 1898 John sold to Rudolph the East 80 acres of the 160 he bought from Kempland. Description is the east one half of south west quarter of section 34 township 2 north Range 38 east BM for $550. Warranty Deed Book U p 281 Blackfoot, Idaho County seat. Rudolph becomes discouraged when he sees some of the missionaries he had treated so well in Illinois now drinking, smoking, and not attending church, that he said "if this is the fruits of Mormonism then I want nothing more to do with it." He left in 1899 and returned to Illinois. Sometime later he returns to Ammon we don't know just when it was.

In 1898 John had been farming for John Empey and lived with them but when Rudolph left they moved into the log cabin on Rudolph's farm and farmed that ground. In Tillie Blatter Purcell's history she says she was born in that log house May 12, 1899 just across the street from the old Joseph Lee place one mile south of Ammon.

John built a 2 room log cabin on the North West corner of his 80 acres and they live in that until 1910 when they build a big beautiful white brick home. A daughter Grace was born 25 December 1901, blessed January 6, 1902 by Bishop Anderson, and died January 8, 1902. She is buried in the Iona cemetery Row 4 Block 7 #2 as recorded in the Iona Centennial Blue Book p 133 in the Idaho Falls, Idaho library.

When John built the new brick home in 1910 he moved the log cabin south of the house and it became the center of their barn. One year around Christmas time when I was in the second or third grade my Dad, Reed, told me he was born in a manger! Of course I believed him for he was born in that log cabin which was now a manger for the horses and I told that to my teacher and class mates in school. It created quite a stir!

—Lynn Blatter

John and Bertha Blatter

by Lynn A. Blatter

The first memories I have of Grandfather John Blatter occurred between the years of 1937 and 1941 when I was between five and nine years old

as I was born in 1932. My father Reed Blatter, who was the only son of John and Bertha, took me with him to our 40 acre farm, known as the "Forty," which was located 3 blocks from where we lived in Ammon. We lived on the same block the 1912 church and school house was located on. There was one other house on the block. Our house was behind the church and Eldon and Lois Seamon's house was next to ours. I was five years old and I think mother was probably at Relief Society that day so Dad took me with him.

John and Bertha's farm was ½ mile west and ½ mile south of Dad's Forty. It was winter and the roads were snowed in and Dad wanted to see his folks. He had a saddle horse named Buck, as he was buckskin color, and we had a small sleigh for kids with two steel runners. Dad tied the sleigh onto the saddle horn with a rope and off we went through the fields, across ditches and a fence to the "Home Place" as it was called where Dad was born and his parents lived.

There were many drifts of snow and I fell off many times getting wetter and colder each time. I thought we would never get there but it was less than a mile as we cut through the field. When we got there Dad said for me to crawl in the space between the coal stove and the wall to get warm. Grandma Bertha gave me something warm to drink and we were there for some time. On the way back to our farm Dad put me on the horse back of the saddle and we rode home pulling the empty sleigh.

When I was about six years old I was with Dad and Mom in the springtime and we drove to the dry farm which was 10 miles straight south of Ammon to get the T-20 crawler tractor to haul to the valley probably to pull the ditcher to clean out the irrigation ditches on Grandpa John's farm and our Forty. It started to rain so Mother and me and others went into the one room house that was built by Bertie Wadsworth on the farm John had bought in 1929. Grandpa John had an 80 acre irrigated farm in the valley which he farmed and he bought

this 320 acre dry farm from Wadsworth for$3000.

The men loaded the tractor on the truck and Dad was to drive the truck and Mother would follow him in the car. As Dad was pulling out of the yard there was a slight side hill or slope to the road and when he reached that place the tractor slid sidewise on the wet truck bed just enough that the truck bed tipped down and dumped the tractor off landing on its side. We heard a big thump as the tractor hit the ground. There was a big yell and likely a few curses. We came out of the house to see that big black crawler tractor on its side fortunately in soft dirt.

John and the hired man quickly harnessed a team of horses who were fortunately in the nearby coral and not in the 40 acre horse pasture and with a log chain over the side of the tractor pulled it upright with the horses. It was still raining and miserable to do all this. It was determined this truck bed was made to side dump when hauling sugar beets to the beet dump in the fall. The sugar beet dump had a cable that would hook onto a ring on the opposite side of the truck bed and lift the bed up to dump the beets out of the left side. No one had thought to block the tilting mechanism under the truck bed since it was used last fall in the beet harvest.

There was worry about whether the tractor would start but Dad soon had it running. There was no damage to the tractor. I don't remember if they fixed the dump mechanism and reloaded the tractor that day or waited until the next day as the roads get slick in the hills when it rains.

Grandpa had a 40 acre horse pasture that was used for grazing when a lot of horses were used to farm with. The house and horse coral was at the north west corner of the pasture. There was a trail alongside the creek leading into the coral. Whenever the horses were needed they had to be rounded up and driven into the coral by foot or if a saddle horse was kept in the coral one person could ride it to round up the other horses. If a horse was kept in the coral it had to be fed hay so that was seldom done in the summer time.

The horses were smart enough to know that when they were headed for the coral that meant work for them and they were very cagey about being caught. It would usually take three or four people along the trail at all escape openings to keep them from breaking away so they would stay on the path into the coral. It was very frightening as a young kid to be in an opening at the side of the trail when the thundering horses came down it with the desire to escape through the area you were assigned to guard. They knew all the openings and Grandpa would say "get a big stick and when they attempted to turn off the path yell and scream as loud as you can and wave the stick." As a kid of six or seven helping to coral the horses was not my favorite thing to do but everyone was needed to help.

On Grandpa's home place there were two Mexican shacks between the chicken coop and barn yard. When I asked what a "Mexican Shack" was he said it was where the Mexicans lived when they worked for him. He said they grew marijuana on the ditch banks to smoke. That was the first time I had heard the word. Grandpa always had to hire men to help him as there were only girls in the family until Reed was born in 1906 so it was a few years before Dad was much help. John often hired the boys of his brothers and sisters who were in the area.

When I was six I remember riding to the hills with Grandpa John on a steel wheeled wagon over the gravel roads for 5 miles pulled by a team of horses Maud and Dave. The wagon jolted and bounced so much I thought it would shake to pieces. I remember holding onto the front and holding my jaw loose so the jolting would not make my teeth chatter as they hit each other or else you had to clench them together. Glenn, my brother, when riding the wagon with Grandpa John got a terrible side ache from all the bouncing so John told him to stand on his toes so the jolting wouldn't bother him. It was hard to do for 5 miles.

What a relief when the 5 miles was past and we were on a dirt road the rest of the way. The wagon did not have sides, just a front and back. Grandpa

had fence posts and barbed wire on it to fix fence in the hills which was a continuous process.

There were two roads to the house on the dry farm. The canyon road along Taylor Creek was an even slow grade but it was not wide enough in places for the wagon so we had to go over the hill road. There were two hills to climb. One was longer and steeper than the other. Grandpa would rest the horses before each hill and we made it up the first hill without stopping before the top was reached

The second hill was a challenge. Part way up the hill he had to rest the horses so he gave me the reins and told me to say "whoa" when he was ready. He jumped off the wagon, grabbed a fence post, and said "whoa." I said "whoa" to the horses and pulled back on the reins. The horses stopped and Grandpa shoved the post in the spokes of the rear wheel to keep the wagon from rolling back to let the horses rest.

When they had a breather Grandpa told me to say "giddy up" and when the pressure was off the post in the wheel spokes he pulled it out, threw it on the wagon and climbed up the back of the wagon. The bed of the wagon was too high to get on while moving. This is the same hill we called the "steep hill" that Grandpa's Buick car wouldn't make it up that I will tell you about later.

With the wagon in the hills that spring Grandpa had me drive the horses and wagon loaded with fence posts and barbed wire while he walked along the fence line until he found a place that needed fixing. Quaken aspen posts cut in the hills were used but they would rot off in a few years so there was always need for replacements. Grandpa brought up some cedar posts from the valley that had been cut from the lava flows west of Ammon. If a cedar post was planted every so often they didn't rot off and it helped keep the fence up. Grandpa had the hired men cutting Quaker posts whenever they could so he would always have a ready supply in the hills.

The fence around the 40 acre horse pasture had to always be kept up or the horses would get out and be gone. We fixed fence all summer long and it was only after Grandpa died that Dad bought cattle and then we had a lot more fencing to do as we had a lot of pasture land that could be fenced along the two creeks that ran through the dry farm. Fortunately Dad bought sharpened pine posts and we pounded them in the ground instead of digging a post hole to set the post.

Grandpa John bought his first dry farm of 240 acres on March 7, 1925 for $500. The land lay to the west adjacent to the Wadsworth place he later bought in 1929. It had been homesteaded by Bill Bingham who was a brother to Perry Bingham who married John's daughter Clara. Bill built a small cabin on the creek that ran through his property. He had mortgaged it to his father in law Albert Owen and it was from Albert that John got the farm.

There was a fence on the west side of the land to keep the sheep out as the adjacent land was owned by George Thompson who ran lots of sheep. The sheep herder was a Greek named Katchanias who didn't seem to care if the sheep got through the fence into the green grain. I went with Grandpa to fix that fence. We took horses as we couldn't get the wagon over there. John carried the shovel and axe and hammer. I had a coffee can with a wire handle tied onto the saddle which held the staples and a small coil of barbed wire tied to the saddle horn and resting over the can and my leg. Whenever the horse went around a tall sage brush or tree the coil of wire would dig in his side and he would jump. I really had to hang on and did my best to keep this from happening.

There was wool along the bottom strand of wire on the fence and it was broken in many places so it was easy to see where the sheep got in. John used up all the barbed wire I was carrying so I had a better ride back to the house. After he had bought the Wadsworth farm that had a house on it he put skids under Bill Bingham's cabin and moved it into the yard and it served as a harness barn for the horses.

Grandpa John had a car in 1925 but I don't know what make it was but he had a nice Buick car by 1935 or sooner. Bertha kept a very detailed diary about how many eggs the chickens laid each

day, how many loaves of bread she baked, what they paid the hired men, who visited them, what the weather was like etc. but never recorded buying the dry farms, cars, or major things.

I was with Grandpa one time when I was six or seven when he drove the Buick to the hills. We took the road over the hill. The first hill the car barely made it up. The steep hill was too much for it so when the engine was about to quit Grandpa would turn the wheel and let it roll back on the upper side of the slopping hill until it stopped. Then he would gun it hard and swing back on the road to go a little farther up. It always took two or sometimes three tries to make it to the top.

I was deathly afraid we would tip over on the side hill as the rear up hill tire would easily spin in the soft ground as we were on such an angle. The tire tracks and ruts on the up hill side of the road lasted for years and we always referred to them as Grandpa's tracks.

When I was six years old, the work horses Maude and Dave who were in the hills were needed in the valley. I was chosen by Dad and Grandpa to ride Dave and lead Maude the 10 miles to the farm in the valley. The horses were harnessed and I was boosted on Dave's back and told to hold onto the hames. Those two little vertical stubs with a brass ball on each side of the harness. The rope to lead Maude was tied to one of these.

They said the horses knew the way to the valley so I wouldn't have a problem with them. I was told when I got to the bottom of the second hill where the road turned west to keep going strait north and cross Henry Creek then come on down the Henry Creek road to the valley as it would be shorter.

I asked my Dad and Grandpa how I was going to get off the horse when I got to the valley farm. They didn't seem too concerned about that and said one of us will be there to get you off. When I got to the farm in Ammon and neither Dad or Grandpa was there to get me off the horse, I didn't want to wait for them as I was very tired from sitting atop that wide horse on the 10 mile ride. I rode the horse a very short distance to the first Ammon street hoping some one would see my plight and help me. My primary teacher Mrs. Gardner lived on the corner and when she saw me she came out to get me down. I led the horses over to the farm, tied them up and waited for Dad.

John Blatter was an early riser and a very hard worker. I remember him coming to our house some mornings before we even had breakfast to see Dad about something or get him to help him. He would sit in a chair in the kitchen while we were around the table eating waiting for us to finish our breakfast. John always farmed with horses and never really adapted to the machine age.

When he and Dad started farming together Dad bought a D-4 caterpillar tractor which did the heavy work both on the dry farm and plowing in the valley. Dad taught John how to drive the tractor but he still had a lot of trouble with it. We were at breakfast one morning and here comes Grandpa. He had been to the hills already and had come back to tell Dad he couldn't get the tractor started as it kept "biting" him. Dad said "what do you mean that it bites you?" He said it starts to run then bites me and stops.

Well Dad had to go to the hills with him to see what the problem was. The D-4 has two motors. A small gasoline motor that starts by wrapping a rope around the fly wheel, turning on the gas valve, pulling out the choke and throttle buttons, pulling the rope fast, rewinding the rope, and on the second or third pull it would start. Then you had to push in the choke and throttle so the small engine would run at full speed. Two gears were then engaged to turn the big diesel engine over until it was hot enough to start by opening the diesel throttle.

The small engine had two spark plugs to ignite the gas in the cylinders but the diesel engine had to be hot enough to ignite the diesel in the cylinders by compression without the aid of a spark from a spark plug. It had been cool and wet that morning and John had been wearing gloves which were somewhat wet. The choke and throttle buttons

were next to the spark plug. When the gas motor started to run John would start to push in the choke and throttle buttons to keep the engine running and it would "bite" him when his wet glove touched the spark plug. After several attempts at this and always getting bitten he decided to drive to the valley and talk with Dad. We always had a laugh about that because sometimes we did the same thing.

John was always more comfortable working with horses or using a scythe. I used to watch in amazement how he could swing that scythe in such a pattern that the grain would all fall evenly to the ground. We always had John cut the grain on our Forty with his binder so we had the straw from the thresh machine for our sheds and corals for the livestock. There was always grain standing around the edge of the field where the binder could not get close enough. John would scythe this down, gather a bundle in his arms and gather a few stalks and by twisting them together would tie the bundle together. This was the way it was done for centuries until the self propelled combines were invented in the 1950's so they could cut to the edge of the fields.

The funniest event involving Grandpa John occurred one spring day when Dad, John and I were working on the Forty. Dad owned a 40 acre farm on the edge of Ammon. The bottom of the Forty almost touched the top of Grandpa's 80 acres or Home place. Dad and Grandpa helped each other farm both in the hills and on the valley farms. When I was seven or eight Dad had John plowing with the D-4 and mow board plow, I was on the harrow in the same field pulled by a team of horses, very likely Maude and Dave, smoothing down the clods so the field could be planted. Our farm was 40 rods wide and ½ mile long. Dad was on the upper end where our sheds were located doing something there.

John seemed to be doing fine with the plowing until one time when he was at the lower end of the field I heard him yell whoa at the top of his lungs. There was a big irrigation ditch at the bottom of our field which was for the farm below ours and our fence was on top of the ditch bank on our side. I saw the tractor instead of turning at the bottom of the field, go strait ahead up the ditch bank, through the fence and nose dive into the ditch and stop when the engine killed with the plow still in the ground. John came and took the harrow and I went to tell Dad.

To turn the tractor around at the end of the field requires several moves at the same time. First you have to pull the trip rope that is hanging from the trip mechanism on the plow to the tractor which brings the plow out of the ground after it moves forward a few feet. This you do with your left hand while still moving, and then pull back on the right steering lever on the tractor and applying the right brake at the same time so you turn with the plow out of the ground. When you line up to plow back just pull the trip rope, the plow goes back in the ground and all is well for the ½ mile until you repeat the procedure.

Whatever happened to cause this event I don't know. Maybe Grandpa dozed off and didn't come to until he felt the tractor go up the steep bank and he instinctively yells "whoa" which is the command for the horses to stop. Dad got the plow unhooked from the tractor some way or other, hooked a log chain on the back of the plow and pulled the plow back with the horses far enough to back the tractor out. The tractor started OK and was backed out after untangling the fence it went through. He got the plow hooked up again and I think Dad plowed the rest of the day.

It was always exciting to watch the butchering of hogs or steers in the fall for our winter meat. Pigs were always a problem as you couldn't lead or drive them very easily to the slaughter place. Much preparation was made before a pig was butchered. It always took several men and John was always there. A scaffold was needed so the pig could be hoisted up with a block and tackle after it was shot with the 30-30 rifle and then doused in a tub of hot water so the hide bristles could be scraped off. It was then gutted open and the dogs would be trying to get to the entrails.

The meat would hang in our screened in back

porch after it was some what cut up as it was cold enough in the winter to keep well. Bertha Blatter knew how to make head cheese which Dad grew up on and liked but my Mother being a city girl never took a liking to it. The pig's head sat on a table on our back porch and a circular cut was made around the top of the head so the top could be lifter off and the brain cavity exposed where the cheese was kept. Dad never encouraged us kids to eat any as I think he ate it all. My curiosity got the best of me one day so I lifted off the top of the head, stuck my fingers into it and tasted it. It was somewhat like cottage cheese except better.

The only time I ever saw Grandpa John get mad was when he, myself and Joe Miller, who was my age, as his dad worked for John, was burning piles of tumble weeds that had been raked up into big piles to dry on the summer fallow ground. Some of the piles were in bunches and others were single. They are a thistle when green with millions of seeds. They evidently had been raked up while green and piled until dry when would burn. If not killed while green the wind would blow them for miles across the land scattering their seeds.

We had pitchforks and after one pile was set ablaze, a forkful of the burning weed would be carried to the next pile hopefully still burning so the next pile could be lit. There were six or eight piles of weeds in one area and we were all setting them ablaze when John saw someone forgot to set fire to a pile in the center. He got a forkful of burning weeds and went to fire the center pile but it didn't start right off and by the time he got it going the adjacent piles were really burning hot. As he ran out between the burning piles he got his eyebrows and hair singed. He was pretty mad but I don't remember what he said. Dry tumble weeds burn very fast and hot.

The first combine that John and Dad owned that was used on the dry farm was a 12 foot cut and required the grain to be bagged in burlap sacs. There were two spouts for the grain to come out and with hooks on each spout to attach a burlap bag. As one sac filled a handle switched the grain to the other spout giving the bagger time to tie the top of the bag with twine (called tying sacs) and rolling the sac onto a metal shoot very similar to a slickery slide at a play ground. The shoot held five sacs and when a trip was pulled the bottom of the shoot opened and the sacs slid to the ground.

On every round in the wheat field the wheat sacs were dropped at the same location so the trucker could find them all in a row to load onto his truck. The trucker had to pick up these 100# wheat sacs and load them onto his flat bed truck. Charlie Russell was the trucker. I often rode with him helping to spot sacs that were hidden in the wheat stubble. He had a lot of stories to tell which fascinated me. He drank a lot too. I would either go with Charley to the grain elevator in the truck or ride on the combine until he returned with the empty grain sacs to the combine to be filled again, and then I would go with him to show him where the winrows of sacs were located.

Dad would run the combine, a hired man would drive the caterpillar tractor pulling the combine, and another hired man tied sacs or was called the bagger. There were a lot of problems with mustard plants growing amongst the wheat and when the wheat ripened the mustard was dry with many stiff branches. As the reels on the combine header cut the mustard stock along with the wheat the wheat stocks would get entangled with the many branches of the mustard stock and further entangle with the reels which was supposed to push the wheat and mustard onto a canvas belt which elevated it into the combine. Because the mustard was like a big umbrella it tended to ride round and round on the reel slats taking the wheat with it and dumping it on the ground in front of the cutting bar.

Grandpa John's job was to stand on a cross beam on the back of the header and lean over the header and with a choke cherry stick flip the mustard out before it could become entangled with the wheat and the reels. Sometimes when the mustard was thick the combine would have to stop until he could

clear all the mustard out of the reels.

Grandpa only rode on the header when there was a lot of mustard but it was his wheat that was going on the ground and he didn't want to loose any. There was always mustard but when it wasn't so thick my Dad had a long stick with which to reach the mustard and flip it out as he was on the combine above the header running the reels. It was wonderful when a spray to kill the mustard was available in the 1950's and we sprayed the fields which eliminated the mustard problem.

The last memory I have of my Grandfather John Blatter except for his funeral was in the fall of 1941. John and Bertha had moved off the home place and was renting it out. They were living in a small house in Ammon ½ block south of the church. My mother had sent me over there to take something and I saw Grandpa sitting in his new Chevrolet pickup in front of the house. I climbed in the passenger side to see what a new vehicle was like. I was nine years old. Dad had an old about 1938 pickup and I had never been in a new vehicle.

Everything was bright and shiny and no dirt. The smell inside was wonderful. I don't remember John saying anything. He was just enjoying his first new vehicle since buying his Buick car years earlier. I was able to identify all the things inside as I had been driving for some time always with some one with me. After I took it all in I said "I better go" and climbed out and he just sat there enjoying himself. That was the last time I saw him. He died a few months later on December 26, 1941 of a heart attack in Long Beach where he and Bertha had gone to spend the winter.

Glenn Blatter, my brother, adds a few memories of John. He remembers John as a very hard worker. John was always very neat on his farm. He would cut the weeds on the ditch banks and wherever they grew. When the first combine was bought John built a shed for it on the north side of his machine shed but it wasn't quite high enough for the combine so trenches were dug for the wheels to lower the combine so it would fit. Bertha was the one who milked the cow. Old Boss she called her. When they moved into Ammon John built the barn and hauled the hay and straw but Bertha took care of and milked the cow.

Memories of Bertha and John Blatter

By Ceola Purcell Marshall Granddaughter

I always felt a great respect for Grandma and Grandpa Blatter, but not a great closeness. I don't recall either of them ever giving me a hug or kiss; they simply were not demonstrative people. In addition to the fun times we had at their house as children, as a teenager I occasionally helped Grandma with window washing or other household tasks, and I frequently stayed with her when she lived in Ammon and I had a late play practice.

Grandma never had many of the little luxuries of life. I remember one Christmas eve (I'm sure I was in high school,) we went to their home just to say hello and Merry Christmas. Grandma was rocking back and forth in her old rocking chair holding her left wrist in her right hand. Our first thought was that her wrist was hurting, but the happy look on her face said something else. The fact was that on her wrist was a lovely gold wrist watch, the first Grandma had ever owned. It was her Christmas gift from Grandpa, and I don't know that I ever saw her more excited.

They had gotten along on bare necessities for so many years that even when they had money enough to be very comfortable they didn't spend a great deal. Grandpa's dry farm did quite well so the last 2 or 3 years before he died they spent the winter months in Long Beach, California. This is where Grandpa died. Grandma spent the rest of her years in her little home in Ammon, carrying in coal and carrying out ashes because she thought she couldn't afford a nice oil-burning stove.

I will always remember one little thing Grandma told me as we sat shelling peas one day. I was already married so she wasn't necessarily giving advice, just

stating a fact as she saw it. She said it was foolish for girls to think they had to be deeply in love with the man they married. What she was saying was, choose with your head and not your heart. To quote her as nearly as I can remember she said, "I wasn't especially in love with your Granddad when I married him, but I knew he was a good man and would provide well for me and our family, and I knew because of this I would learn to love him." I am sure that she did.

One unusual thing about Grandpa was that he didn't want his children to call him "Dad"; they were to call him by his given name. All the children referred to their parents as "Mamma and John". I never did know why he wanted it that way, but so it was. They were good people and staunch members of the church from the time they were converted until their death.

Excerpts of Bertha Blatter's Diary

by Lynn Blatter

This book was bought May 22 in the year 1897. 75 cents

Got to Idaho April 16 1897. Rented a farm from Sam Taylor April 20 and moved on the 21. Bought 5 pigs from Taylor for $7. Frank owes me $3.50 on pigs.

Oct 5 1898 Johns seed wheat 24 bushels. Franks seed wheat 30 bushels. Rudolph seed wheat 30 bushels

John Blatter got married to Bertha Hoffman on January 31 1893. Clara was born on July 5 1894.

This is to certify that John and Bertha Blatter was baptized March 6 1897 by DM Guest and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints March 6 1897 by DM Guest at Round Prairie Perry Co Ill. V. E. Caudlands

Grace Blatter was born Dec. 25 1901 and was blessed Jan. 6 by Bishop Anderson and died January 8 1902.

Andors worked hauling logs 8 1/2 days, worked in hay 7 day, worked on the house 1 day. (No date written)

October 30 1898 John and Frank settled up. Frank owes John 17.60.

Money in the bank Jan. 1 1910 $70.05

Feb. 14, 1910 Fred (Blatter) worked ¾ day $.75

Feb. 18, 25, March 4, Bill Winder worked 6 ½ days for $7.50

Mar. 23 1910 Fred worked 4 days $3.00

BISHOPS STOREHOUSE
Tithing Nov. 30 1909 $100.00 check
Tithing Nov. 27 1910 $100.00 check
Tithing Dec. 8 1913 $100 cash

Reed shoes $1.25

May 28 1910 Fred worked $2.50

Plumbers meals Nov. 8 1910 2 men for dinner $.50 Nov.9 1 man $.25

Plaster's meals Nov. 10 thru 15. 24 men for meals $7.00

Money paid out on house October 1910 thru Dec. 25 $2368.72

OCT. 23 1918 John went in the hills to take our sheep out of Joe Anderson herd. Fred Blatter (Frank's son) started to work herding sheep. Our first snow on the 24th. Clara got her washing machine

Feb.25 1899 bought a cow from Dan Owen for $31

January 6, 1921 baked bread and went to help Flora (Fred's wife). Fred died Jan. 6 and was buried Jan 9, 1921

Jan. 8 1921 went to town with Flora

Jan 9 went to Fred Blatter funeral

Jan. 11 baked bread and went to see Flora

April 26, 1921 Reed went over to A C Blatter to get seed potatoes (15 yr old)

July 10, 1921 went to Sunday school and John and I and grandma (Elizabeth) went car riding

July 25, 1921 John Krupp and Papes were here

Sept. 5, 1921 Rosine and William Volmer came over

Jan. 8, 1922 A C and family was over to spend the evening

March 13, 1922 John is trying to quit tobacco. *(Her expense account has many entries of purchasing tobacco since arriving in Idaho 1897)*

March 15, 1922 Reed to town to take treatments. *(Rabid dog bite?)*

April 2, 1922 John and Bill Winder are hauling hay in the barn. Reed and I went to town in the evening. Reed took his last treatment

May 1, 1922 John sold 32 sheep pelts got $63. Reed went over to A C Blatter to get our seed potatoes

June 15, 1922 Gottlieb and family was over in the evening

Aug. 13, 1922 John sold the lambs got $203.20 John and I went to Mrs. Leonard Ball funeral

Oct. 22, I went to town with Tillie to dedication of the new hospital

Dec. 2, 1922 Reed went to Sunday school. John went over and got Clara and we all went to town to get our pictures taken. Went to Reed's farewell party. Reed and Justin (Anderson) left for Salt Lake at 1 o'clock. (Reed's mission)

Her diary was also her accounting book:

Paid tithing in year

1898	17.50
1899	11.30
1900	15.00
1901	11.50
1902	24.00
1903	24.20
1904	27.00
1905	10.00
1906	
1907	
1908	5.30
1909	100.00
1910	100.00
1911	100.00

Income on sheep 1902

sold wool	57.30
Sold 28 head of sheep	79.65

Total indebtedness January 1 1907

Anderson bank	3,000
C.W.&M.	173.75
Idaho Lumber Co.	80.00
Rudolph Blatter	148.00
Range stove	39.50
CGMI	10.00
Anderson Bank	100.00
	3551.25

Valuation of the land January 1, 1907

	5,200.00
Sheep 510 head at $5.00 a head	2,530.00
Hogs 15 head at $2.00 a head	35.00
Two cows	60.00
Dan horses?	125.00
Sam	150.00
Mag	100.00
Fannie	15.00
Bess	50.00
Machinery	400.00
	8,665.00

Bertha recorded every expense on the day of purchase. Here is a sample for July 16 1907. Entries for July were on 1, 8, 16, 22, & 28

Gloves 70
Bloomers 78
Mended shoe 20
Grocery 1.00
Dish pan 75
Handle for brush 20
Cupboard paper 10
LF LF LF ? 37
Tie pin 25
Tobacco 83
My dress 4.35
Lemons bacon 1.48
Tobacco 84

Grocery bill for 1924 $353.73

March 21, 1925 bought 100 sacs of potatoes from A.C. Blatter $46.80

Jan. 17, 1930 39 below zero. Stayed below 30 all day

Feb. 8, 1930 15 above zero Chinook wind. John & I & Reed went to town in the afternoon. Water in the roads, snow was about all gone in town

March 13, 1930 John sold the wheat for $1.47 ½ a hundred Reed dragged the roads. Bill Winder helped him

March 31, 1930 Reed moved the Mexican on the dry farm in the afternoon. Potatoes took a jump to $2.75 a hundred. Bill Winder moved on Joe Lee old place

June 22, 1930 Went to Sunday school. Went car riding in the afternoon up to Krupp's (Lorenzo) had ice cream

Sept. 26, 1930 John sold his white & red sows & one spring pig got 10 cents a pound $58.25 Reed sold his calf got $17.50 he got 7 cents a pound for the white sow & 7 ½ cents for the red sow

CHAPTER

Andors Casper Blatter and Margaret Rebecca Hiatt Family

Andors was born April 8, 1870 in Du Quoin, Perry county, Illinois. He was the third child of Rudolph and Elizabeth Blatter. He was called A.C. by all who knew him. Nothing has been written about his early life except what his brother Gottlieb wrote of their early life on the 160 acre farm. The land was covered with heavy timber which had to be cleared to build a house, barns and other buildings as well as to clear land for crops. The older boys John, Andors and Frank worked for wages in order to get a few dollars to buy what they had to have. Fifty cents a day was the going wage for a good hand.

In the early spring of1888 the Mormon Elders came around holding meetings in our home and the homes of the neighbors. Prejudice was high but on April 1, 1888 Rudolph and Elizabeth were baptized as well as some of the neighbors. Andors was baptized on April 30, 1888 along with his sister Elizabeth Mary. He was baptized and confirmed that day by C.W. Petersen.

Andors was 26 and single, his brother Frank was 25 and married when they both immigrated to Idaho about 1896. At least they were there when Brother John and Bertha arrived April 16, 1897. A missionary Joseph Empey from Ammon said there was free land there which enticed them to move to Ammon, Idaho.

The 1900 census lists Andors living in Ammon with a Thomas Hiatt family working as a day laborer. In 1902 he had moved to Nibley Oregon, which is 20 miles south of Pendleton Oregon on the Oregon Trail. The probable attraction to go there was there were jobs available in the lumber industry. The town was named for Charles Wilson Nibley entrepreneur of Cache Valley. Charles was a prominent business man employed by the Central Pacific Railroad as station manager and by the Utah Northern Railroad as general freight and passenger agent. He also found success in the lumber business when David Eccles, George Stoddard and he founded the Oregon Lumber Company. Later in life he became involved with both the Amalgamated Sugar Company and the Utah Idaho Sugar Company. Nibley became a General Authority, serving as Presiding Bishop under Joseph F. Smith and served as second counselor to President Heber J. Grant. His personal life revolved around his three wives and 24 children.

My life story by Margaret Rebecca Hiatt, the future wife of Andors, helps fill in some details as Andors left no written record of himself. Her account is as follows. I was born in Harrisville, Utah 7 January 1880. My parents were Reuben Hiatt and Amanda Jane Rawson. We lived in the place where I was born until I was about two years old. Then on

December 1, 1881 my little sister Ellen was born.

In 1882 we moved to Pleasant Valley where my father worked in the saw mill. That fall we moved into my uncle Jim Taylor's house where my sister Mary Jane was born on December 24, 1882. I do not remember much of myself as a child but I can remember that I was about four years old when we moved from Utah to Egin Bench, Idaho. My father homesteaded 160 acres of land on Egin Bench and while they were building our log house we lived in John Fisher's old house. The house did not have any floors.

While we were living there my little sisters were playing in the house and mother was washing outside. We locked ourselves in and couldn't get out. Mother had quite a time making us understand how to unlock the door. When I was eight years old I was baptized at Egin by William Rawson and confirmed the same day by Robert Greenwood.

We went to school in the meeting house. My first teacher's name was Mattie Watson. We didn't have any readers then. We just read from charts. I only went to the fifth grade. While we were there our father was Bishop until the ward was divided. Later they organized the ward and called it Plano.

We lived there until 1902 when we moved to Nibley Oregon. It was there I met Andors Casper Blatter and we were married in the Salt Lake Temple on January 21, 1903. (I [Lynn Blatter] assume they went on the train to Salt Lake as no mention is made of their journey.) We built us a house on a lot in Nibley and lived there until 1904 when we moved to Baker City. (This is about 68 miles south) Andors hauled lumber while there. Gottlieb and William his brothers came out to visit Andors in 1905 and they both stayed there and worked for a few years. It was here that Gottlieb met Dora May Hiatt, Margaret's sister and married her on April 10, 1907. Margaret's story continues.

In 1906 we moved to Union, Oregon (about 35 miles north of Baker). We lived in town a month then we moved up the canyon on Kathlyn Creek. While we lived there we took a little girl, Inez Hartley. (No mention is made of this girl, the circumstances or when she left them) We stayed there a year or two. Then on September 28, 1906 Andors went on a mission to the Central States. (I assume Margaret went to live with her parents who were still in the area while Andors was on his mission.)

John, Frank, Andors, Gottlieb, and William Blatter

When he returned we stayed there until 1910 when we moved to Idaho in a wagon. We stopped at Rupert and Andors worked for John Norby a month. We left there and came to Idaho Falls, Idaho arriving June 18, 1910. (The distance from Union Oregon to Idaho Falls is 421 miles) Andors was ordained a Seventy on September 26, 1908 by George Stoddard, one of the founders of the Oregon Lumber Company, and could well have been the one who influenced him to serve a mission.

That fall we moved into Grandpa Blatter's place (Rudolph's home. If they moved in with Rudolph

or the house was empty is not known. Rudolph's farm was adjacent to John Blatter's farm on the east but the house was ½ mile south and ¼ mile east of John Blatter's home.) We farmed John Blatter's place about two years, then we farmed Grandpa's place a few years. (There is no mention in Bertha Blatter's diary about this. Perhaps he was working for John on shares as John always had to hire men to help him.)

On 16 October 1915 our oldest girl Inez was born. Andors had homesteaded 235 acres east and south of Ammon in the foothills and received a patent on it November 11, 1915. In 1917 we sold our dry farm and bought us a place on the foothills where we had three other children born. Waneta on December 3, 1917, Velma on November 4, 1919 and Elmer Rudolph on August 3, 1921.

We sold the farm and moved to the community of Ammon. There Andors died August 4, 1941. I sold the home and have been living most of the rest of the time with my eldest daughter Inez. Margaret died January 10, 1966 and both are buried in Ammon cemetery.

Andors was ordained a High Priest December 11, 1921 by Christian Anderson. His membership records were sent to Chinook. Montana on January 6, 1935 so he must have gone there for a while also. The Hiatt family Andors lived with in 1900 in Ammon was not related to the Reuben Hiatt family he married into. At least a connection could not be found as there were a number of Hiatt families in the valley.

Andors was a stern demanding man. He was always on time and even ahead of his time as he would be standing at the doors of stores waiting for them to open in the mornings so he could shop. Idaho Falls was 5 miles away to go shopping and he would be coming home from shopping as his neighbors were just going to town. There was always a comment as they passed him on the road. There were many stories about his eccentric ways. He called his wife "Mag," I guess short for Margaret.

Eva Blaylock, a niece, tells the story that Andors always had his son Elmer ride in the front seat with him and "Mag" his wife, rode in the back seat. When they came to a gate it was Mag that got out and opened it. Andors just kept driving on and Mag had to run to catch up to the car.

Arlo Blatter, son of Elmer and grandson of Andors related to me (Lynn Blatter) the following stories his dad told him. He said Andors did most of the cooking. He had a sow that was making strange noises so he slit its throat but it didn't die. It was having a litter of pigs. When Andors went to church in Ammon he always sat in the same seat. Another member always sat in front of him and would always go to sleep in church. This bothered Andors so much that one time he leaned up to him in the middle of the meeting and said, "They just called on you to pray," The fellow jumps up and closes the meeting. It was Elmer's job to keep the car clean and spotless. One time Andors and Elmer were going somewhere in the car and Andors went to spit his tobacco juice out the window but it was up and splattered all over the car. He yelled, "Hell sakes Elmer don't keep the window so clean."

One trait the Blatter's have is that they always speak their mind so everyone knows where they stand on things. I will relate a story my dad Reed Blatter told about Elmer. John Blatter employed a lot of his nieces and nephews as he didn't have any boys to help him farm until Reed was old enough. John had Elmer working for him one summer and Elmer had his eye on a pair of expensive boots he wanted so when he got paid in the fall he bought the boots, spending his summer wages on them. He couldn't wait to show them off to John. John looked at them and said to Elmer, "well you had better take good care of your feet as your head will never do you any good." We lived two blocks from Andors in Ammon so I knew him briefly as I was nine years old when he died. Andors died 4 August 1941 in Ammon and his wife Margaret died 25 years later on 10 January 1966 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. They are both buried in the Ammon Cemetery.

—Lynn A. Blatter

Elmer Blatter's Miracleous Recovery

by Verna Morgan

This account happened to my brother in law a few years ago, when he was visited by a Heavenly Messenger. Some of you may remember this man; his name was Elmer Blatter, the only son of Andors Blatter. Elmer worked in the Borax mine in Boron, California. He was a humble man, rather shy, not very pretentious. He even had a little trouble keeping the word of wisdom at times, but he had a great deal of faith. His people had been pioneers and he had been taught the gospel as a child. He was very sick in Antelope Valley Hospital in Lancaster, California. He had been operated on twice within a week. He had cancer and they had removed part of his liver. We all had been praying for him and I'm sure he was praying for himself.

He could not digest anything. His veins were such that they could no longer feed him intravenously. Several times they had given him tea to drink and then had to pump it right out. The curtains were drawn around his bed, he was too weak to talk, and they told us he would not last the night. The elders were called. I stood at the foot of the bed and watched as they administered to him. They anointed his head with oil and blessed him. Elder John Christiansen, who was speaking, was as surprised as the rest of us when he was inspired to promise him that he would be healed. Early the next morning, his wife went to him for the first time in several days, he smiled at her and whispered, "Don't worry, I'm going to be fine."

The nurse brought in more tea and he refused it and asked for juice. He drank it and kept it down. He no longer had a problem with the word of wisdom. That afternoon he was strong enough to take more nourishment and tell us that he had received a visitor from the other side. He had not seen the visitor because he was standing behind the curtain around the bed, and told him that he was a messenger sent from the presence of his Heavenly Father, to tell him he could live longer if he wanted to.

The next day it took Elmer 45 minutes to relate to my husband, Paul, all that the messenger had told him, including that he would take his family to the temple. He lived 6 years after that, he baptized all four of his children. He ordained his two oldest boys to the priesthood. He brought several people into the church by his testimony. He even converted a fellow worker and baptized Charles McDermott, the man that later married his widow. As soon as he was strong enough to go to the temple in a wheel chair, we went with him and his family to the Los Angeles Temple to be sealed for time and all Eternity. As they came out of the temple, radiant with joy and happiness, we took their picture on the temple steps. A few days later I picked up the pictures at a drug store and rushed to show him the beautiful picture of his family. He said, "Yes, I have seen it before." I said, "How could you have, I just now picked it up at the drug store?" He said, "When the angel visited me in the hospital, that picture was on the curtain by my bed."

CHAPTER

Frank Bernhart Blatter & Mary Caroline Miller Family

Frank was born 4 April 1871 in Du Quoin Perry County Illinois, the fourth child and third boy of Rudolph and Elizabeth Blatter. The only thing known of his early history is what has been written by other family members in their histories. Very little is known about him as he left no written record.

He married Mary Caroline Miller who was born 7 November 1872 in Du Bois, Washington County, Illinois which was on the south west corner of the county next to the Perry County Line. Very extensive research did not locate any information on her family. Their marriage took place in Perry County 22 August 1893.

Frank was baptized 23 January 1897 evidently in Illinois and then went to Ammon, Idaho shortly there after. He seems to have been there when Bertha Blatter John's wife wrote in her diary. "Got to Idaho April 16, 1897. Rented a farm from Sam Taylor April 20 and moved on the 21st. Bought 5 pigs from Taylor for $7.00. Frank owes me $3.50 on pigs."

The next information on Frank was recorded by Bertha. March 20, 1898 John and Frank made a note at the Conney for wire. October 30, 1898 John and Frank settled up. Frank owes John $17.60 November 18, 1899 received from Frank Blatter cash $9.00.

The 1900 census lists Frank and Mary living in Ammon with their only child six year old Fredrick. The 1910 census lists them living Idaho Falls with 16 year old Fred. Frank's occupation was listed as Well Driller. The next information known was his death in Idaho Falls, Idaho 18 February 1917 at age 46. Reed Blatter said he drank himself to death. In a letter from Gottlieb to his parents Rudolph and Elizabeth written in 1912 from Africa while on his mission he was encouraging John, Frank and William to go on a mission but he said I think Frank loves his whiskey too much. Mary Caroline moved to Malta, Cassia County Idaho some time after and died there 26 February 1928 at age 53. Both are buried in the Ammon Cemetery.

The following notice appeared in the Burley Bulletin Thursday March 1, 1928. Mrs. Mary Blatter passed away Sunday evening at 10 o'clock after several months' illness. On Monday her relatives of Idaho Falls arrived here with Mr. Woods, the undertaker. They took the body to Idaho Falls, where funeral services will be held and the body lay to rest beside her former husband, Frank Blatter.

> MRS. MARY BLATTER SUCCUMBS AT MALTA. Mrs. Mary Blatter, widow of the late Frank Blatter of Ammon, died Sunday at midnight at Malta, Idaho near Twin Falls, where she had been making her home, death being due to a heart attack following a two weeks illness. She

> was a resident of Ammon for several years and after the death of her husband moved to Malta. She is survived by one son, Fred Blatter (this is an error as Fred died January 6, 1921) and a granddaughter, Golda May Blatter, of Ammon: four brothers in law, John, Gottlieb, AC, and William Blatter all residents of Ammon.
>
> Funeral services will be held Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Ammon Ward of the L.D.S. Church with Bishop Leonard Ball officiating. Interment will be made in the Ammon cemetery under the direction of Jack A. Wood. The body may be viewed at the Dinwoody mortuary until time of burial.

In the *Idaho Marriages 1842–1996*, the marriage of Mary Blatter to Chris Lund on October 9, 1919 at Burley, Cassia CO., Idaho is recorded. This record can be found in the marriage book at the county courthouse in Volume 2 on page 329. This very likely is the reason she left Idaho Falls and moved to Malta.

Fredrick Blatter, the only child of Frank and Mary Blatter was born 25 February 1894 at Buceau, Perry County, Illinois. He was baptized 5 June 1902. He married Flora Moss 18 March 1919 at Blackfoot, Idaho. They both listed their residence as Idaho Falls, Idaho on their marriage license. He was 25 years old and she was 22 years old. No information could be found on her or her family.

When Fred registered for the draft of the First World War in June 1917 he was 23 years old. He listed his residence as Third Street in Idaho Falls, Idaho living at home with his mother. He claimed an exemption from the draft as he was supporting his mother Mary. Frank, his father had died 4 months earlier in February. Fred listed his occupation as a carpenter for 7 years.

Fred was married only 2 months short of 2 years when he died on January 6, 1921. On 11 January 1921 the Times Register of Idaho Falls reported Fred Blatter of Ammon was buried Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mr. Blatter was stricken with a hemorrhage of the brain while conversing with a friend. He leaves a wife and one small child. Bertha Blatter, John Blatter's wife records in her diary on January 6, 1921 "baked bread and went to help Flora. Fred died January 6 and was buried January 9, 1921". "Jan. 8 went to town with Flora", Jan. 9, "went to Fred Blatter funeral". Evidently at this time Fred and Flora were living close by Bertha in Ammon. Fred is buried in Ammon cemetery Block 37 Lot 4.

The 1930 census lists Fred's wife Flora age 30 as now married to Henry B. Brunson age 54 living in Medford, Jackson, Oregon with a 2 year old son Norris Brunson and Golda May Blatter age 10. Henry is listed as working as a plaster.

John Blatter had a farm in Ammon one mile west and ½ mile south of Ammon store. Reed, the only boy in the family was born in 1906. So John hired a lot of his relatives to work for him thru the years. First entry noted in Bertha's diary about Fred." February 14, 1910 Fred worked ¾ day $.75. May 28, 1910 Fred worked $2.50". Oct. 23 1918 "John went in the hills to take our sheep out of Joe Anderson herd. Fred started to work herding sheep".

—Lynn Blatter

Frank, Mary, and son, Fred Blatter

CHAPTER

Elizabeth Mary Blatter & John Krupp Family

This history was written spring 2009 by Ileta Dixon, daughter of Ella Lowiene who was daughter of Elizabeth Mary and John Krupp. My grandmother was Elizabeth Mary Blatter Krupp. They married in Illinois on October 17, 1889. John was 26 and Elizabeth was 17 years old. After they moved to Idaho they lived in the train station as grandpa was the section foreman.

After a while they bought a farm down on the lower part of Lorenzo. They had six children. William and Ezra were born in Round Prairie, Perry County, Illinois in 1890 and 1891. They moved to Idaho before 1901 as Victor and the rest of the children were born in Lorenzo. Robert was born 7 September 1903, Aleta born 11 October 1910, and Ella Lowiene born 10 August 1914.

Aleta died 13 January 1912 as a baby but all the others grew up, married and moved away. My mother Lowiene was the last to get married and she married Arvil Haddon on 23 December 1933 in Rigby Idaho. He was 21 and she was 19 years old. They worked up on Taylor Mountain on her uncle John Blatter's dry farm. Then dad went to the C.C.C. camp at Ririe Idaho. (The CCC was a former federal agency of the United States, established April 1933 as part of the New Deal program of Franklin Roosevelt and administered by the army. The agency was created by congress for the conservation of the natural resources of the country –Timber, Soil, and Water—and to provide employment and training for unemployed young men as long as the depression lasted. Recruits lived in semi military work camps and received $30 a month as well as food and medical care.)

Mother stayed with grandma and grandpa while Arvil was in the CCC's and that was when I was born August 21, 1935. A few years after daddy got out of the Civilian Conservation Corps, we as a family went back up on the Blatter dry farm to work in the summer and down in the valley in the winters. By then my folks were renting a little place in Lorenzo where my sister Betty Lou was born.

I can remember the evening that grandpa took me home to see my baby sister. He kept watching for the sleigh to come and pick up the kids from school. Grandma got me all dressed up in my coat, mittens and things. When grandpa said "come on Ileta" he picked me up in his arms plus my teddy bear. We started to the school to get on the sleigh so we could ride up to see my baby sister. When we got home daddy greeted us at the door. Then he and grandpa took me in the bedroom to see mom and my baby sister. Oh! how little! How am I going to play with her, but yet I was only 3 ½. That was in December 1938.

The next summer we went back up on the farm

but now I had to sleep in the kitchen which I hated because at night a Blow Snake would come up through a hole under the cook stove. It scared me so I called it the snake house. Then the folks bought a place 2 blocks from the house we were renting. It became our homestead. June 9, 1940 Betty and I got us a baby brother Arden Arvil.

In 1941 when I was 6 we moved to Pocatello, Idaho. Dad worked there for a while and then we moved to Oregon. Do to sickness and other things we moved back to find out we had lost grandpa Haddon plus grandma and grandpa Krupp had moved to Rigby. They had sold the farm to a Victor Jensen.

I was getting older and could stay more with grandma and grandpa. Grandpa would come over and help mom with the garden. Grandma would come to help when it was canning time. October 1945 we got a baby sister, Karon Rose. In December 29, 1945 we lost grandpa Krupp. That is when I started staying more and more with grandma Krupp to help her with different things as I was 10 years old. She was my grandma, friend, and a sweetheart of a lady. She and I got close.

Mom got pregnant right after Karon was born so we got a little brother Darrell Arlen. The seven of us as a family lived in the 2 room house. When I was a teenager we got the 3rd room. I would stay every Thursday night with grandma. I would help her by going up town for her or some times both of us would go.

Victor, Elizabeth, William, Ileta, John, Ezra, Robert, 1913

In my younger years grandma would pick some of her coats, dresses, etc. to pieces and make us kid's clothes. I can remember out of her long black coat she made Betty and I coats and muffs from the fur collar on the coat. These were our dress coats. She showed me how to make soap and a lot of things, but at the time I didn't really pay attention so now I wish I had.

Every so often she would have my folks take her down around Idaho Falls to visit different relatives. It would be on a Sunday so we would make it a family outing. I met a lot of the different families of the Blatters.

When grandma Elizabeth got sick aunt Lula, Bill Krupp's wife, and aunt Inze, Ezra Krupp's wife, Came up to Spencer, Idaho to get me to come down and stay with her as dad was working at a saw mill up there. It seemed that Elaine, Bill and Lula's daughter, didn't want to as she was dating and didn't have time. Julia Kay, Ezra and Inze's daughter was too young so it was me they picked. My aunts made soup, cooked roasts and chicken and things so I didn't have to do much cooking. They would take turns doing the wash and come and clean the house. As grandma got worse they had a woman come in and take care of her as I was going to school by then. We lost her 21 June 1951. I was 16 years old.

I look back and think I had a wonderful set of grand parents. In the summer time you could always drive up and see her big peonies in the front yard. Oh! The back yard smelled so fragrant from her sweet Williams. Grandpa's garden had the little yellow tomatoes that we kids could eat all we wanted, but leave the red ones alone.

Grandma Elizabeth always had lemon drops candy in her cupboard that as kids we just could not wait for her to give us one or two, but not Julia Kay, she wanted grandma's left over piece of toast. Grandpa had 2 old canes down stairs and grandma some old clothes up stairs so we kept ourselves occupied playing. Arden my brother liked to have grandpa rock in one of the rockers that had arms on each side. Arden would sit on one side saying "Getty up, Getty

up" holding on to one of grandpa's suspenders.

I am Lowiene Krupp Haddon's daughter. I had 2 marriages and 8 children. I had a daughter Sherrl Ileta out of wed lock when I was 16. I got married to my first husband Richard J. Rawson and we had 5 children; Ray Lynn, Marguretta Lee, LaRell Dean, Tina Dawn and Glenda Gaye.

After 17 years I got a divorce and married Edward Arnold Dixon. We had 2 boys, Kelly Erivn and Jodie Arvil. I lost Arnold in 2004 and moved from Dillon Montana to Rexburg, Idaho.

As I now write this I now live in Rigby Idaho. I am dating a guy named Lee McCord.

Memories of My Grandparents by Edward Loren Krupp

When I was young, in the late 1940's and early 1950's (I was 6 to 10 years old,) being born in September 1944. My dad Victor John Krupp took care of grandma and grandpa Krupp's house and some of the taxes and bills after grandpa died and maybe some before that. I have some of these receipts and will e-mail them. I remember one trip to Idaho, as we went about once a year, where my dad and uncle Bill went fishing near Yellowstone Park and that grandpa Krupp cooked a great breakfast the next morning of the fish we caught, or that I should say Bill caught the most of.

The rest would be stories that my dad related to me. Grandma and Grandpa Krupp lived in Rigby at that time. They moved to Idaho from southern Illinois and they joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints while in southern Illinois. My dad told the story that his dad, John Krupp, stayed home from church to put the hay stack together after a bad storm. He was asked to pay himself out of purgatory by the Catholic priest. This helped when joining the L.D.S. church and the move to Idaho was because of joining the L.D.S. church. I remember that my Grandma and Grandpa Krupp were very loving and Grandpa would carry me on his shoulders and give me a ride. I remember as a child I looked forward to these trips to Idaho to visit Grandma and Grandpa Krupp, and later Grandma Krupp.

My name is Arline Krupp Gomez. My father was Victor John Krupp. I remember a couple of comments that Daddy made that related to home. He could remember as a small boy the wind whistling through the cracks of the side boards of their house. He also told of his mother having to sift the weevils from the flour before she could use any. I also remember hearing that my dad was born in the railroad depot in Lorenzo, as John Krupp was section forman for the railroad and they lived in the train station.

Krupp Scout Hollow Home and History

by Beth Ryan

Albert Beazer and wife Martha plus six children – Albert, Jesse, Lula, Roland, Irving and Ella, left Kaysville, Utah for an opportunity in Lorenzo, Idaho to operate a grocery store and a U.S. Post Office. The year was 1902 and Lorenzo was a thriving railroad town at the time.

All their possessions, even their surrey with the fringe on top, their cow and horse, were loaded onto a freight car. The family rode the passenger train. The John Krupp family, and I suppose little Will, were living in the depot at the time. John was section foreman (railroad up keeper).

The Beazer family moved into the apartment at the rear of the store. An opportunity came to file on a homestead of 150 acres near Ririe, Idaho, and there was a cabin there for occasional use. They also bought 15 acres of ground across the railroad tracks from town and bordering the beautiful Snake River. The Beazer family moved into a log home there, as their lovely home- a mansion at the time- was being built.

Father Beazer still maintained the store, and the girls sorted mail and clerked as they became

older teenagers. The boys, Roland and Irving were excited about helping build the home. They molded the blocks of cement and gravel, the carpentry work was done by others.

The home was completed in 1914, a credit to the community. Then a large lawn was planted in front, big enough for many ward parties with electric lights strung around. Albert Beazer died October 17, 1924 leaving Martha a lonesome widow. All the children were married by then, Lula to Will Krupp.

He was a bee keeper and honey producer, had a thriving business, and lived in a brick home across from the LDS church in the Lorenzo town site. A depression hit, he lost the business, home and everything.

Martha was glad to offer them a home with her in the big lonesome mansion. Then Martha died in 1943. Those were troubling years for the Krupps. Lula died 15 April 1961. This left Will the lonely tenant in this big home. When he died November 30, 1976 the house was vacant for several years and fell into disrepair.

Kurt Krupp, son of Norman and grandson of William and Lula Krupp, adds the following information: When Martha died my father, Norman, was the only one with sufficient income to purchase the farm and pay off the Beazer children. None of them wanted the farm or would buy out the others. My grandfather, William and Lula, lived on the farm, but my father, Norman paid off the bank loan with money he took out with his Navy earnings from WW11.

Norman and Irma owned the farm and donated it to the Boy Scouts with a provision that if it ever ceased to be used as the Boy Scouts agreed, it would revert to BYU as a gift. The Scouts have met every condition of my father and mother's gift and the old farm entertains a few thousand Cub Scouts and their leaders every year. It was a gift and all I did was arrange for the Scout Council to meet with my parents in Renton, Washington. The Teton Peaks Scout Council traveled from Idaho Falls to Renton and presented their proposed use of the property to my parents. The proposal included an artist's rendition of what the Scouts would do to develop the property. They have been true to their commitments to my parents.

The following account of building the house is from excerpts of a paper written by Alicia Krupp for Honors English April 11, 1997:

> Lorenzo, Idaho 1906, Roland Beazer ordered a block making machine from the Sears and Roebuck catalog for $13.50 and it arrived today June 21, 1906. I'm really excited because tomorrow Roland (age 12) and I (Irving age 9) are going to hike up to the gravel pit with wheelbarrows and get some gravel. My dad, Albert Beazer, said we should be able to make 13 or 14 blocks a day. The blocks are really neat because they end up looking like cut stone but they are really cement. Roland went to the store and bought Lamp Black today. It is coloring for the blocks so they will be charcoal gray. It looks exactly like soot, though. I think we should just use soot instead. That would cut down the costs.
>
> Dear Journal, July 20, 1906 Roland and I have made 560 blocks. We are to make 1350 by the end of summer. My dad hired a mason and he is to start laying the blocks September 1.
>
> Dear Journal, September 16, 1906. I can't believe we did it! The mason is faster than we are and it pushed us a little. I'm exhausted. It took 200 wheelbarrow-loads to get enough gravel for the blocks. I'm just glad we are done working on the house for a while
>
> — *Irving Beazer*

Journal entry of Richard Beazer July 17, 1938: My dad, Irving Beazer, gave me his old journal for my birthday this year. I'm Richard Beazer, but everyone calls me Dick. This weekend my dad and I are going up to an old mine near Arco to find more railroad parts. We are making a miniature train. We go raid the mines of the narrow tracks and railroad

ties. We built the train car on top of the old mine car beds. We took an old jeep engine to make it go. I'm really excited for our third trip to the mines.

Journal entry of Richard Beazer September 24, 1978: I found you today! You have been buried in my closet for decades. I guess I'm going to have to catch up on what has happened. When my grandma, Martha Holyoak Beazer died, she left the house to my dad and his brothers and sisters. Norman Krupp, my cousin, bought it from them around 1944. He paid each relative $500 so the total was $3000. Norman's father, William Krupp, went broke from the honeybee business during the depression and never recuperated financially. Norman bought the house so his parents would have a place to live. Norman and his wife, Irma Busenbark, and their kids, Kirk, Susan, Roger, and Mary lived in it off and on while he attended USAC from 1945 to 1952. Norman fixed the house up after his father, Will, died so it could be rented out.

He cut a hole in the foundation for plumbing but never refilled it. The Hudsons rented the house during the early 70's. While they were living there they had a chimney fire. It burnt a hole right up the middle of the house. After the roof was fixed, the Degraws lived there. After the Degraws moved out the house stood vacant. During the period of time the house was vacant the neighbor kids vandalized it. They stole the doors and broke many of the windows. When Norman went to board it up, it was in shambles. During this time the wild animals found a good home in the hole under the house. I trapped skunks and porcupines and caught quite a few.

July 5, 1985. Today the Boy Scouts of America had Krupp Scout Hollow dedicated as a scout camp. The house has carried many memories and will make memories in the future. I hope those boy scouts will make the house a treasure in their lives just like it has become in mine. It started in this family and even though we don't legally own it anymore, it still seems like a place that we can call "Krupp Territory."

— Richard Beazer

CHAPTER

Lilly Le Flora Blatter & Frank Ritter Family

Lilly was born 16 January 1875 in Round Prairie, Wayne County, Illinois. She married Frank Ritter 23 November 1892 in Pinckneyville, Perry County, Illinois. She was 17 years old. He was 32 years old. Frank had previously been married twice and had children from these marriages but both wives had died. His first wife Magdalena Hertz, who died in childbirth, gave him a son John who worked with Frank in the mines and was with the family in Idaho for a short time.

The following are stories of the Blatters and Ritters compiled by La Dawn Lennartz daughter of Robert and Irene Ritter and granddaughter of Frank and Lilly Ritter.

I have heard many stories of how hard the children worked on the heavily timbered land the Rudolph Blatter family settled on in Illinois. They had to clear the land by hand to plant and could only clear about ½ acre per year. All they harvested from their land to eat the first three years was sorghum and corn, and then they bought a cow and some chickens. It was Lilly's chore to take the extra eggs and cream to market in summer and winter without the luxury of shoes. She would be so tired at the end of the days work that she would crawl on hands and knees the last few yards up the ladder to her bed without eating her supper.

A story that was related to my family by one of the Blatters was that Lilly was working in the field on a very hot day and she became very ill. On leaving the field she fell across the fork of a tree and was helped to the house by her sister only to be sent back to the field by her father to finish the days work. They later found she had suffered a sun stroke. Lilly was the youngest at the time and was willing to do her part, but her older sister Elizabeth felt sorry for her and always had hard feelings against her father. I know our family did hear how harshly the children were treated but Grandma Elizabeth was very closed mouth about her earlier life and didn't say very much.

This story about Lilly was told by Lilly to my mother, Irene Snarr Ritter. She said that it was her chore to gather the eggs. One day when she was returning to the house from gathering the eggs, she felt as if something was following her. She hurried faster and felt the presence of something behind her and could hear heavy breathing. She turned and saw a huge bear charging her. She ran as fast as she could to get to the house and barely made it. As she went through the door she could feel the pressure of the bear's claws, barely missing her, and there were marks on the door from the bear. Mom said that it would excite grandma to tell them that story after so many years and her dark eyes would snap as she remembered.

Frank and Lilly were married on 23 November 1893. Lilly already had a little girl, Florence, who was born 24 January 1892 in Beaucoup, Perry, Illinois. Florence later married Bill Winder. I did ask my dad, Robert Ritter, at one time who Florence's father was and dad told me very emphatically that she was Frank's daughter. Frank had been married twice before and had four children from those marriages, but both of those wives died. Kate, Lilly's second daughter was born 4 December 1893 in Enterprise, Wayne County, Illinois. Kate later married Merrils Matteson.

Dad also informed me that Frank was the father of Kate, and there never seemed to be any question about that in the family. Two years after Kate was born, a daughter Lilly was born on 19 October 1895 in Beaucoup, Illinois. The little daughter lived for three years and died in 1898. It must have been a very sad time for the family, as in those days it was up to the family to care for the dead, and family and friends would prepare the body for burial, and a coffin would have to be built. On 23 September 1897 another daughter, Laura, was born also in Beaucoup, Illinois. Frank and Lilly were very busy caring for their family. They were good parents and loved their children. As a family they would take picnics in the woods to gather nuts and grapes. The children would swing from the trees on the wild grape vines.

Lilly cared for her children, her house, and was a very good German cook. Ellen, a daughter from one of Frank's other wives, told us of the fancy handwork she made and had throughout her home. One room was kept only as a parlor. This room was always neat and attractive with her handwork. The children were never allowed in this room, only on special occasions when they received friends and guests. On 4 May 1901 Flora Elizabeth joined the family. She married Wilford Butler but was divorced in 1922.

Frank & Lilly Blatter, 1940

Frank worked in the mines in Du Quoin, and had also worked in a saw mill. It was very hard work and the men would have to do all the work manually, with a few mules to help. The tunnels would have to be dug by pick and shovel, the material loaded on the carts, and then the mules would pull the carts. This was a slow process and the men would work a long day. Frank started having serious problems with his health. He was getting arthritis bad from working in the mines. He started to lose the use of his legs and became quite crippled. He made canes to walk with, and could hardly move around. He was in much pain, not having medication at that time for the ailment, and it was very serious.

His son, John, from his first marriage, was 14 years old, and old enough at this time to help his father in the mines. Frank's health became so bad that the Blatters talked to him about leaving the mines and moving to Idaho. He was administered to and a blessing given with a promise that if he would leave the mines, his health would improve and he would get well. Frank and Lilly gathered their belongings and moved to Idaho 3 April 1903. On their arrival in Idaho Falls by train, John Blatter was at the depot with horse and buggy and took them to his home to stay until they could find a place to live. They then settled on a small place in Ammon.

On 3 December 1903 another daughter, Lucy Mary was born in Ammon, Idaho. She lived only a year, and then passed away with scarlet fever. That was another heartache for Frank and Lilly. On 25 July 1905 Irene Josephine was born in Ammon, Idaho. She married Lloyd Griffin. In 1906 Frank and Lilly moved to a small farm in Rigby, Idaho where Harvey Ralph was born 25 December 1906. He later married

Iris Cleveland. On 14 December 1908 Dorthy Winona was born and later married Ed Hourlton.

Frank and Lilly decided to move back to Ammon and there on 23 September 1911 their last child Robert Harold was born. He later married Irene Snarr. He remembered when he was a little boy that Lilly would take him by the hand and walk across the fields in Ammon to visit with his grandmother Elizabeth Blatter. They would go several times a week so Lilly could do the laundry and housework as Grandma Blatter was bedfast at the time. He said it seemed like a very long way to go and his grandmother would tell him to go out in the kitchen as there were cookies in the cookie jar. He said the only thing he could remember about Grandpa Rudolph Blatter was going to see him once when he was ill in bed.

He clearly remembered going to the funeral and to the cemetery. It was during the winter December 31, 1917. The snow was very deep and they had to go to the Ammon cemetery by sleigh. The snow was so deep the horses would have to plunge through the drifts. They would rear up and go a little farther. The men would have to keep getting out and shoveling. It took several hours to get there.

For a few years Frank and Lily moved to Pendleton, Oregon. Dad said he was eight years old at the time so it was about in 1919. Frank did carpentry work and Harvey, his brother, worked along with him. Kate and Merrills Matteson were living there at the time. They stayed in Pendleton for two years then went back to Ammon. In 1922 they moved to the 500 block on Gladstone Street in Idaho Falls where they lived until they died.

Frank and Lilly worked very hard. Frank was handy at many things, especially gardening. He had been promised in his blessing that he would regain his health, and his crippling disease did leave him, and he was able to work the rest of his life, and was very active. He worked on the farms, helping neighbors with butchering, and raised a large vegetable garden, and whatever other work he could find. Frank loved the soil and work didn't bother him. He would work from sunup to sundown tilling the ground.

He did all the work with hand implements and a small hand cultivator, rake, hoe and shovel. His beautiful garden drew a lot of attention and admiration. He would gather his crop, wash and pack his vegetables, and pack them in a small black buggy with a trunk on the back. Early next morning he would be on his way from door to door peddling his produce. As business thrived he had his regular customers, and would always arrive home with an empty buggy. He later bought a Model T Ford, and learned to drive, so was able to deliver his produce more efficiently. It was the first automobile he had ever driven.

Lilly worked in the large garden, canned her fruit and vegetables, made preserves and pickles, large crocks of sauerkraut, and had shelves in their cellar with rich milk and butter. Homemade head cheese, sausage, cheese, and cured meats hung from the rafters.

Dad (Robert Ritter) would tell what a delight it was to come home from school and raid the cellar, very often chased away by Lilly. Lilly used to make cheese they called "Cook" cheese. She put clabbered milk in a cloth and hung it up for a few days. This would drain leaving the curds. Then she would put it in a pan on the stove and melt it. After it was melted it was put in molds and then put in a cool place (cellar) for storage. Dad said it was delicious and tasted like Swiss cheese. She had a large patch of raspberries, gooseberries, and red currants. You could often see Lilly with her sun bonnet picking the berries. They had their chickens and plenty of eggs. They taught their children to work and taught them honesty. As soon as the children were able, they would go out to work on their own, and were all good honest citizens.

Frank and Lilly spoke German often around their home, especially if they didn't want their children to know what they were talking about. The first children also talked German, and didn't learn English until they started to school. The ones who

came along later did not learn German.

Due to a serious illness, Frank and Lilly's daughter Flora, was not able to care for her daughter Eva, so the child was taken to Frank and Lilly. Bob Ritter said that Eva was just a baby at the time, just barely able to sit up, so it would have been early in 1924. Robert says he remembers being so excited when they were going to bring Eva home and he waited for their arrival. Then she was placed on a blanket and he played with her. He always loved her as a sister. In 1931, Flora, having spent most of her time in the hospital, passed away, leaving Eva to be raised by Frank and Lilly.

Quotes from Family

Irene Ritter Hart (Daughter): " I can never remember my dad or mother whipping any of us. With all of us being raised in a small house with not much to do, we would get quarrelsome at times. Dad would just get up and go outside or take a walk. He was always on the jolly side as a rule. I remember when the horse and buggy ran away with Robert through the plowed field. Bob was about twelve years of age. Dad was yelling at Bob to tell him what to do, but Bob was doing fine. The horse finally stopped after almost tipping the buggy over. Dad and all of us were sure scared."

Kate Ritter Matteson (Daughter) as told to her children. One time, John, (son of Frank's first wife, Magdalena Hertz, who died in childbirth) was driving the wagon loaded with sacked potatoes from the field. His brothers and sisters were perched on top of the load when the horses shied at something and started to run away. John, concerned for their safety of his brothers and sisters, yelled at them to jump. Kate was afraid. John kept yelling "jump Kate, jump". She looked at the ground rushing past her and looking at a sac of potatoes, she decided to push off a sac and jump on it to break the fall. However, the sac of potatoes was far down the road by the time she jumped. Another time, a mouse was discovered in the kitchen, and the entire family was trying to catch it. The confused mouse kept running back and forth, so Lily suggested Kate spread out her skirt in front of the door so the mouse couldn't get out. Kate wore long full skirts at that time and obligingly did as she was told. The mouse ran up her skirt, and she ran screaming down the street.

La Dawn Ritter Lennartz (Granddaughter) wrote the following. Grandpa and Grandma Ritter owned about one forth of the block where their house was standing. After mom and dad (Robert and Irene) were married, grandpa helped dad build a small three room house, which was later added on to. So we lived very near to them, with just a couple of lots between us. When I was just little, I used to look over at their huge garden, and see my grandpa and grandma bent over working in their vegetables. This is my most vivid memory of them. They spent a lot of time in their yard. I can remember as a little girl going out to their gooseberry and currant patches, and standing there eating the fruit. If grandma caught us she would chase us away.

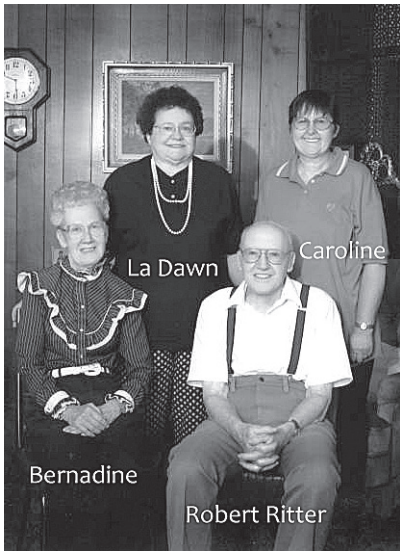
Grandpa died when I was ten years old, but he was so good to us children. I remember he would start over to our house across the field, and we would run to meet him, and he would always have candy in his pockets, so we would start searching through his pockets as soon as we reached him, to see what he had for us. He always had some sort of jacket or vest that he wore, and he wore hats all the time. He had a very distinctive stance with his legs far apart. Every picture I see of him, he is standing like that. He was a kind man and we loved him a lot. I remember spending time with them in their kitchen, but I can hardly ever remember going in the living room. We would come in from the back part of the house into their kitchen area, and would sit at their table and sometimes have lunch with them.

They had a big walk-in pantry off their kitchen, with lots of shelves where she would keep her staples. All of their perishables were kept out in the out door cellar. There was a big lift up door, then stairs down into the cellar. It had a dome roof over it with

dirt on it. I remember following my grandma down those stairs, and I can still smell the aroma of moist soil and the smells of food. There was a ledge built around the inside where grandma kept the milk, cheese, and a lot of other things. I can remember the large barrels of sauerkraut and she would have a lid on it with some kind of weight. She also had big containers of pickles.

Grandma Lilly was a very quiet, shy woman, and mom and dad would always say that Frank would do most of the talking and she would just sit and listen. She always wore quite long dresses and an apron and long cotton socks. She would wear her hair done in a bun. I remember that one time after Grandpa had died she broke her arm, and she came and stayed with us in our house for a while. Then later I remember she would have what we called "spells" and she would all of a sudden just fall to the floor and she would lay there in a kind of shake for a minute or two. It used to scare us so much, but mom would learn that she would come out of it in a minute or two, and then mother would help her up and care for her. By that time she was staying at our house most of the time, as they didn't want her to stay by herself when she was passing out like that. Two weeks before her death, she insisted on getting her temple work done. She had been ailing, but was not ill at the time. Bob and Irene Ritter went with her to the temple on 5 January 1949. Two weeks later, on January 27, 1949, she took suddenly ill one evening and was taken to the hospital, and died a few hours later. She was 74 years old.

Grandpa Frank and Grandma Lilly were good, honest, hard working people, and were well respected in their community. Mom says as long as they lived near Frank and Lilly, they never heard them say a bad word about a neighbor or anyone else.



Miranda C. Stringham Records the Following

The Ritters lived one mile north and one-half mile west of Ammon on what is now 17th Street. A little incident happened on the day of the ARMISTICE of World War I signing November 11, 1918, in front of the Ritter home. My father, David C. Campbell and Hans Carlson and my self were riding in a little black topped buggy from Idaho Falls toward the hills to the east where we lived at Ozone. Hans at that day was in Idaho Falls to become a naturalized citizen of the U.S. My father and I were his witnesses. I was fourteen, Hans had just five years previously come from Sweden. To prove up on his homestead he had to be a citizen.

We had just left Idaho Falls minutes before when all the bells, whistles, and horns were celebrating the great event of the Armistice. Hans had been feeling real merry as he bought a bottle and put it in his pocket. He had offered my father who had refused the drink, and as he lifted it up to his lips, a little dog slipped out of the Ritter's place and frightened the horses who sprang side ways and tipped the buggy into the borrow pit. I was sitting on the side and was thrown onto the outer edge of the barrow pit, cutting my leg and frightening me to the stage of shock. The horses broke the double trees away from the rig and ran strait east where a man caught them by the reins. My father took me into the Ritter home and a very gracious lady bound up my injury. Possibly Mrs. Ritter, Lilly Blatter.

With some barbed wire our double trees were repaired and we continued our journey home to Ozone. My father was not a drinking man and he said, "There must have been spirits in that bottle." I think Hans was just doing it to celebrate the end of the war. Every time I passed that place I knew the Ritters were generous people.

CHAPTER

Threcie Blatter & Joseph Waisath Family

Threcie Blatter was born 23 January 1877 at Round Prairie, Perry County, Illinois. She married Joseph Waisath, who was born 29 March 1872 in Perry County on 17 April 1895 in Pinckneyville, Perry County, Illinois. She was 18 years old and he was 23 years old at the time of marriage. Ten children were born to them in the next 15 years.

Charlie 4 Oct 1895
Lula 21 Dec 1896
Otto 8 June 1898
Clara 11 Nov 1900
Bertha 9 July 1901
Henry 20 Oct 1903
William 24 July1904
Herman 17 Mar 1906
Mary Ann 16 Oct 1908
Evalena 24 May 1910

Threcie developed breast cancer and died 3 September 1910. Joseph did his best to keep the family together but he was not kind to his children and they left home as soon as they were able to leave. Joseph had diabetes and when he received a small scratch on top of one hand which did not heal it developed into blood poisoning and he died on 21 January 1919 leaving 5 minor children without parents.

Gottlieb Blatter sent for the 5 minor children to come to Ammon, Idaho where they were placed with Threcie's brothers John, Gottlieb, Bill, Andors, and Lizzie and John Krupp. They remained in Ammon until Frank Tanner who had married their sister Lula, decided something was in it for him to get them back to Illinois. Gottlieb and perhaps his brothers had paid for the railroad fare to bring them to Idaho which amounted to $288.

On the 6 January 1920 Frank Tanner had petitioned the court to become the legal guardian for Henry, William, Herman, Mary Ann, and Evalena and it was granted.

On February 1, 1920 by order and decree of the court Frank Tanner was directed by the court to sell the following real estate belonging to said minors for the support and education of said minors and for the purpose of investing such proceeds of said sale as shall not be immediately requisite for said support and education, in other real estate, or of otherwise investing the same. The undivided five tenths of the Northwest Quarter of the South west Quarter of Section 9 Township 4 South, Range 2 West of the 3rd P.M. in Perry County, Illinois

On March 1, 1920 Railroad fare of $288 was paid out for 5 minors from Idaho Falls, Idaho to Pinckneyville, Illinois, when they were removed from an uncle to Frank Tanner. The 40 acre farm

Joseph & Threcie Blatter Waisath

sold for $2412.23. After expenses of $355.35 the $2056.88 was divided evenly between the 5 older children and the 5 minors. The 5 minors received $1155 from the sale of land plus $256 from personal property from the father and a small amount of interest.

How Frank Tanner handled the money is not known except for the account in Mary Ann's history where she records "when I was in high school—I needed a small amount of money each week, $3.00 for room and board and sometimes $2.00 for expenses. If Frank was in a bad mood he would not give me any money. If he was in a good mood, he might give me $20.00. When I ran out I told my brother Herman I wanted to quit school. I couldn't take the hassle. Herman sent me $5.00 a week when I needed it. I kept an accurate account and paid both Frank and Herman back the money they gave me".

What Mary Ann didn't know was that she had an inheritance of $282.00 for her support and education as specified by the court. How Frank treated the other children can only be surmised by his treatment of Mary Ann. Betty Tillman said that when Frank got the children back he put Herman, a 13 year old, to work in the coal mines and kept his wages. The children left the care of Frank Tanner as soon as they could.

Threcie Blatter Waisath wanted to be baptized into the Mormon Church, but her husband Frank would not allow it. The only record we have of the Threcie and Joseph Waisath family is from an extensive account written by Mary Ann Waisath their 9th child who struggled for a good education, taught school, married at age 37, but did not have any children. I have included her account as it gives us a glimpse of their family. The history of Herman and Hazel Waisath written by their daughter

Jeanette Waisath Huntsman is a good account of their life in Chinook Montana which is most enlightening.

—Lynn A. Blatter

History of the Waisath Family

by Mary Anna Waisath Molyneaux
written February 1990

Grandfather: Otto Waisath
Born: 17 March1829
Zettlitz, S, Bavaria, German
Married: 22 October 1868
Belleville, St. Clair, Illinois
Died: 21 March 1895
Tamaroa, Perry, Illinois
Buried: Old Concord Cemetery
Washington County, Illinois

Children:
1. Mary Louisa Waisath
Born: 29 November 1869
Red Bud, Randolph, Illinois

2. Joseph Waisath
Born: 29 March 1872
Perry County, Illinois

3. William Thomas Waisath
Born: 4 January 1879
Three Mile Prairie, Perry, Illinois

Second Wife: Mary Ann Bethel
Born: Abt. 1848
Died: Abt. 1890

Religious Affiliation

Grandfather – I don't know about his faith. He was buried in the Old Concord Baptist Church Cemetery, located just off Illinois Route 127, North of Pinckneyville, past Todd's Mill-Rice intersection. Here is where Mary Louise Waisath Hubler's lot is located. Also my sister Evalena Waisath Hubler's 3 infants. (A new Concord Church is located at Rice.)

Mary Bethel Waisath was a Catholic. Her children were "baptized" in that faith. She was buried in the Todd's Mill Catholic Cemetery – No record, since the church burned some years ago – a new one was erected.

Joseph Henry – my father – embraced the Catholic faith, but I never saw him attend. There was told that he could not afford to pay "pew tax". (I don't know.) He read his German Bible every Sunday morning for about 2 hours. He never took his children to church.

Threcie Blatter Waisath embraced the Mormon faith, at last through her brother, Gottlieb Blatter. Her husband did not consent to her being baptized. We children while at home did not attend worship. However – God, through his Son, and Holy Spirit moved hearts of concerned Christian neighbors and first: Charlie at 16 was gloriously saved, baptized, and became a member of Old Concord Baptist Church. He gave his testimony to our older brothers and sisters. In following years, God brought each one of us to a faith in Jesus – death, burial, and resurrection and accepted his forgiveness of our sins. Lula, at 23 years of age; Otto, at 21 or so; Clara, at 18 or 19; Bertha at 18; Willie, at about 36; Herman – 16; Mary, almost 12; Evalena about 18. All were baptized (immersed) and became members of Baptist Churches in their area. Herman, Henry, Willie, Lula, and I, of the Galum Baptist Church (one room – country – 3 miles from Lula's farm where we lived at that time.) (It was victim of a tornado later.)

My father was extremely upset at Charlie's conversion and baptism and did persecute him. It wasn't long till he left home ... maybe 2 years. He located in Keokuk, Iowa. Lula and husband attended Lutheran Church in Pinckneyville when first married. Later when on farm – at 23, she joined Galum Baptist too. Otto, Clara and Bertha were saved in Keokuk, Iowa and became members of First Baptist of that city; Henry, Herman, and I at Galum Baptist; also Willie at a later date; Evalena – New Concord Baptist Church. Each in his own

way, for the most part held to the belief of Jesus, moving membership to wherever we lived-serving in various capacities. Bertha, Jesse and I were/are charter members of the First Baptist Church of Wilmington, Illinois, Southern Convention.

Mary's Testimony-"I was almost 12 years old. It was August 1920 – a 2 week's revival Crusade was in session at Galum Church. (This spot is my "Bethel".) For 10 months previously, I was, for the first time in my life, privileged to attend Sunday School — on an off-and-on basis. The same with this Crusade. A very devoted S.S. teacher, who loved young girls, was a great spiritual influence on me ... Then and on till her death, years later. By the time I was 10 yrs. old, both my parents had died. I lived with Lula Tanner – who was truly a dear mother to me. Even at 14 yrs. of age when Mother died, she mothered me, when I was 2 yrs. old, to 4 yrs of age. This particular August morning, I was working in the backyard. The Holy Spirit had been working in my heart. This a.m. he heaped a tremendous burden on me, bringing conviction. I felt deep despair. At that moment He revealed to me, that I am a sinner, and for the first time, I realized I am responsible for my sins. I knew I must get to the service that night to tell the people I want to receive Jesus as my Savior. I got permission to go.

The "bus" that picked me up was a hay-rack, horse-drawn, which a good neighbor used to get young kids to church. Preacher Foulon invited; after his sermon, Henry surrendered. I went forward in tears-at the invitation of a dear lady of God seated beside me. I told everyone, "I want to be saved." I believe Jesus entered my heart that morning at home.

A new believer is bombarded with Satan's snares and obstacles, especially children who have had no Christian background, with Bible, literature, parents, S.S. Teachers, Grandpas and grandmas to nurture them. So was I. It is not easy to be a Christian. I confess that I have not always followed God's leading – nor do I now – but the Holy Spirit never let me alone — He doesn't now. I realized my sinfulness and turned to His word – and I confessed to God my every known sin by name and then made Him Lord of my life. God is my Father, Jesus is my Savior and Lord, The Holy Spirit is my Instructor and guide. I was saved. I am being saved and I will be saved. "I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against That Day. He who began a good work in you, is able to perform it." Phil. 1: 6 What is God's will for my life? The same as for all believers to be a witness unto Jesus.

Here is a page concerning Bertha's service: she accepted Jesus as Savior in Keokuk. Clara Waisath Mosley was and is a devoted, consecrated Christian, who serves her Lord daily-she is 90 yrs. old. (1989) she suffered hardships-divorce — raising 2 boys with little help-but in it all, she remained happy in the Lord. She has Leukemia – but is able to live alone — alert and happy-with doctor's help is fairly healthy. Henry has always maintained a lovely relationship with his Lord-through loss of first wife-with 3 yr. old son to raise. Then 17-1/2 years of 2nd wife's stroke-partially paralyzed-now in Health Care Center in Morris, Illinois-still loves God. Herman's conversion – he wanted to be sure that he was truly saved and it took two weeks of praying, searching, reading and Christian's encouragement – before he surrendered to the Lord's plea ... it happened – he said, while he was working in the field at Lula Tanner's farm. I know how genuine it was, as he continued to live his faith, so far as I know.

Evalena was a devoted believer all the way. Sweet spirit.

Lula was gloriously saved – such a glow of happiness. She had many obstacles and burdens Satan put in her way, but she always was able to conquer even tho' sometimes in tears. Her circumstances were not always bearable (she was mother to me and Henry, Herman and Willie at various times). But she loved Jesus and served Him to the best of her ability. She loved fellowshipping with Christian friends. She lost her only child Helen Doris – after enjoying her 9 months in November

1918 – then in 1919 I came to live with her and she became a mother again. She gave of herself. She loved her neighbors – young parents with children; and helped a semi-orphaned family of 4 girls always worked hard – loved much.

I don't know much about Otto's life – he was saved in Keokuk: the same time as Clara was. Brother Willie ended his life here in Wilmington at a Health Care facility – I was with him once a day from November 15, 1985 until August 1986 – except that last evening – I asked him a number of times about his relationship with the Lord and he always said emphatically that everything was A-OK. He was a special person. He renewed his faith in Jesus in Tabernacle Baptist Church, Decatur, Illinois. Generally, he had a hard time in our home. He never complained – but I know he bore hurts inside.

Health

I understand that Grandpa – Otto Waisath – was blind in later life due to what, I don't know. He did not serve in the Civil War due to his family having smallpox – he purchased his release from the draft.

Mary Louise Waisath Hubler lived past 70 years – had a very bad foot – don't know from what – could have been diabetic.

Joseph Henry Waisath – my dad, had diabetes – he received a small scratch on top of one hand which did not heal, went into blood poisoning. I used to bathe it in a solution as directed by the Doctor but he soon became ill and bedfast. He died at night on January 21, 1919, I think; at home. Aunt Mary Louise was with him for several days. Our cousins were there – their daughter, (my age) sat with me in the kitchen. Dad, a few years previously, had a toe amputated due to frostbite. That never healed. I dressed it nearly every day. I was 9 years old then. Dad was nearly 48 years old when he died.

Uncle William Joseph died from diabetes at 51 or 52, in 1931. There was no medication for them then only diet.

Threcie Blatter Waisath – had a baby every 12-13-14 months – midwife attendant. She developed cancer of the breast, which took her life at 33 yrs. in 1910. There was no way of treatment then. Her sisters, Aunt Josephine Von Euw Gernand and Aunt Rosa Volmer were with her a lot. (Those aunts were dear sweet people.) Charlie – at 27 yrs., July 23, 1923, drowned in the Merimac River at Hannibal, Missouri, where he lived. He and a friend went alone to swim celebrating Charlie's passing the examination to be an Engineer on CBQ Railroad. He was to "take the throttle" one week hence. He was a wonderful person – a wonderful sense of humor. He was a fireman on steam locomotives for 7 or 8 years.

Lula – (86 yrs.) diabetic, passed on, at Perry Manor Nursing Home – Pinckneyville, Illinois, October 30, 1982. I had been her caregiver from 1976 – July to October 1982. I drove down to be with her every time Perry Manor called and every 6 wks, or 2 months otherwise as needed. (280 miles one way). She was a sweet, patient, loving, and caring person. I thank God He allowed me to have her care, through to the end. Lula had one cataract removed. She kept all her teeth to the end.

Otto – a diabetic and severely crippled with arthritis. He could hardly walk. He was nearly 67 yrs. He had a keen sense of humor – worked hard all his life. He had lots of friends and loved his children.

Clara is 90 yrs old – has leukemia – had only one time in the hospital before Leukemia – and once when she was taking chemotherapy last year. She has a beautiful attitude that keeps her healthy.

Bertha is 88 years old. In 1950's had ruptured appendix – 5 months later appendix removed. 1955 – cancer of cervix; cured. 1979 – cancer of bladder – so far cured. 1987 cancer lump on left arm muscle above elbow – so far no recurrence. She was devastated at death of only child in April. 1989 – she is in Health Care facility since October 2, 1989. She is well adjusted. She is diabetic and had two cataracts removed. Is blind in one eye.

Henry is diabetic. Since his 2nd wife's death in June, 1986, he deteriorated mentally – Not able to live alone; moved to Health Care facility in Morris, Illinois. His son Duane visits him daily. Henry is 87 yrs. old. Willie (82 yrs.) had emphysema – in October 1985, had a stroke – paralyzing his left leg and arm. I went to visit him that day and could not get in his locked room, in rooming house. Police entered and found him on the floor; paramedics took him to hospital (in Decatur, Illinois). I spent 18 days there with him. Brought him to a Wilmington nursing home in November. He passed on, on August 16, 1986, two months after Edith Waisath's demise. I was his caregiver.

Herman – diabetic plus his car accident gave him mental problems plus other ailments. You know more about him than I. (67 years old)

Mary 81 years old. Had a hysterectomy in 1955, left knee replacement, 1987 has arthritic bones – high cholesterol and triglycerides in 1989.

Evalena – I don't know about her ailments but she was ill a lot – at last, she lost ability to think and ambulate without someone being with her. She died at 69. You can deduct from this, that diabetes dominates – so I suggest that you begin now to omit sweets – and excess starches from your diet. Fresh fruits, vegetables – or water canned foods, whole grain cereals and breads ... and happy eating ... for a long time. Eat seeds ... the Bible says God gave seeds for food. Leafy vegetables are a must.

Some Memories

My oldest sister Lula was 14 years old when our mother died. She had to be housekeeper and mother to all. I must have been 2-4 years old. Grandpa Blatter gave us a red farm wagon – with a seat just like Dad's wagon. Lula told the girls – Clara and Bert, "You wash the dishes. I'm going to give Mary a ride in the wagon." She took me round and round the house ... real fast. I got scared I'd fall off the seat. I couldn't have been that old so maybe she told me about it.

Lula left home when 16 yrs old and went to live with Aunt Josephine Gernand, who was so kind to her. Dad was not kind to Lula.

Clara had to be housekeeper now; when she was 12 years old or so. She had to cook, clean, launder, wash dishes in a 2-room house with no electricity, no running water, no furnaces, no washing machine, no refrigeration, no insulation in the house. Water had to be carried from a well almost 1/4 mile – maybe 1/8 mile – down from the house; fill wooden buckets in the house. On wash day, tubs had to be filled – wash boiler to be filled to heat water on wood burning cook stove – wash by hand on metal wash-board with home made lye soap. The boys had to carry water most all the time. There was a Wood-burning stove in the other room too. Clara left home to work in Pinckneyville when she was about 18 yrs. old.

Bertha was now housekeeper. She was about 16 or 17 years old. I was 9 so I could help her a lot. My job was to carry in wood and get "kinling" to help start fires. I got it by picking off pieces from the split rail fences, which surrounded our pastures. Would you like to pick "kinling"? I think that word was made up by us. It must have been an off-shoot from kindle – who knows? Bill also had to help get in wood. The "era" did not last long as Dad's death in January 1919 ended this phase.

I always thought Clara was biased. When Herman did some mischief, she would automatically blame me. I did get many of her spankings that Herman should have gotten. Once when this was happening, I ran away down the grape arbor – bare foot. When I stepped on a piece of glass and cut my foot, I cried very loudly – but she spanked me anyway – and she could wallop. I remember saying, "I wish I had died so you would feel bad." It didn't "break any ice".

Bill loved baseball. No one would play with him, so he asked me to pitch. I would. It never got to be my turn to bat, it seemed, because he could strike me out and I'd pitch again.

When Herman came home from Uncle Bill Volmer's to live with us at Lula and Frank Tanner's

farm out of Pinckneyville, Illinois, and when old enough he worked with Frank, in the Winkle, Illinois coal mines. He was usually very frugal with his earnings. He saved enough to buy a Model-T Ford – 2 seats – side curtains which had to be snapped into place when it rained. Of course it had the old fashioned front crank. It was his pride and joy. This particular summer a Chatauqua and tent show came to Pinckneyville. He had a date with Frank's niece (my age). He looked real spiffy as he drove out the gate. That evening while they were in the Vaudeville show – someone stole his car. They came out – no car! They got home somehow. That was a low blow. It was some time before he owned another car.

One day while still owner he was getting dressed to go out. Some sprinkles of rain fell. He told me to drive the car into the shed, so it would not get wet. Me! Mind you! I crank it, get in, and moved something – it lunged forward – I didn't know which was clutch, which was brake – so it went forward over the block of wood in center of gateway. I don't recall if it tore any rods underneath – but I never "helped" him again.

Herman went to work in an Ice Plant in St. Louis. He dressed well. He got another car. His girl friend then lived in Missouri. The road was winding among those Missouri hills. One time he had an accident. No one was hurt. I don't know how he came out with that car deal. While he worked there, I was in high school. I needed a small amount of money each week, $3.00 room/board and sometimes $2.00 for expenses. If Frank was in a bad mood he would not give me any money. If he was in a good mood, he might give me $20.00. So I would make it go far. When I ran out, I told Herman I wanted to quit school. I couldn't take the hassle. Herman sent me $5.00 a week when I needed it. Bless his heart! I kept an accurate account of what each gave me and later, when I taught school ($80 a month, 8 months a year and $85 a month) I was able to save enough to write a check to Frank and Herman. That's how I paid for my High School Education.

August 1920 – One Saturday afternoon, Lula had just finished scrubbing the back porch. She was barefooted. Frank called from the barn for her to come help him. She rushed off the porch and in doing so a 2-inch wood splinter stuck in her foot. Not thinking she went out to the barn. When she returned, she noticed a pain in her foot. We all worked to pull out the splinter. An inch was extracted. She put some type of medication on it and went on about her activity. She went for about 3 days – feeling that more was in her foot. She went to a doctor and he got the other part out, and gave her medication. Soon she was ill. This particular morning she was in the middle of stirring bread dough. She became very ill and asked me to finish the bread. I helped her to the bed. She fell just before she reached the bed. "We" got her comfortable. I called her niece and told her to come down. She was 14 yrs. old and thought ahead. She said, "Call Uncle Frank at the mines." – I asked her to do so. Then she came down to help. The doctor came out. He said she has tetanus-lockjaw and would need serum shots everyday. It would need to be fresh serum, so he ordered it from St. Louis. When the train arrived he got it, came out and gave her the shot. We employed a practical nurse to attend her day and night. She was a devoted Christian lady and took complete control. The house was hot so she had her cot moved outside under the shade tree. Many prayers from the nurse and neighbors went up for her. After 3 weeks she was able to get up. While ill she could not stand any noise and if I would knock a dishpan off the warming oven of the stove she screamed. I did cooking, cleaning, washing until Sister Clara came to stay 2 weeks. Charlie came for one week. Frank's father, 81 yrs. lived there too. He asked me, "Is Yulie going to die?" I said, "I don't know." He said, "I don't want her to die. She is so good to me. Better than my daughters." Praise the Lord, Lula got well. Our former mail-carrier's son had it at the same time and died. I will always believe that the Lord, knowing Lula's heart's desire, allowed her healing so she could receive his gift of

salvation and so she could raise me. She became a believer after that. It took her about six months to walk up straight as her shoulders were stooped from the nerve damage.

Going to Church

Our transportation was to hitch "Prince" to the run-about buggy. Henry and I were faithful from August 1920 till he left to go to Iowa to work. Then Herman and I boarded the buggy and off to S.S. and church. When Herman left, it was Lula and I – same means – till we had a car later. That little country church was our comfort and joy. We loved fellowshipping with the people, and hearing fire and brimstone sermons – from the Bible.

Easter

When my Dad was still living – he and the older girls dyed boiled eggs for Bill, Herman and me. We made our nests outside. I was so careful to get small sticks hammered in the ground in a circle. Then I got straw to put in the nest. Easter morning there were 3 eggs which I joyfully found early in the morning. I had not been taught the real meaning of Easter. Sometimes Otto would put a dry horse manure in my nest. I always accused Henry of doing that trick and it was not until recently that he convinced me it was Otto.

Christmas – still at home with Dad – Joseph. Dad used the eggs and chickens to sell to get money for staple foods – traded at our 2 country stores. At Christmas he bought candy, nuts, oranges – and carefully doled these out to each one in small brown paper sacks. How we cherished this gift. We had no oranges except these. We grew our own apples, peaches, grapes, cherries, potatoes, turnips and wheat for flour, but we never bought other fruit.

One Christmas, someone bought a china doll-head and made a stuffed rag body for it and gave it to me for a gift. My! That was heaven! She was my child-sister-friend – we had many conversations together. I made a playhouse at a secluded place in the yard by drawing a floor plan on the ground. Broken dishes were my utensils. Sometimes I went to the woods to get moss to put down for a rug. Since I always played alone my imagination went pretty wild. My sister Evalena, who would have been my playmate, lived with Aunt Louise Hubler from 3 months old on into grown-up-hood. (She married a Hubler.) Aunt "Lou" was a good mother to her. Dad paid for her clothes, as he was able to.

Woods – I liked to walk across the field to the woods but I didn't stay long as I was afraid I would meet a strange dog. I liked the smell of the trees and leaves and to pick wild flowers. A corner of our 40 acres had a wooded area. We used that for firewood.

Apple-butter Time – We used our own apples. It was a family job to peel apples, core and cut up – enough to fill a large copper kettle. Dad made a long handled wooden stirrer. He put the apples, cinnamon, spices, and some water in the copper kettle set over an open fire and faithfully he sat and stirred – nearly all day. When it cooked down just right, we put it into crocks – we had it all winter.

Molasses Time – We raised cane. At the right time we stripped it, cut it, and put in bundles. Dad and Henry took it by wagon to the molasses mill. It was an all day job. When he came home, we had about 40 gallons of Sorghum. We got our iron alright. We had one molasses bread sandwich every day for our school lunch – maybe an apple. That's it.

Butchering Time – In winter, Dad would decide when we needed to butcher the 4 or 5 hogs. He asked neighbor men to help. Everyone helped each other with big jobs. One man would shoot them. Dad would stick them in the throat to bleed them. He was the one person who could do it right to avoid letting the blood go into the shoulders. Then there were barrels of hot scalding water from the big kettle over the open fire. Men plunged the animals into the hot water. Then they scraped off the hair – then the animals were hung up on a prepared place so they could clean out the "entrails", etc. One old gentleman scraped the small intestine clean for stuffing frying sausage. The large ones were for liver sausage. We had a hand operated stuffing machine.

The meat was all put into the "smoke house". It was well salted. We had to eat liver for breakfast till it was gone before Dad would let us have sausage. Liver would spoil sooner than sausage. So we had to use it soon. (more iron)

Dried Apple Time – In the fall we gathered our apples, peeled, cored, cut into 8ths, and put them in the sun to dry covered with mosquito netting to keep flies and bugs out. If a rain was going to come, we had to quickly get them into the house. If they got wet, they would mold. Those dried apples were so good and so good nutritionally.

Berry Pickin' Time – In summer it seemed nearly all farmers had dewberries growing on their farms and fence rows except us. We had permission to pick at several places. The boys would take 4 or 5 milk pails and off to the patch. Such luscious big berries. The girls would clean, cook and put in gallon glass jars for winter food. They were so---o---good and so---o---good for you.

We "canned" peaches, grapes too – our own.

Kraut making – We raised lots of cabbage. I had to keep worms off it. At the correct time, Dad had us gather the heads, trim them, wash them and he got out the Kraut Cutter and nearly all day he stood over a wooden barrel cutting cabbage, salting it, hammering it down with a wooden mall (he made it). Cutting, salting, "trimping" till the cabbage was all used. It had to have a heavy rock, on a board, placed on the Kraut to keep it solid. The juice juice came up and fermented. It had to be dipped off the top periodically so kraut would not get soft, but stay crisp. We loved our Kraut and ribs and backbone in winter.

Outdoor cellar – a "pit" was built, filled with straw, and into this went our turnips, apples, potatoes, and sweet potatoes. They never froze all winter. A small hole was left at one side so we could retrieve the food when needed. The hole was covered well. We had to pick potato bugs off the vines everyday too. That was Bill's, Herman's and my job mostly.

Recently, Henry, and Bertha, said when Otto and Henry became angry with each other – each would get the others' cat and punish it, to hurt each others' feelings. I never heard that before and I'm thinking the poor cats were the ones that hurt, even being thrown into the pond.

Aunt "Lou" gave us a puppy which we named "Sport". He was a real family dog. He went everywhere the boys went. He grew up to be a real guard of our place and of each of us. The boys trained him to recognize names of people who would come. If he was told to "sic em" he really obeyed and the object of his attack would scat. A man in our area was an outlaw and when he walked past our house the boys would just repeat his name and Sport would run and literally grab his ankles. That was our protection several times. When our dad died, Lula and Otto and Bill were at the house getting ready for the sale. Sport knew something was up! After the sale, Lula and Frank took Sport to their home in town 11 miles away. They tied him up for a week or two. As soon as he was loosed, he ran off to our place. The neighbors said he lay in the garden, near the road, and howled day and night. It was so pitiful that someone decided to put him to sleep. They shot him. When we heard that, we cried, and I still do at telling it. Sport was the greatest friend we had, a real protector.

Milking Time – When at Lula's we had 6 milk cows. We milked a.m. and p.m. by hand. After finishing, we poured milk into the separator bowl and turned it by hand at the proper speed. Then turned a faucet to allow milk to go from bowl into the disks which separated milk from cream – by way of 2 spouts. The skim milk was given to cats, dogs, pigs, the cream was kept to churn or to sell. We churned by hand to get butter. After separating, the machine parts had to be disassembled and washed in cold water, First the 30 or so discs had to be placed on a large safety pin type rod and each washed separately on the rod. Hot water would make water slimey so cold water first. Parts were reassembled ready for the next milking. Have you ever milked a cow or goat?

Education

German was spoken in our home for a while when our parents were married. Everyone in the area spoke German. When Charlie and Lula started to school they could not speak English so they had a rough time. After that, English was spoken at home. All of us attended Round Prairie District, a one room elementary school. My Dad was a Board Member. Male teachers were always hired. When it was our turn we went there. At times I'm told there would be 50 kids at one time. My regime saw about 25 or less by 1919 when I left. Lula, Charlie, Otto, Clara, Bertha, Henry all had attended from 6 yrs. old till 15 or 16 or so. Lula had to quit to help at home at 14. Clara had to quit at 12 yrs. to be housekeeper. The rest went until 1919 when we were taken by Uncle Gottlieb Blatter to Idaho. There we were placed in mother's people's homes. **Bertha** went to Uncle John Blatter's; **Henry and Herman** to Uncle Gottlieb's; **Willie** to Uncle Andorse's, all near each other at Ammon, Idaho. I was placed with Aunt Lizzie and Uncle John Krupp's at Rexburg about 60 or 80 miles away. I went to a 2-room school near their home. I was very homesick. I later moved to live with Uncle Bill and Aunt Olga Blatter near Andorse's. I went 2 miles to school with Bill. I was glad to have met the Krupps who had 4 grown boys and one girl, 5 yrs.

Back at Illinois, October 1919, I lived with Lula and Frank who were living on the Tanner farm to care for his Elderly father. I went to Baursach's school – 1 mile, in 5th grade, graduated from 8th grade in May 1922. I went to Pinckneyville High School – 09-1922 to 6-1926, when I was graduated. September 1926 to June 1929, I went to Carbondale to Illinois State Teachers College where I got a 2-year diploma. I started to teach September 1927 and went to school summers. Later, after 4 years of teaching, I lost my job, to a widow with 3 children. I went to Carbondale May 1931 through August 1932 when I received the Bachelor of Education Degree. I taught in Equality, Illinois in High School one year and lost that job due to depression cuts – got another but had to go get a credit in Typing so I went to Terre Haute, Indiana Teachers College for 6 weeks.

This H.S. was near Mt. Vernon, Illinois (Opdyke). It was a very small town with a 4 yr. H.S. which, attracted many students from neighboring 3 yr. High Schools. They were a very beautiful, bunch of kids, poor, but ambitious, just as those in Equality, Illinois, my first H.S. job. I was one of 4 teachers at Opdyke. I stayed there from 9-1933 to February 1, 1936 when I went to teach at Bloom H.S. in Chicago Heights, Illinois. This was much larger than I ever experienced. I taught typing, shorthand and related subjects. (There were about 40 teachers or more here.) I was here from 2-1936 to 6-1943, then again from 1-1946 to 6-1947 at Bloom. When I wanted adventure I went to Panama Canal Zone on a Gov't. Job from 10-1943 to 5-1945. I taught night school there also.

Summers of 1935-36, I attended University of Illinois in graduate study. I went from there in 1937-39 to Denver University in Denver, Colorado where they allowed me to transfer my Illinois University credits. In August 1939 I was graduated with a M.S. degree in Commercial Education. I took an oral exam in lieu of a thesis. For this added degree I was given a $5.00 a month raise. Probably my salary was $160 a month. I had attended school for 12 summers in all, after 1929. Each school year I saved money to go to school in the summer. I taught 4 years in grades 3-4 at Custer Park and 7 years 2nd grade in Wilmington Elementary School. I retired in June 1970 after 29 years of teaching.

Travels

January 1919 I went from Pinckneyville to Idaho Falls, Idaho. In October 1919 from Idaho to Pinckneyville, Illinois. 1941 – went to Mexico, by bus with a teacher friend. 1940 – went to New Orleans with 2 teacher friends. 1938 – took a bus tour to Canada, New York, Philadelphia, Washington D.C. and back to Chicago Heights. 1943-1945 – during WWII I worked for Government in the Canal

Zone, Panama. I returned in May 1945 by troop ship. On May 8, 1945 the captain announced, "The War in Europe is over, Germany has surrendered". I went with Henry and Edith for a while, in East St. Louis, Illinois.

After our marriage, November 21, 1945, we traveled during vacations to Canada (Ontario) to fish 5 summers and to the Black Hills, South Dakota, to Minnesota (Upper) on several return trips home. We went to Yellowstone National Park, Montana entrance one year and returned thru Salt Lake City and Denver. For 5 years in December we went to Old Mexico – Morelia, Tasco, Mexico City, Pueblo, Oaxaca, and Yucatan. Clarence studied all year on archeology of Mexico and we went to many ruins there. The last year to Mexico was December 1964. Clarence had a heart attack in Morelia on December 25, 1964 in motel after midnight.

There was no phone – I had to awaken the American owner. He went down the hill to a public phone to call the American Doctor. He came and ordered an ambulance then had to go back down to call the ambulance. I followed it to the American Presbyterian Mission Hospital at 2 a.m. The doctor was head of this hospital. We were there in "Maternity" ward for 3 weeks. I stayed in Clarence's room, got meals, linens, etc. Clarence failed to get a 6 weeks permit to have our car in Mexico so I had to go to Mexico City by plane, go to the Embassy to start proceedings to get that coveted paper. I spent the afternoon and night in a Hotel, had to get a person, Julio, who spoke English and Spanish and come to the Embassy in the p.m. of first day. I got this fellow Julio who worked in the Motel where Clarence and I stayed when we came down first. His boss was a Canadian lady who was glad to allow him to help. He came, and then we had to wait till next morning to get on with it. It took all day going from place to place. Finally at 6:00 p.m. the man allowed me to have the paper. All the while, I understood later, that they were waiting for "money under the table". I got this paper just in time to board a bus to go back to Morelia arriving at Morelia at 3 a.m. at the station. I got a taxi to go to the hospital. On the bus the man beside me tried several times to get my purse when he thought I was asleep. Julio had warned me to keep my purse held tightly in front of me at all times. The last day of January 1965, we left Morelia for home. I drove all the way. It took 2 days to get out of Mexico to Texas. Then it took several days to get to Henry's in Shiloh, Illinois. We got home to Wilmington February 5, 1965.

Other trips from this time were to visit relatives in Cincinnati and Flint, Michigan. The last trip was up the western part of Michigan to Mackinaw and to Flint to visit his brother. Since Clarence's death, I've gone to Florida with 3 Wisconsin ladies; back and forth to southern Illinois; to Keokuk, Iowa. I went to Curtis Waisath wedding by train June 1963 and to Colby's (Curtis's Son) wedding in Salt Lake City in 1987. I went by Amtrak; 1983 – went to Israel, Egypt, London and Holland.

Work

I taught elementary school for 15 years, high school for 14 years and adult education night classes for 8 years. I worked 3 summers in offices in Chicago; 19 months of gov't. work in Panama; the summer of 1945 several months at Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, working nights at the window. The Farm

My father owned 40 acres of land. A small part was wooded. On this, he built a house, a barn, and a chicken house out of boards sawed from logs. They were not painted or treated. Oh, yes, there was a "smoke house". We used ours to smoke meat with hickory wood to help preserve it – remember – no refrigeration. We used our smoke house for a summer kitchen from May through September. We moved the kitchen stove, table, chairs, and bench out there too. There was a loft in it where we stored things. All our schoolbooks went up there when school was out. Attached to the smoke house was a lean-to-shed for the buggy and other items. Henry and Herman said I could fly by jumping from the roof with a raised umbrella. I tried it!

Fences were made of split rails stacked at ends "Lincoln" style. Sometimes the cows and horses would push these rails over and run "amuck". There was a pond nearby where animals drank. We could catch crayfish from it in summer and skate in the winter. We fried crayfish tails and ate them. I guess they were the forerunner of shrimp for us. Crops consisted of corn for animals and chickens; wheat for our flour and cooked for the chickens in the winter time; oats to sell; hay, sweet and Irish potatoes, turnips; garden vegetables; grapes, peaches, apples; molasses cane and weeds.

I recall Dad sowing wheat, the old way. He carried a bag of seed in a pouch hanging from his neck and shoulder. He'd walk the length of the field scattering seed by hand back and forth until he had covered it all over. Com was planted by hand too for a while until a 2-row planter was obtained. Plowing was done by the boys walking behind a one share plow drawn by a team of horses. The reins were tied behind the waist of the boys so they could guide the horses to go straight. At the end of the furrow they would drag the plow around to start back. A remark we heard about a dummy person was,"he can't plow a straight furrow". It was a skill our boys had to learn. Harrowing was done, by a horse drawn harrow, by going over the plowed ground back and forth until all had been done. The ground had to be harrowed soon after plowing before it became too dry and made hard "clods". Southern Illinois soil was yellow clay and could get like bricks, when dry.

Dad raised lots of chickens for eggs to sell. The eggs were sold to get staples such as clothes etc. He sold some wheat and oats too. We had two cows, two or three horses, a dog, lots of cats (in the barn) and hogs. It was a special occasion when we had chicken and dumplings for Sunday dinner. Dad could make the best custard pies. We had dessert only rarely except fruit, which we had "canned".

Mother had set our cedar trees in two rows from the front of the house to the road, with a walkway between them. When barefoot, we could not walk there, as the cedar stickers got in our feet.

Dad was a carpenter, by trade. He could build better barns than any in the area. He received $1.00 a day, but sometimes less. He was a workaholic.

At his death one man, Mr. Krupp, owed him $50.00 for a long time. Dad could not ever collect it. So that was $50.00 we did not get. The land sold for $1150 in January 1919 after his death. The money was divided between 10 persons (children). The 5 minors got a larger portion that the 5 adults. My portion was in the bank from age 10-18 years when I could collect. So it helped pay for my first year in college. Would you believe I didn't need to use all of it from September 1926 to August 1927? I pinched pennies.

Friends of my father told me, after I was grown, that they remembered him for his hearty laugh, sense of humor, honesty, dependability, and hard working person, a man of his word. We knew him for these too, but also for his strict discipline, short patience and exacting obedience of his children as well as a good provider in so far as he was able. He wanted to keep us as a family after Mother's death. I am grateful for that.

My one experience at harrowing the ground was on the Tanner farm. I had a double harrow drawn by a team. I was cautioned not to turn sharply at the end of the plot. I wasn't able to judge rightly and the harrow stood on end and I'm in its path. It was coming down toward me. I screamed and ran to the side in time to escape it. Lula came out to check me. That was the last time I was asked to harrow. I was 12 yrs. or so.

Threshing

When wheat and oats were ripe, they were cut and bundled with a horse drawn binder. Men picked up the bundles and shocked them into small shocks about 10 bundles to a shock. (I learned how to make them stand up too.) This was to protect them from rotting when it rained. At the proper time men would help us stack the wheat into a big stack. Dad could do this just right and cap the top so rain would run off well. At the proper time, again

the threshing machine owner would get to our house. He would tell us the time he'd come, how long it would take, and if we had to cook a meal. Generally, we had them for one meal. That meant about 8 men. If it was evening most would go home before supper but the engine crew of 3 or 4 would stay with the machine to fire up the steam engine, check belts to the "separator" (separated wheat from straw) so it'd be ready in the morning. This was a rather hard time for our girls to cook for so many workers. They got good solid food (but no pies, cakes, etc.) fruit for dessert, always, homemade white bread, homemade apple butter and molasses. No pickles. We never had pickles, but kraut, yes.

Herman and Hazel Waisath Family

by Jeanette Waisath Huntsman

Herman Waisath was born 17 March 1906 in Round Prairie, Perry, Illinois. His parents were **Joseph Waisath and Threcie Blatter Waisath.** Herman was the eighth child and youngest son of his parents who had a total of 10 children. When Herman grew up he and a friend Ralph Todd drove to Chinook, Montana to visit with an uncle who lived on a farm 2 miles east of Chinook. The story goes that Gottlieb needed some money so he sold Herman a small part of his farm. Herman built a small two-room house and took up farming. Not far from the Blatter place on another farm lived a family named Fald. Herman always told the story about how his team of horses ran away and he was running after them to catch them when this pretty girl ran out and stopped them. The girl was at a country school dance and Herman took her home. The die was cast. The girl, **Hazel Fald** and Herman were married in Chinook, Montana on July 30, 1933. Ralph Todd and Ila Blatter were witnesses.

Evidently Ralph liked the Chinook area as he married Herman's cousin Ila Blatter and took up farming too, for a few years. Hazel was born March 1, 1913, in Pidgeon Falls, Trempleleau, Wisconsin. Her parents were **John and Selma Lund Fald**. Hazel's mother Selma died when she was 17 years old. John Fald told Herman he was stealing his cook. Hazel was the oldest of five children so they really did miss her when she married. Soon after John Fald sold his farm to William Blatter, brother to Gottlieb.

Herman and Hazel lived on what we called the *"Blatter"* farm for about 5 or 6 years. While there three children were born: **Jeanette Ann Waisath** was born July 6, 1934, **Delores Dea Waisath** was born September 10, 1935 and **Curtis (Buz) Darrow Waisath** was born July 3, 1937.

When we went to town we always had to drive past the Sugar Factory. The smell of beet pulp was very strong. Dad would always tease us kids about it. He'd tease us that one of us smelled. Farmers would buy the beet pulp and feed it to their livestock. So most farmers' trucks had an odor.

Gottlieb wanted to buy his land back so paid Herman the price he'd paid for it. Herman bought another farm about 1939. We refer to this farm as the *"Paradise Dam" Farm*, which was about 5 miles south and east of Chinook. It was south of the Milk River, which had the Paradise Dam on. Herman built a two-room house with a basement. The basement was high out of the ground because of the high water table. I thought the farm was a beautiful place. Our house was built on the west edge of what looked like a circle to me. There was a barn and a corral to the southeast of the circle. All around the circle large cottonwood trees and wild rose bushes grew. In the spring when the roses were in bloom it was pretty. One day Mom made Dad some lunch and us kids followed her out to the field where Dad was working. We walked through a grain field that was over our heads and up to Mom's shoulders. That was fun.

Dad had a team of horses and one of the horses was mean. One day Delores, Buz and I was playing outside when this mean horse started running after us. We ran for the house and up the steps to get into the house. We always stayed away from the

corral in case he got out again. We had a great dog, named Tippy. He followed us everywhere so we'd be protected. Mom had to cook on a wood stove. We stopped at the Water Purification building just south of Chinook to get drinking water in a cream can. We used coal oil lamps to see at night. I remember sitting at the dinner table with the lamp setting in the middle of the table. Clothes washing water came from the Milk River. Dad had a wooden sled he used to put a 55-gallon drum on. He filled the drum with water from the Milk River then hauled it up to the house. The silt would settle to the bottom of the barrel. Then Mom would carefully dip the clear water out and put in a washtub to heat on the stove.

Another child was born while we lived on the farm. **Gaylord Waisath** was born October 16, 1940 at the Reese Keller's house in Chinook. Mrs. Keller was a midwife. While we lived on the farm I remember pig slaughtering taking place west of the house in the woods not far from the Milk River. Dad had a wooden fence put up to keep the pigs he raised in. A few other farmers were there. They had filled large oil drums with water. They had fires under the drums to heat the water. After they killed the pigs they pulled the pigs up in the air by pulleys so they would hang from a big tree branch and then dunk the pig in the hot water for a minute or so and pull them out. The pig would then be laid on a big table made out of sawhorses and plywood. With knives they would scrape the hair off the pig and clean them. Dad told us kids to stay out of the fenced pigpen. But I thought he was just kidding. So I climbed in to go pet a pig. Well one pig started running at me so I quickly climbed through the fence. I learned I had better obey my Dad.

Dad had straw stacks that he stored ice under. He cut big chunks from Milk River after it froze in the winter. We used ice to make ice cream in a churn in the summer time.

I started school September 1940. Dad took me to school everyday and would pick me up after school. I was not happy to be left at school. We had lived a very quiet life and I had never been away from our parents so I had a hard time with the social side of life. Miss Reynolds was my first grade teacher and she really helped me adjust to school life. The next year Delores started school so it was a lot better.

On December 7, 1941 Japan attacked Pearl Harbor and War was declared. I remember that my Dad was going to help fight. So he went to register for the army. He came in the house and said they wouldn't take him because he had flat feet. I don't know if that was true or not but he was 35 years old which was too old and he had 4 children. So to help fight the war he decided to go build ships in Seattle, Washington. Grandpa John Fald went with him. Dad rented or sold the farm to Mom's Aunt and Uncle, Einar and Margaret Lund.

Grandpa Fald had a small house in town, so we moved into his house (1218 Pennsylvania Street). We have pictures of us in the house at Easter Time so we must have moved early in the year 1942. Dad and Grandpa left to work in the shipyards. Mom was left alone to care for us kids. We lived in Grandpa's house for a few months then Grandpa sold the house. We moved to the "*McClintock*" house, which was about a half block north and across the street on the comer (1137 Pennsylvania Street). This house we called the yellow house too. It was a bigger house and better suited for our family. The big event for the summer was we got a new sister. **Betty Jean Waisath** was born on July 7, 1942. She was born in the Reese Keller house. The Keller house was just a block north and on the east side of the street. Dad was home with us so he walked us all to see our new sister. She was a cute baby and had blonde hair.

We started school in Chinook the fall of 1942. We went to school for about a month then Mom packed all us kids up and we rode a train to *Washington*. We lived in a *house* on the same lot where Mom's sister Sylvia lived. In fact Uncle Harvey's brother (Wallace and Dot Marsonette) and wife lived in a trailer there also. They were

all there to work in the shipyards. I don't know the name of the town we lived near, but it seems like it was Puyallup. It was a beautiful area. There was a forest area. It was fun for all us kids to run through the trees and play. We had lots of snow to play in during the winter months. We had cousins to play with. Aunt Sylvia's oldest child, Melvin was the same age as Buz. Then about April Dad took us back to Chinook. We finished school in Chinook. We moved into the *"Tufty"* house (lOth Street, West of the Dike Road on south comer). It was located west of Chinook. The Keifer's lived at the end of the road that went west. I also had two classmates that lived down that road, Janice Strain and Shirley Bressler. So we had friends to play with.

We lived in this house through the 1943-1944 school year. Our Grandpa **John Fald** died in a car accident December 23, 1943 about a mile out of Chinook. That was sad. He was the only Grandparent we had known. Grandpa Fald was a fun man. I just remember him as being very happy. When we would visit him at his little house he always had sugar cubes for us children. He used them for his coffee. He had a creamer set, which consisted of a sugar bowl and cream pitcher. The set was blue and had Shirley Temples' picture on them. I also like to eat a soda cracker with a sardine on it. Grandpa always had sardines to eat and I liked them. Those were the treats he gave us.

We moved again for the 1944-1945 school year. We moved straight east of town. We moved into what we called the *"Gray House"* because it was painted gray. It was on the corner of 10tb Street East and Minnesota Street. It was on the east side of Minnesota Street. The house was a two-story house. I had two classmates who lived near by, Lorraine Robbins and Eleanor Anderson. This was the year we all got the Mumps one at a time. We tested out the dill pickle theory. If you ate a dill pickle and it stung, you had the mumps.

When World War II over, Dad was working in Kellogg, Idaho in the mines to make a living. I remember he came home for a visit and brought a pig cookie jar home with him. We thought that was so great. We could never steal a cookie no matter how careful we were because invariably we'd click it. And Mom would say, "Get out of the cookies!" Mom's brother Jim came home from the Army. He stopped to visit and he had a handful of dentyne gum, which he gave to us kids. That was so good! And I thought he was the handsomest man in his uniform.

On May 31, 1945 we got a new addition to the family. Our sister **Carol Jane Waisath** was born. She was a cute redhead. Dad decided to buy a farm east of Chinook. We never got to live in the house because he rented the farm to Ted Benner. We moved into what we call the *"Labor Shack"* which was next to a field just west of the Gottlieb Blatter home. The house had been used by farm labor. There may have been electricity but no indoor plumbing. We had to haul our drinking water in cream cans. There was one large room, a small kitchen and a small room off the kitchen, which I think was a coal room. There was a railroad boxcar sitting on the west side of the house. Delores and I slept in there until it got too cold. We didn't have a washing machine. I remember Mom washing clothes in a tub of water scrubbing them on a scrub board. I don't know what kind of work Dad did that year. May have done farm labor and carpentry. I remember Mom grousing once about Mrs. Benner living in a nice home that was ours.

I was in sixth grade, Delores in fifth grade, Buz in third grade and we had to walk the two miles to school for the school year of 1945-1946. It happened to be a winter with lots of snow. We used to cut across the field and the snow was up to the top of the fence poles. There was only one time that Lorene Blatter picked us up when she drove her kids to school. We must have been healthy because I don't remember being sick that year. When school was out we moved back into Chinook. We moved into the Reese *"Keller house"* (115 11th Street).

The summer of 1946 Dad's brother Otto Waisath and his wife Gertrude came to see us. It was the first time I had ever met them and my

cousins, Janet, Laura and Wayne. Janet was a year older than I was. It was fun to get to know them. We were able to walk to school for the year 1946-1947, which was a lot shorter than from the "*Labor Shack*." During this year Dad decided to build a *"new house"* at 1136 Ohio Street. We would walk over to it and watch him work. It was about 2 blocks east of us. We moved in sometime in the fall of 1947. We had to sleep and live in the basement while he finished the upstairs. When the house was finished, the main floor had Mom and Dad's bedroom, a living room, dining room and a kitchen and a bathroom. It had hard wood floors, which Mom just loved. She kept the house sparkling.

We were living upstairs by Christmas. Mom had about a five foot Christmas tree in the living room that year. I don't remember ever having a tree until that year. There was an upstairs with two large bedrooms, one for the girls and one for the boys. We really enjoyed the house and neighbors. There was one room that was not finished completely and that was the bathroom. The winter freeze set in before Dad got the sewer hooked up so we still had an outhouse and the tin tub for bathing.

Buz and Gaylord must have got into trouble by throwing rocks at the city lights. One day Dad went to town driving the car and came home driving a tractor. He said he'd bought a farm! He was going to raise his kids on a farm to keep them out of trouble. It must have been the first part of April 1948. He put in the sewer line for the bathroom and we got to take a bath or two in the new bathroom and about the first of May 1948 we moved to the farm. We were all in the truck with our furniture and watched Mom, who was on her knees waxing the floor as she backed out the door. She left the house sparkling!

We moved to the *"farm"* located about seven miles west of Chinook When we walked into the farmhouse it was not the new house. It was a mess! The Ted Benner's had lived there and had not cleaned anything when they left. Mom opened the cupboards and opened the flour bin and just cried. They left rotten garbage in the flour bin. So we scrubbed and scrubbed before we could put dishes away and I'm sure painted inside the cupboards to make them look clean.

The farmhouse had a large kitchen, a small living room, a bedroom and a small room off the kitchen, which was Buz and Gaylords' bedroom along with a place for the wash machine. The upstairs had one large room where the girls slept. The upstairs was not finished. The upstairs was hot in the summer. We'd try to keep the windows open for a cross breeze but then the mosquitoes would come in through holes in the screen. In the winter it was cold. Many a morning we'd wake up with snow that had sifted in on the floor by the windows. When Mom would call us to get up, we'd grab our clothes and run downstairs and dress behind the living room oil stove. When it got cold we finally figured out it was better to put the two mattresses on one bed to keep the cold from seeping up to us and all four of us girls slept in one bed. It wasn't comfortable but warmer with all the blankets piled on us.

We did have electricity, but no running water. We were back to the outhouse. And back to the wood/coal kitchen stove. We dug a hole next to the house and helped Dad pour cement to make a cistern for water that summer. Every month a truck would bring a tank of water to fill the cistern. In the morning we would have to bring water by bucket in to fill the reservoir, the teakettle and the water-bucket for drinking. On the days Mom washed clothes, she would put a tin tub on the stove when she got up and fill the tub with water to have the water heated by the time we went to school. I think she started washing on Mondays but after she had our two little brothers she washed clothes Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Many times she'd say, "I'll do a little batch on Saturday."

We did learn to work on the farm. Dad planted sugar beets in the field by the house. We thinned beets; we hoed them, twice and in the fall learned to top them after school. After the beets were topped we got to throw them into the truck that hauled them to the railroad where they'd be shipped to the

sugar factory. When we would throw the beets into the truck the dirt would fall off of them on and in our faces. We would really get dirty. Our neighbor to the north of us saw how Dad had us kids out in the field working so he got his kids out working. They said it was not a good day for them when we moved next door. Mr. Kessel didn't have them do it before we got there. The oldest girl was about Buz's age.

Dad also planted wheat. So we learned how to shock grain. Then the neighboring farmers worked together and would go from farm to farm and with a threshing machine and thresh the grain. It was hard work. Mom would have to make a big lunch and a big dinner on those days. The food was good because Mom was a good cook. But it was hot work to have the wood stove going full blast all day in the hot days of August. The boys would have to keep the wood chopped and the wood box full. We learned to gather eggs and feed the chickens. And we all learned to chop the heads off the chicken neatly in one chop. We all learned how to pluck the feathers and to clean the insides out of a chicken. We also knew how to cut up a chicken to get it ready for frying.

We all belonged to the local Four-H Club. We girls learned to sew and cook. The boys raised lambs and calves. When fair time came we'd gather up our projects and take them to the fair to be judged. We usually got first prize or second prize so we made a few dollars, which really came in handy. Sometimes the boys would take a chicken or rooster so they'd get a little more prize money. The first year or two after we moved to the farm, the boys made spending money by killing magpies. They would get five cents for each pair of legs. So we would run around the farm in the spring looking for magpie nests. The boys would climb the trees and shake the babies out, kill the birds and cut the legs off. Magpies were a nuisance because they would steal chicken eggs. We couldn't afford to lose the eggs. We used a lot of eggs for our own use but could sell eggs to certain people in town.

The boys learned to milk the cows. We would separate the milk and we all had to take a turn at turning the separator handle. We used the milk mostly for ourselves and sometimes sold some to people in town. The cream we took to the Creamery in Chinook where Mom or Dad sold it. The Creamery made butter out of it. The money received for the cream would go for groceries and other necessities. I went to high school the fall of 1948. I rode the school bus to school with other farm students who lived west of Chinook and as far as Lohman. My sisters and brothers went to the North Yantic Country School, which was a short walk from our place. Sometimes they would just run home for lunch.

We always had a garden. Mom wanted the garden close to the house but Dad wanted the garden where he could water it regularly. I remember the first gardens were in an area where it was gumbo. When we tried to hoe the weeds when the ground was damp we would get big clumps of mud on our shoes and the mud would stick to our hoes. If the dirt was dry it was like trying to hoe cement. The garden spots were in different places where we would have a good walk to get to it. Mom always canned beans, peas, corn and tomatoes. We would go pick a tub full of peas and sit under the big tree close to the house and shell peas. It was a big job. Then Mom would have to pressure cook them. One of the best dinners was when Mom would make creamed peas and boil new potatoes. They were so good. We'd sit under the tree and snap beans and peel corn for canning.

In the spring when the rhubarb was on, Dad would bring a couple of tubs of it home. Mom canned it. It was so good as a sauce and full of vitamin C. In the winter we would have a bowl of it as a desert. Some times Mom would add a can of pineapple to it to make it taste different. To have a slice of homemade bread with butter and a bowl of Rhubarb made a good Sunday night meal. One of the worst jobs was the picking of Buffalo Berries. The bushes were full of big stickers and the berries small. But we picked them so Mom could make jelly

from them. The jelly was good and we enjoyed it. We also picked Chokecherries, which Mom made jelly and Chokecherry syrup from. We really enjoyed the jelly on Mom's homemade bread, and of course the syrup on pancakes. Mom would can apricots, peaches, plums and pears when she got them.

A new brother was added to the family July 27, 1950. His name is **Scott Van Waisath**. He had reddish blond hair. He was born in the Deaconess Hospital in Havre, Montana. Mom came home after five days. After being home for a few days she got child-bed fever and had to return to the hospital for a few days, so it was my responsibility to take care of Scott and be cook until Mom got home. We didn't starve while Mom was gone so we must have done okay. I remember giving Scott his bath and getting him ready for the day, as Mom would have done. I'm sure Delores and the other kids helped too. We all loved holding him, feeding him and rocking him. I had turned sixteen years old July 6th. We got another new brother who was born on April 8, 1952. His name is **Boyd Cliff Waisath**. He is the eighth child and last child of the family.

We had had a lot of snow during the winter so with the spring warm weather causing the snow to melt fast, the Milk River reached flood stage. Mom was due to have the baby so Dad took Mom to stay with our Uncle Gay (Mom's brother) and Aunt Eudora Fald in Chinook. Delores was a junior and I was a senior in the Chinook High School so we stayed also. Buz was a freshman, but Dad needed him at home to help with the chores and taking care of the rest of the family at home. We spent a night there and in the morning Mom wasn't there. Uncle Gay had driven Mom to the Hospital in Havre, Montana, which was twenty-five miles west of Chinook. She evidently had gone into labor during the night. As we were eating breakfast, Aunt Eudora had the radio on so we could listen to the "Chinook Hour" with Maida McCartney. Maida made the announcement that Hazel Waisath had been taken to the hospital in the middle of the night. She said, "Mrs. Waisath was *so brave* as she was transferred into another vehicle that drove through the floods waters on the highway." Aunt Eudora laughed. She said if your Mother would have heard that she would have been so embarrassed. After Mom got to the hospital she found that the labor was premature so had to stay a day or two in Havre in a room across the street from the Deaconess Hospital. So Boyd was our *"flood"* baby. While we stayed in town for the week the brothers and sisters at home were having a lot of fun. The floodwater came up in the yard but did not come up to the house so they had some dry spots to play in. Buz and Gaylord made rafts and were able to float about the yard with Betty and Carol. Since they couldn't go to school for a few days they had fun.

I (Jeanette) graduated for Chinook High School in May 1952. I went through school not having any idea what I was going to do when I graduated. I took Home Economics my senior year. One day a classmate Reta Campbell leaned over to ask me what I was going to do when we graduated. I was sort of shocked because I had no idea and hadn't even thought about it. Reta's dad owned and operated a Tire Shop in Chinook. Dad and her dad were discussing what they were going to do with these girls of theirs when they graduated. I had always talked about being a schoolteacher and so did Reta. So our fathers decided to send us to Northern Montana College in Havre, Montana. When the colleges came to the school to recruit students we filled out our papers for Northern Montana.

Reta and I were roommates and lived in the Dorm. The cost of going to college was very cheap compared to today's prices. Dad gave me a check for $300. I went to the Registrar's office to pay for my expenses, which included books, room and board. It cost $292 and some cents for the quarter session. I had the rest for spending for the quarter. The last quarter the total came to a $298 and some cents. It was time to graduate.

Times were financially hard on the farm. So Dad worked in the Chinook Coal Mine during the winter to make ends meet. He also ran some sheep

for the winter too. They would eat the tops from the sugar beets that were left lying in the fields. The one thing that Dad stopped growing when I went to college was sugar beets. The brothers and sisters were glad for that. The Sugar Factory had closed and it was expensive to ship them by rail to the nearest Factory. I do remember coming home for a weekend and riding a potato digger. He had planted potatoes in the field by the house. That was dirty work too as we sorted the dirt clods from the potatoes. It was cold too. Delores graduated from Chinook High School in 1953. She had always wanted to be a nurse so Dad had two girls in college. I was able to graduate from Northern in 1954 with my Two Year Teaching Certificate. Delores had to go for four years to become a Registered Nurse.

I know money was very scarce for Mom and Dad while on the farm. Dad became the Ditch-Rider to bring extra money in. He would turn irrigation water in for the farmers when they needed it. He had that job for quite a few years. Then he became an Armored Car Driver. He just drove a car and would pick up checks from banks and deliver them from Havre, Montana to Helena, Montana. He worked for his cousins Dave and Kenny Blatter who both lived in Great Falls, Montana.

Our ***religious*** **training** was rather hit and miss as we grew up. Mom was raised in the Lutheran Church. I remember her being very concerned by the fact that we hadn't been baptized. In the Lutheran Church they baptize babies as soon as they can after birth. Dad would take us to the Lutheran Sunday School when he could and pick us up afterward. So we did get to learn about the Bible stories. When we lived in Chinook then we could walk to Church. Delores and I took the Confirmation Classes when I was in seventh and eighth grade. We still hadn't been baptized. So the week before I was to be confirmed Mom made arrangements for Buz, Delores and I to be baptized after school. I was fourteen and a freshman in school. I wanted to be confirmed with some of my classmates who were Lutheran in the fall of 1948. I was the only one of the family who was confirmed a member of the Lutheran Church. Dad would read the Bible but was not interested in any particular religion. His brothers and sisters who lived in lllinois were all devoted Baptists. He was investigating the Jehovah Witness Church for awhile. Our neighbors the Kessels belonged to that church so were inviting Dad to meetings.

When I graduated from Northern Montana College in 1954, Delores and I went home for the summer. A few nights after we got home as we were doing the supper dishes Mom said we have to hurry and clean up because the Mormon Missionaries were coming at seven o'clock. They were lady missionaries and had taught the family a couple of lessons. Mom was kind of excited but didn't really explain anything. Delores and I couldn't imagine what was going on. When the missionaries got there we met them. One was a Sister Geraldine Swainston from Charlo, Montana and I forget the name of the other lady, and Kay Blatter, Dad's cousin, who was my age, was with them. Kay was about to go on his mission and so was going with the missionaries to learn the ropes. The missionaries gave us the third lesson and then gave Delores and I a review of the first two lessons that we had missed. We had a couple more lessons then they challenged us to baptism. Dad asked us kids, well what do you think? We all just looked at each other. Somehow they got us committed. It all sounded right!

On Saturday, July 3, 1954, eight of us were baptized, Dad, Mom, Jeanette, Delores, Buz, Gaylord, Betty and Carol. On Sunday, July 4, 1954, eight of us were confirmed. Scott and Boyd were blessed, so it was a busy Sacrament Meeting for the little branch of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Chinook, Montana. I remember the lesson on the Godhead was very impressive. After I had been confirmed in the Lutheran Church some of my classmates who lived in town asked Reverend Nelson to have a Sunday school class for us. They said they wanted to know more. Normally we would just attend the Church meeting, which was attended mostly by the adults.

I couldn't make it every Sunday morning but one Sunday I did. I came in later than the other students so I was sitting in the bench behind everyone and Janice Strain sat at the end of the bench I was sitting on. She came in after I did. Reverend Nelson was standing a row in front of everyone. He explained that the Godhead consisted of three personages, God, Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost. They were one person, who had a body of spirit, whose body was so large it could envelope the whole earth yet, is so small that it could dwell in your heart. I remember there was complete silence as we tried to picture this when Janice blurted out, that's impossible! Then a discussion started. Reverend Nelson said, "You just have to learn to accept it." Up to that point we all thought they were separate beings, after hearing the bible stories and acting out the Christmas story.

We became a church going family. It was exciting and fun. It gave us direction in our lives. It took a few years but Mom and Dad were sealed as husband and wife in the Alberta Temple, 21 May 1964. Their children Betty, Scott, Carol and Boyd were sealed to them at that time. The other children were sealed at later dates. Sister Geraldine Swainston kept in touch with our family through the years. She married and lived in Montana raising a large family.

Our little brother Scott Van Waisath was killed in a tractor accident on July 3, 1957. The newspaper account reads as: "Late in the afternoon of July 3, 1957, little Scott lost his life in a tractor accident, which could happen on any farm in this day and age. The father, Herman Waisath, and the boys (Gaylord, Scott and Boyd) had finished the work they were doing in the field and they all got on the tractor for a ride home. There is a road on the bank of the drain ditch, which they use to go to and from the field. As the tractor started up on the road something happened to it, causing Mr. Waisath to lose control of the tractor and it plunged into the deep drain ditch. Scott was standing by his Dad and when the tractor went over the embankment. Everything happened so fast no one knows exactly what happened. When they found Scott he was in the water, the lower part of his body beneath the tractor." Scott would have been seven years old on July 27th. He had finished first grade at the North Yantic Country School. The newspaper article described him as: "Always ready to greet you with a cheery grin, a shy "Hi!" and eyes that never missed anything. That was Scott, with his reddish-blond hair, a splash of freckles on his nose. He was all boy from head to toe. That was Scott."

Curtis D. Waisath (Buz) was in the U. S. Navy stationed at Kodiak, Alaska, with his Construction Battalion where they were affecting repairs to the Airfield and other installations there. He came home for the funeral. Buz enlisted in the U.S. Navy in November of 1955. He graduated from Chinook High School in 1955. Buz was working near Kemmerer, Wyoming in 1963. He met Leah Kovach. They were married June 29, 1963. They are the parents of two boys and six girls.

Gaylord Waisath graduated from Chinook High School in 1958. He joined the U.S. Navy to see the world. I believe he spent most of the time in port in Seattle, Washington. What a disappointment! He did go on to college at Ricks College and earned a degree from Brigham Young University where he met and married his wife Jeanine. They were married on December 19, 1970 in the Manti Temple. They are the parents of two boys and four girls.

About March 1963 a big event happened to help the family become more modernized. They got a phone! Dad really teased Mom. Now she and Veda Thompson could keep up with all the news in town. The phone was a party line shared between Mrs. Blanche Marks, Merle and Dorothy Bosworth and Tom and Kaz Matsuoka and Mom and Dad.

Carol Jane Waisath graduated from Chinook High School in 1963. She went on a Mission for the LDS Church in the fall of 1963. She went when she was only eighteen years old. She was called to go to the Western States Mission. She spent time in Casper, Wyo., Missoula, Bozeman, and Great Falls, Montana and Minot, North Dakota. She enjoyed her mission even though it was mostly in Montana.

When Carol got home off her mission there were two good-looking men missionaries who were serving in the Havre and Chinook area. One of them, Lynn Weight, from Springville, Utah, began writing Carol after he was transferred from the area. Carol had been working in Havre in the Bakery at the Buttrey store. She saved some money and moved to Provo, Utah to begin college at Brigham Young University. When Lynn was released from his mission they began dating. They were married April 4, 1966 in the Salt Lake Temple. They are the parents of three boys and one girl.

Herman and Hazel lived on the *"farm"* for seventeen and a half years. They sold the farm the fall of 1965 and rented a *"small house"* on 12th 8th Street in Chinook. Herman was working for his cousins Dave and Kenny Blatter as an armored car driver at this time. He would drive and pick up checks from banks between Havre and Helena. Hazel enjoyed her little home with hot and cold running water and indoor plumbing. She was able to visit her church friends more and it was a lot closer to church, which she really enjoyed. She was the Secretary of Relief Society for years.

Boyd Cliff Waisath was still at home. He was thirteen years old so got to finish his schooling in Chinook. Boyd was able to mow lawns to make some spending money. One of his customers was Mrs. Kerns. She was a retired schoolteacher who had taught out at the North Yantic School. He graduated from Chinook High School in 1970. He went to Ricks College in Idaho for a year. When he was nineteen years old he went on a mission to the Central California Mission for the LDS Church. After his mission he went to work and ended up working for a short time in Monterey, California where he met his future wife.

Elizabeth Janet Harper and Boyd were married August 24, 1974, at Roxbury Township, New Jersey in a double ring ceremony. Mrs. Judith Haidinger was Matron of Honor for her sister and Gaylord Waisath a brother was Best Man. They will reside in Salt Lake City, Utah. Hazel Waisath, Boyd's mother was able to attend the Wedding. A second reception was held at the LDS Recreation Hall in Chinook, Montana on October 26, 1974. Boyd and Liz were sealed in the Provo Temple August 23, 1975. They were one day shy of being married for one year. So the officiators didn't want to marry them. We had to wait while they called their Bishop, Stake President and the Church Office in Salt Lake to get special permission. Boyd and Liz are the parents of two boys and two girls. Curtis (Buz) was sealed to our parents at that time too.

One cold wintry day on Tuesday, February 20, 1968 about 8:47 a.m., as Herman, 62 years, was driving home from Helena, he hit a patch of black ice two miles northeast of Cascade, Montana on Interstate 15. The car went out of control and crashed. Dad had no broken bones, but he did get head trauma from being thrown into the back seat of the sedan. He was in the hospital in Great Falls for a few weeks. He was never quite the same and was unable to work. He suffered from constant pain and was frustrated that he couldn't work like he wanted to. He was always a strong man and a hard worker so he had a hard time sitting around. Herman was on a Helena-to Great Falls run for Armored Car Service and was driving a company-owned auto. David Blatter of Great Falls, the company's state manager, said all papers and documents in the vehicle were recovered.

Herman died Thursday, January 3, 1974. He had a stroke in the evening of January 2, and was taken to the Deaconess Hospital in Havre, Montana where he passed away. Herman was 67 years old. Funeral services were conducted Saturday, January 5, 1974 at 2:00 p.m. at the Eliason-Edwards Chapel in Chinook. Elder Kay Blatter officiated and burial was in the Chinook Cemetery. Pall Bearers were: Curtis Waisath, Gaylord Waisath, and Boyd Waisath, his three sons, a grandson Roy Huntsman, a brother-in-law Gay Fald and a friend Merle Bosworth.

"Since coming to Montana Mr. Waisath has farmed. In later years he was a Ditchrider while

farming. He has also worked some winters in the coal mine northwest of Chinook. After he sold his farm west of Chinook in 1965 he worked as an armored car driver for an Armored Truck Service in Great Falls, Montana. Mr. Waisath is survived by his wife Hazel of Chinook, four daughters: Jeanette Huntsman of Willard, Utah; Delores North of Salt Lake City, Utah; Betty Tilleman of Taylor, Utah; and Carol Weight of American Fork, Utah; and three sons: Curtis of Big Piney, Wyoming; Gaylord of Lexington Park, Maryland and Boyd of Carmel Valley, California. Also surviving are twenty-one grandchildren, two brothers and five sisters. He was preceded in death by a son, Scott, parents and two brothers."

Hazel Ovidia Fald Waisath, 88 years old, passed away on Saturday, May 12, 2001 at The Northern Montana Care Center in Havre, Montana where she had lived for three years. Hazel was the first child of John and Selma Lund Fald. She moved with her parents to homestead 30 miles north of Chinook, when she was six weeks old. She was a life long resident of Blaine County. She graduated from Chinook High School in 1933. She started school when she was eight years old in Chinook. She had a hard time with school at Norhiem because her parents spoke Norwegian. But she had no accent as an adult and when we asked her to speak Norwegian; she said she had forgotten how.

Mom's family lived two miles from school so she and her siblings had to walk to school. Mr. Conway was the High School Principal when Mom was in High School and also was Principal when all we kids went through High School. Mr. Conway told each of us the story of Mom freezing her legs when she was a senior. She had walked to school for 12 years and froze her legs the last year.

Hazel spent most of her married life as a housewife and raised seven children to adulthood. One son, Scott died at six years of age. After Herman and Hazel moved to Chinook, she got a job working for the Sweet Memorial Nursing Home as a cook. She worked there for 14 years. She really enjoyed the friends she made while working there. The one thing she didn't like was, having to work on an occasional Sunday. She enjoyed going to church, as she was the Relief Society secretary and was good at it. She enjoyed making Afghans, for the grandchildren as they married. She made many baby blankets and cookies for her many grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She remembered her grandchildren and great-grandchildren's birthdays with a card and a two-dollar bill. One year she was visiting at Carol's home and it was Sam's birthday. Carol and Mom went shopping for birthday gifts so Mom decided to get Sam a nice shirt. After the family celebration Sam asked his mother if Grandma was going to give him his two-dollar. He was disappointed. The shirt cost more than two dollars but it was the two-dollar bill that was important. So Mom continued that practice until each child graduated from high school.

"Hazel is survived by her children, Jeanette (Lewis) Huntsman, Willard, Utah; Delores (Shurman) North, Salt Lake City, Utah; Curtis (Leah) Waisath, Lava Hot Springs, Idaho; Gaylord (Jeanine, deceased) Waisath, Kent, Washington; Betty Jean (John) Tilleman, Chinook, Montana; Carol (Lynn) Weight, Lehi, Utah and Boyd (Liz) Waisath, Grayson, Georgia. She is survived by 38 grandchildren and 55 great-grandchildren and 1 great -great-grandchild.

She was preceded in death by her parents, husband, son Scott, grand-daughter Star Ann Tilleman and her brothers Gerhart (Gay) and Jim Fald, and her sisters Sylvia Fald Marsonette and Mary Fald Alverson."

CHAPTER

Gottlieb Blatter Family

Autobiography of Gottlieb Blatter

Born, August 23, 1881,
at Dubois, Washington County, Illinois

I am the tenth child of my father and mother. My father is John Rudolph Blatter. He is the thirteenth child in his father's family. He was born in the little village of Tenneken, Kanton Basel Landschaft, Switzerland. Tenneken is near the city of Basel. He was born May 22, 1836. He emigrated from Switzerland to avoid the compulsory military training of six years. My mother's name is Elizabeth Weber, born March 15, 1843, at Red Bud, Randolph County, Illinois. She was married once before she married my father to a man by the name of Meinrad von Euw. He was born 1824, also, in Switzerland. Both men enlisted in the Civil War and having been "old-country" men they became fast friends and buddies. Both were captured by the South and were in the Andersonville-Libby prison together. Meinrad von Euw died November 1, 1864, a day or so before he would have been released. After his death my father sent my mother word of the death of her first husband. She went to Georgia and following the burial, she became acquainted with my father.

My father learned the blacksmith trade in the army so when the war ended he returned to Monroe County in Illinois and worked at his trade and farmed a little. Then on the 30 March, 1866, my father and mother were married. My mother had a little girl by her first husband named Josephine. A few years later they moved to Duzuoin, Illinois. Then they moved again to Perry County, Illinois, where they engaged in farming and stock raising. My parents were very poor, even though my father was a good farmer. He tilled his soil well and if there was rain enough for any crops to grow he raised a crop, but there were many lean years when nothing grew. My parents told me that one time they lived for three years in succession with nothing to eat except corn bread and molasses.

They bought 160 acres of timberland in Round Prairie, Perry County, Illinois. This land was covered with big, heavy timber. We all had to work very hard to clean a patch large enough to build a house, barn and other out buildings on. We sawed lumber, we split rails, we split fence posts and made railroad ties. Eventually, the last acre of this 160 acres was cleared and under cultivation. Times were hard. Prices were low. My older brothers had to work for wages in order to get a few dollars to buy what we had to have. Fifty cents a day was the going wage for a good hand. We sold railroad ties for twenty cents a piece and hardwood lumber sold for five or six dollars per thousand feet. The only

chance I had to go to school was in the winter when it was too cold and stormy to shuck corn or clear land. Then father would say,"Well, we can't work today so you all had better go to school." The fourth reader was as high as I ever went in school. We studied American history and world geography. I learned to read, write, spell a little and I learned to multiply, subtract, add, and divide, but I never did learn to do fractions.

My father and mother belonged to the Lutheran Church. They had us children sprinkled in that church. During the spring, summer and fall of the year there were preachers and ministers going about holding revival meetings trying to make converts. We used to go more for the fun of it than anything else. The preachers and converts would shout, holler, yell, jump and throw themselves on the floor and moan and groan. It was this excitement that large crowds went to see.When I was about eight years old, my married sister, Rosy Volmer, lived in Jackson County, about twenty miles south of Murphysboro. This was about sixty miles south of our home in Round Prairie. My parents decided to drive down there to visit for a week. We owned a small span of mules which we hitched to a wagon and my father, mother, Josephine, my younger brother, William L, and I started to visit my sister. We had a very pleasant visit then started home. On our way we had to ford a large stream:there was no bridge. It had been raining and this stream was out of its banks. We wondered what to do, but there was no way to get around it. A man came down to the crossing and told us another man and his wife had tried to ford the stream and were drowned. We hesitated a long time, finally my father said, "I believe we can make it over." So he drove into the swift stream. All went well until the mules couldn't wade any longer. They started to swim, but it was so swift instead of going straight across the stream we missed the road. Our wagon box was floating. Only the front end of the wagon box was left between the standards. My father stood with one foot in the front of the wagon box and the other foot he had hooked under the hounds of the front running gear. The mules jumped up onto a steep bank. The front wheels were up on the bank, but the wagon box was only kept from floating away by my father who was holding it with his feet. We all scrambled and crawled out to safety, then I tied a rope around the wagon tongue. We started the mules and by our helping with all our might the team pulled the wagon box up on the bank. Some of our belongings went down stream, but our lives were spared and we were soon on our way thanking our maker for our deliverance.

The first Mormon Elders came to our home in the early spring 1888. Elder Charles A.Terry and Elder Ernest Penrose came and asked for food and a night's lodging. I was seven years old when these Elders came. I remember I had a bad toothache that night. I cried and cried it ached to hard. Elder Terry woke up when I was walking the floor with pain. He asked my mother what was wrong with me. She told him I had a toothache. He took me on his lap and rubbed and stroked my cheek. I saw his lips move, but he said not a word loud enough that I could hear. Immediately pain left me and I went to sleep on his lap. I have never had a toothache again. Although I was only a young boy, it was a testimony to me that the true servants of God have power to heal the sick.

The Elders kept coming to our home. They would hold meetings in our home and in the homes of our neighbors. They would also hold meetings in the school house when they could get permission to do so. The people were very prejudiced against the Mormons.My father and mother and some of the neighbors were baptized 1 April, 1888, in a stock pond which belonged to Thomas Rice. This man was very bitter against the mormons and when he found out that the mormons had been baptized in his stock pond he filled it up declaring the water would poison his stock. This Thomas Rice was a Baptist. He was also a director of the Round Prairie School. He saw to it that the mormons were not allowed to hold any more meetings in the school house.

At this time there were four Elders laboring in Perry County. My father and the other members held a council meeting and decided to build a Mormon Church on one corner of my father's farm. It was an intersection of two county roads. My father donated the building lot, my brother, Frank, and my brother-in-law owned a saw mill, and they sawed all the lumber free of charge. We piled it up to air out and dry. When it was dry, the four Elders and the members started to build the church. In a few weeks we had the little church completed. The Elders organized a Sunday School. I was chosen to be the secretary of the Sunday School. The Elders held a meeting each Wednesday night. On Sunday morning, Sunday School was held at 10 o'clock, a meeting at 2 p.m., and another meeting at 8 p.m. This was the first Mormon meeting house built in all of the southern part of Illinois.

In the year of 1896, on the 16th day of August, my brother, William Lincoln, and I were baptized in what is known as Big Beacoup Creek. We were baptized by Elder Joseph Empey from Idaho Falls, Idaho. After we were emersed in the water we sat on a large stump of a tree and Elder German Buchanan from Johnson, Kane County, Utah, confirmed me a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Elder Joseph Empey confirmed by brother, Bill. While we were seated on this large stump to be confirmed, someone in the crowd shouted, "They will now confer the devil on them."

In the fall of 1898, my father and his family and the family of John Krupp who married my sister, Elizabeth Mary, all emigrated to Idaho Falls, Idaho. My three older brothers, John, Andors, and Frank and their families were already there in Idaho. They had gone west several months before. My father soon became very dissatisfied because of the actions of some of the Elders who had filled missions in Illinois. They had stayed in our home. My parents had fed them, and many times bought them shirts, shoes and gave them money. When we saw those same Elders swearing, smoking, chewing tobacco and seldom going to church it was discouraging to my father. There were 160 acres of virgin land covered with sage brush joining Elder Joseph Empey's land. He told my father he could buy this tract of land very cheap and promised my father faithfully that if he would emigrate to Idaho he would help him get this land. He said he would like to have us as neighbors. But when we arrived in Idaho, Elder Joseph Empey had already purchased the 160 acres of land for himself and had several six-horse teams plowing it up to plant the next spring. All this caused my father to became discouraged, dissatisfied, not only with men, but he said, "If that is the fruits of mormonism, thin I want nothing to do with it." So my father and mother moved back to Illinois. Later they came back to Idaho and again became active in the church. Before he left, he gave me and my brother Bill each a dollar and told us from now on we would have to make our own way. I was eighteen and my brother was sixteen. We both got a job from Elder Joseph Empey shoveling ditch from daylight 'till dark for fifty cents a day. Joseph Empey made some money for a few years, but soon started to drinking. All of his boys started to drink except one. They all died young from the effects of alcohol. I was asked to preach Elder Joseph Empey's funeral sermon. He was a good missionary, but when he returned home he listened to Satan, neglected his church,and before he realized it he had kicked himself out of the church. He had lost his most priceless possession: his membership in the true church.

I started herding sheep for Bishop Anderson in the early spring of 1900. Bishop Anderson was the Bishop of Ammon Ward near Idaho Falls. He asked me if I would go on a mission. I told him I would like to go on a mission, but I had no money and all the prospects I had of getting money was what I could earn from him herding his sheep. He promised me if I would go on this mission that some way I would get money to fill a mission. So he sent my name in to the First Presidency and in a month or so I received a call to go to Germany on a mission.

On the first of October, 1900, I went to Brigham Young College at Logan, Utah. I took a missionary course there before leaving for my mission. I took an interest in this missionary course. I learned much that I did not know about the Gospel, for it had only been four years since I became a member of the church. My education was very meager; I had much to learn.

I went to the Salt Lake Temple and took out my Endowments on the 18th day of January, 1901, just before leaving. Elder J.Golden Kimball set me apart for my mission. I left Salt Lake City, January 20, for Chicago; and I sailed from Boston, Massachusetts on Wednesday, January 30, 1901, on the S.S. New England. Destination, Liverpool, England. From there I went to Berlin, Germany. I was assigned to labor in East Prussia in the city of Konigsberg. I labored in East Prussia for two years, then I was sent to labor in Saxony in the city of Dresdan for one year and was released to go home.

I had many valuable experiences. All missionaries are counseled and advised not to go bathing or swimming in river, oceans, or lakes; however, one fourth of July, six of us Elders decided we would take a plunge in the river. One of the Elders couldn't swim so we cautioned him to stay on a raft and not go where the water was deep. We were all enjoying our swim when something possessed Elder Lichty to dive off the raft. When we first saw him he was in a drowning condition. Several of us rushed to him and finally pulled him back on the raft. He was lifeless. We formed a circle around him and prayed to the Lord to restore him to life. We knew very little of first aid, but soon after we had prayed to our Heavenly Father he started to breathe and we dressed and we all resolved to stay out of the rivers, oceans, and lakes and obey the counsel that all missionaries receive.

Another experience I value very much happened in Königsberg. This city was surrounded with a rock wall. This wall served as a fortification in time of war. The wall had large doors in it which were closed and locked every night at a certain hour. Mormon Elders had no freedom in Germany. All our meetings had to be registered before they could be held. Then while the meeting was being held a policeman would take every word down in shorthand and report back to headquarters.

At one time, we had several converts who desired to be baptized, but we had to do all our baptizing on the sly unbeknownst to the authorities. If we had been caught we would have been banished from Germany. This particular time we fasted and prayed that the way might be opened for us to perform this ordinance without being caught. So at two o'clock one night we all walked out through one of the gates. The cop or guard asked us where we wanted to go. We told him we were going home. He thought we lived on a farm in the country. My companion and I and this little group of people walked about a mile until we came to a large river. On each side of the river there were large log rafts that had been floated down from Russia. It was a very clear night. The moon was full and bright and we could see men working with these logs and they could see us. It was not a very good place to do baptizing under restricted conditions. So we formed a circle and holding hands we kneeled in prayer and asked the Lord to help us perform this ordinance without being seen. To our delight we were soon surrounded by a very dense fog. We could hear the men talking across the river, but we couldn't see them. We led these sixteen converts into the water and baptized them. Then we seated them on the logs and confirmed them members of the church. All this we did unmolested by anyone. We then went home, but we entered the city through a different gate in order to avoid suspicion. Again the statement of Nephi was verified when he said, "For I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them."

In the city of Königsberg in East Prussia lived a family by the name of Plavee. They lived on the third floor of an old house. They were very poor.

Sister Plavee became very ill. At that time there was a conference. She wanted very much to go, but she was to ill. During her illness the Elders took turns going to see her, and each day we would carry a supply of water up three flights of stairs for her. While she was in this rundown condition she gave birth to twin girls. After the birth of the twins she became very ill and went into a coma. She laid on her bed for three days as though she was lifeless and didn't move at all. Her husband asked us if we would fast and pray for her. This we did for three days. We prayed and asked the Lord to bring her back to life and he did. In sealing the anointing the Elder promised them that they would emigrate to Zion. This was fulfilled to the very letter. Years later I saw this good women at a conference for German speaking people in Salt Lake City and those twin girls were grown and some of her children had filled missions.

I had many, many more wonderful experiences while on this mission. I labored for thirty-six months at an expense of less than $1000. I arrived in Idaho in 1903. I stayed there until 1905. Then my brother, William, and I went to Oregon to visit an older brother, Andors. While I was there I met Dora May Hiatt and on April 10, 1907, we went to the Salt Lake Temple and were married. I had to borrow the money for us to go to Salt Lake and back to Oregon. We were poor and had very little money so I went on a dry farm and bought a chicken house and we fixed it up and lived in it for two years. I worked for the Amalgamated Sugar Company, but was fired because I would not work on Sunday.

Arvilla, our first child, was born 31 July 1908, in the town of Union, Oregon. Being in a financial predicament, I took a job with my team and worked on a canal at Nampa, Idaho, for a man by name of Jesse Smith. I worked there for six months and was cheated out of everything I made. During the time I was working on this canal, Arvilla, our five and one-half month old baby, took diphtheria and died. I received word to this effect from my wife who was

Gottlieb & Dora Hiatt Blatter

quarantined in. I had no money for train fare so I walked fifteen miles at night to Nampa and caught a freight train. The next day the officers came and carried the body of our little girl to the cemetery where she was buried. We were not permitted to go. I stayed at home one day and tried to comfort my wife. Then I took another freight train back to Nampa. When I arrived there I took my team of horses and started to Idaho Falls. All the way to Idaho Falls I had to beg food for me and my horses. As soon as I arrived in Idaho Falls my father wanted me to rent his 80 acre farm, which I did. On April 5, 1910 our second child was born. We named him Eldon. He only lived a few hours and died the same day he was born.

In July of 1910, Apostle C. Byron Whitney was assigned to hold conference with the saints in Idaho Falls. In his talk he said he wanted to get all the men he could possible get, who had been

on missions before, to go on a mission to South Africa. I volunteered. I received notice form the First Presidency to be ready to leave in November of 1910. This was the year of Haley's Comet. I remember how bright it was in the sky from the east to the west. I went on this mission after losing our first two children. I made a sale and sold everything I owned except my wife. She went to Rupert, Idaho, and lived with her folks while I was gone.

On October 23, 1910, Patriarch R. L. Bybee gave me a blessing prior to my departure in November and he promised me the Lord would reveal to me his mind and His Spirit would guide me in all my thoughts and sayings and my enemies would not confound me. He also said I would be the means of bringing many souls into the church and many would rise up and call me blessed because of the sacrifice I was making in leaving my family and home to carry the Gospel to people in a foreign land.

After six weeks of travel I arrived in Capetown, South Africa. We were on the ocean eleven days from New York to Liverpool. I was unable to eat a meal during that time. I was so seasick that when we finally arrived in Liverpool they had to carry me on a stretcher from the boat to the mission office. President Rudger Clawson was presiding over the European mission at that time. When they brought me in on a stretcher he said, "Well, you are a pretty looking sight to be going to South Africa. President Clawson tried to get me to stay in London for two weeks and if after that time I was well enough I could go on to South Africa. After two weeks I was well again and we embarked at South Hampton, England, for Capetown, South Africa. The first three days through the Bay of Biscay were very rough, but the rest of the way it was just like riding on a pond. I made up for lost time at the dining table.

I was assigned to labor in Capetown. I labored there for six months after which I was transferred to preside over the Transval Conference with headquarters in Johannesburg. This conference took in the following cities: Kimberly, Bloomfontine, Pretoria, and Joburg. While I was laboring in Capetown, six moths after I had left home, I received a letter from my wife telling me that a baby boy had been born to us and he had been named Cleo Lavon. This boy was two and one-half years old when I returned home from my mission.

The blessing that was given me before I went on this mission was fulfilled. I did have words put into my mouth by the promptings of His holy spirit and my enemies did not confound me.

One night we were holding a street meeting and a large crowd had gathered around us to listen. There was one man in the crowd who kept yelling out some remarks that were not very complimentary. While I was speaking to the people he yelled at me, "Yeah, Mormon! How many wives do you have back in America?" I said to him, "I have enough so that I can leave yours alone." He shut up and was quiet respectful while I finished speaking. After the meeting we had many questions to answer and made friends with several people who later joined the church.

Another experience I had was after we had held a conference we always asked if there were questions anyone wanted to ask. After I had borne my testimony and had said I knew that God lived and heard and answered prayers, a man asked, "How do you know that God lives and hears and answers our prayers?" Have you seen him?" I said to him, "Do you believe there is a city in America called New York City?" He said,"Yes. I know there is." I then asked him how he knew, had he ever been there, had he ever seen it? He said no, but he had a sister who had been there. I then went on to explain to him how I knew that God lives and His Son Jesus Christ. I told him about Jesus asking Peter who He was and Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And Jesus said, "Blessed art thou Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my father which is in heaven." The only way we can truly know that there is a God is by the Holy Ghost bearing testimony to our spirit that He lives and hears our prayers and

if we are humble and faithful rules and over rules everything for our best good and blessing. Our Father in heaven has always done this for me. I was always prompted what to say to my enemies as well as to my friends and I bear testimony to this.

I received my release on June 11, 1913. On our way home the boat stopped for five hours at the Madeira Islands. We spent the time seeing the sights. The vehicle I rode in was a sled pulled over cobblestone streets by a large bullock. One thing of interest I noticed was a dairyman leading a cow and a goat. He had many cups and dippers fastened to his belt which he used for measuring out the amount of milk wanted by the people he met. If someone wanted a cup of milk or more he would stop and milk the amount wanted and go on until he met someone else who wanted milk. I said to another American, "This is one time that the dairymen can't water the milk." But the dairyman understood English and he said,"Oh, yeah?" And he raised his arm and under his shirt he had a water bottle and as he milked he squeezed the bottle with his arm and the water went into the cup also.

When I arrived in London, I met my brother, William L. Blatter, who had filled a mission in Switzerland and was on his way home. We traveled together from there home. When we were out in mid ocean we were awakened from our slumber by the sound of the fog horn. It seemed like every minute the fog horn would blow. We were anxious to find out what the trouble was, so we dressed and went on deck. The captain pointed out several large icebergs. The larger one was to our left. In size it looked like one of our mountains at home. The captain told us he would have to be very careful until we passed by these bergs. It took several hours before the ship could proceed at full speed.

Instead of going into the harbor at New York we sailed into the mouth of St.Lawrence River and landed at Montreal, Canada. When we left Europe, I was placed in charge of sixty-five emigrant saints. I instructed these saints as to what they should say when the officers questioned them at Montreal. But we had one "know-it-all" who couldn't be told anything, an emigrant from England who when he was asked if he believed in polygamy answered, "Yes." He was placed in the detention home until the next boat came, then they sent him back to England.

When I arrived home I found I had been put in the bishopric as first counselor to Bishop Ball two weeks before. I worked with Bishop Ball in this position for fifteen years. I also started farming again. I filed on a homestead, built a house on it and proved up on it in three years. After I received the title to the land, I sold the 150 acres for $1,500 cash. I then bought an irrigated farm of sixty-five acres from C. A. Holum which was located about two miles east of Ammon, Idaho. This land was very fertile and produced well, but it was very hilly and hard to irrigate. During this time I lived on this farm Denver was born 17 May 1914; Ila on 8 May 1916; Leland 7 April 1918; Rula 9 December 1919; Natella 6 June 1926. Natella only lived a few hours and died and same day she was born. Itha 25 October, 1928.

In July of 1918 my wife and I decided to take the children, four in number at that time, Cleo, Denver, Ila and Leland, and go to visit my sister in Lorenzo, Idaho. I had a T model Ford. The weather was very hot and sultry when we decided to go home about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. On our way home there was an electric storm. We were just north of Rigby and around a big curve there was a bridge across a canal. As I was making the turn to get on the bridge a bolt of lighting knocked me unconscious and instead of hitting the bridge squarely the car hit the bridge with only one side. The car fell over the bridge and landed in the canal upside down. The cold water revived me and I got busy pulling my wife, who was holding Leland, a little over two months old, out from under the car. I helped her and the baby onto the bank and then I went back into the water and pulled out the children one by one. Ila, our only little girl at that time, was missing. I lifted and I pushed and pulled on the car trying to push the car over because I thought she might

be pinned underneath, but I couldn't find her. So I ran along the bank and quite a distance down the canal. I finally saw one of the car cushions bobbing up and down over the waves. I thought that if the cushion had floated this far down the stream perhaps the child had too. So I went on further running along the bank. My little boy, Cleo Lavon, followed me and lo and behold we saw her bobbing over the waves. I went in and got her on the bank. She was dead, lifeless. Twice I prayed to the Lord that she might be restored to life. The little boy said, "Daddy, we must pray harder" Not until then did it occur to me that I held the Priesthood of God and had the power to even restore her to life. So, the third time I prayed, I said these words. "In the name of Jesus Christ and by the authority of the Holy Melchizedek priesthood, I command the spirit of this little girl to come back and enter her body." When I had said these words, she opened her eyes and said, "Daddy, you got me out of the water, didn't you?" Then I carried her back to where her mother and the other children were. With the help of some of the neighbors we pulled the car out of the canal. I finally got it started and we went limping along the road until we reached Rigby where I put it in a garage to have it reappeared. We stayed in a hotel that night while the car was being repaired. The next morning we went home to Ammon.

In the spring of 1928 I made a auction sale and sold my farm and moved to Chinook, Montana. By this time our family had increased until we now had nine children and I needed more land to make a living. I bought a farm from Rudolph Hermes of 347 acres. I loaded a freight car with farm machinery and stock and shipped them to Chinook. The morning that we started loading the car to get ready to go, Denver, the second oldest boy, had a bad attack of appendicitis. I took him to a hospital in Idaho Falls where Dr. Miller operated on him. Two weeks later Bishop Ball brought him to Chinook. Bishop Ball was working for the Great Northern Railroad at that time.

This farm that I bought was very foul with wild oats. It was heavy gumbo and hard to plough. The first crop we planted in 1928 froze when the wheat was about half ripe. The frost came on the 23 August. It froze everything, the oats, barley, wheat and sugar beets. That was a hard year. What I mean hard. We had nothing to sell, nothing that I could make a dollar with. The next spring in 1929 the irrigation company shut my head gate down with a notice on it to pay my water taxes and they would unlock the gate. I was determined to make a go of it so I went to Havre, Montana and met with the officials of the Federal Land Bank. They held a mortgage on my farm. I told them that the canal company had shut my water off and without water it was useless to plant a crop. Finally, after a lot of talking, I persuaded the Federal Land Bank to pay all my debts and cancel back taxes that had accumulated in the years before I bought the farm and furnish me with enough money to operate the farm. In all, there was more than $8,000 cut off. So I started anew and from then on things went much better. On 28 May,1930, Rayola was born and 31 May, 1933, Shirley Deloy was born.

My wife had been bothered with gall stones and finally had to be operated on. I took her to a Havre Hospital and Dr. Jestrab operated on her. Four days later on April 1, 1934, she passed away. Shirley, our baby, was only ten months old. We had fourteen children, eleven living and three died in infancy. I felt really blue to be left alone with a big family to raise.

In July that same year, 1934, Elder Melvin J Ballard, one of the twelve apostles, visited the North Central States Mission. I was well acquainted with Elder Ballard. He had been in our home many times in Illinois where he filled his first mission. I invited Brother Ballard to eat dinner with us on Sunday after the first session of conference. I invited some of the neighbors, too, and after dinner we were in the living room and Brother Ballard was playing the piano and singing for us. All at once he turned to me and asked me to go on another mission. I said to him, "If you think the Lord wants me to go on anther mission under my circumstances, then I am

willing to go. He asked me if I was able financially to keep myself and my son both on missions. Denver at that time was on a mission in the Central States. I told him I was. Then he told me that the Lord didn't want me to live alone. He said that somewhere he has another wife for you who is able and capable to step into the shoes of your former wife to be a mother to your children and a helpmate to you. He said if I would go on this mission I would meet this wife either on my road going or in the mission field, or on my way home. I said to Elder Ballard, "I will meet hundreds of women while I am on a mission. How will I know when I meet the one the Lord wants me to have?" He told me the Lord would reveal to me and make it known and I would know when I saw her. I was called on a six months mission to the Northern States Mission. In November of 1934, I left Salt Lake City for Chicago. When I arrived in Chicago, President Romney sent me to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where I labored all my mission. President Romney asked me to go with him through the state of Indiana to hold conferences in the different cities. He suddenly became ill and had to go back to Chicago. He instructed me to go on to the different cities and hold conferences in his stead. It was only a few weeks after that I was released and advised to go to Arkansas to visit my son before returning home, which I did. Shortly after I was released I received word that President Romney had died while he was holding a meeting. I enjoyed my mission very much and I want to express my thanks and gratitude to Cleo and his wife, Beryl, and Ila and her husband, Ralph Todd. If they hadn't taken over at home I couldn't have gone on this mission. It was their willingness to do the work and care for the younger members of the family that made it possible.

When I was released the first of March, I visited Denver who was laboring in the Arkansas District. Denver and his companion met me at Little Rock. They had a Ford car and were just starting to visit all the branches in the state. The first night we held a meeting in a large Mormon Church building made of pine logs in the Barney Branch. We had a very large meeting. Where the people came from I couldn't tell, but they came from every direction until all the seats were taken and some of the men were standing. The next day we went to Rose Bud in White County where a family by the name of Maddox lived. The mother and four children were members of the church, but the father wasn't. We held a cottage meeting in their home that night. They were the only members in this town. This is where I met the wife Elder Ballard had said I would meet. I was convinced that she was the one the Lord had intended for me when I first saw her. She was the oldest daughter of Stewart Carlile Maddox and Delia Fielding. Her name was Lorene Arabella Maddox. There were three Elders traveling in the car besides my son, Denver and I. We drove up to their home and all the Elders got out of the car and went to the back door. I then got out of the car and as I went around the back of the car I looked at the front door and there stood a girl in the doorway. A voice beside me said, "There is your wife. The one Elder Ballard promised you would meet." I thought, "No, it couldn't be that young girl. It must be some older woman. But when I was introduced to her and I shook hands with her I knew for sure she was the one.

The next day it rained all day as we traveled to Eldorado, Arkansas, the oil fields of the state. There was a large church in Eldorado and we held three big meetings. I can't remember when I ever spoke to an audience when I felt the spirit of the Lord so much as I did when I spoke to those people. It seemed to me that my feet were not touching the floor and words came out of my mouth with no effort as though someone else was telling me what to say. I talked for forty-five minutes or an hour and the people never moved. It seemed like five minutes to me. I will never forget the wonderful feeling I had while I explained the Gospel to those good people. From Eldorado we went to the western part of the state. From there we separated. I went home to Chinook, Montana, and the Elders went back to Little Rock.

Back Row Ila Mahlon Layne Iven Denver Cleo Shirley
Seated Fontella Itha Gottlieb Lorene Gailya Velta Rula
In Front Clothele and Steven Rayola absent 1956 Gottlieb's 75 birthday

I arrived home the middle of March and started farming. I wrote several letters to Lorene telling her what the Lord had made known to me, but each time I would tear them up. But finally I realized the Lord had done his part now it was up to me. So I sat down on a stump while I was out in the field irrigating and wrote her another letter and this time I got in the car and went to the post office and mailed it. We wrote several letters and finally decided that she should come to Chinook and meet the family. Then on the 11 September 1935, we were married in the Logan Temple and sealed for time and for all eternity. I am so thankful that Lorene decided in my favor. I don't know what my life would have been without her. Ila an Ralph Todd went with us and were sealed as husband and wife not for just this life, but for eternity.

Lorene and I were blessed with five children. Gailya Dee, born 11 December 1936; Layne Farrell, born 2 October 1939; Mahlon Dale, born 11 May 1941; Steven Quayle, born 15 January 1945, and Clothele, born 25 August 1948. Gailya, Layne, Mahlon and Quayle were all born in Montana. I always liked the name Quayle for a boy's name and finally I got my desire and named my eighth son Quayle. I had a missionary companion in Germany by that name and I thought a lot of him.

During the second world war hired help that was dependable was almost impossible to get and all the children that were left home were girls at that time. We all worked too hard to take care of the crops. I saw the time when I didn't have my irrigating boots off for three days and nights. I would lie down on the ditch bank and catch forty winks. Then I would have to change the water again.

Leland had filled a mission in Germany, all except a few months and the war broke out and the church called all the missionaries out of Germany and he finished his mission in Minnesota among the German speaking people there. He wanted to

learn airplane mechanics and decided to join the Air force and learn it there. But he was disappointed he never got to go to school as he thought he would when he joined. He was going to be sent to England to carry out bombing assignments over Germany when he suddenly became ill and passed away in the Fort Douglas Hospital in Salt Lake City, 12 September, 1941. When Bishop Ball talked at his funeral he said Leland had been called on another mission to preach to the spirits in the spirit world who hadn't had a chance to hear the true gospel while they lived on earth, and he wasn't required to bomb the people in Germany that he had labored with while on his mission.

A few months before Quayle was born I had my first heart attack and I was advised by the doctor to stop working so hard. So I decided to rent my irrigated farm and buy a dry farm. I bought a home in Chinook and a 3,000 acre dry farm, twenty miles north of Havre. But after two years I could see even a dry farm was too much work. The doctors advised a warm climate. They thought it would be better for me so we decided to move to St. George so I could keep busy doing temple work. In 1946, we sold our irrigated farm to Eldon Seamons and in 1947 sold our dry farm and moved to St George. I enjoyed living there and especially did I enjoy going to the temple. I was soon called to be an ordinance worker and they seemed to like me to work at the baptismal font because I could pronounce the foreign names. The only bad thing about living in St. George was there wasn't any work for growing boys. About the only money we made during the four years we lived there was by building a two-bedroom home and selling it. My wife and children helped me haul the adobe dirt in a trailer behind a car and make all the adobes for this home. After it was finished we stuccoed the outside of the adobes. We built it at a cost of $3,500 and sold it for $7,000 to a G.I. After we sold this home we took some of the money and in August of 1951 took our family and went back east to the Hill Cummorah Pageant. We also visited Carthage jail, Nauvoo, and many other interesting places in our church history. We also visited our farm in Illinois where I grew up as a boy. Everything was changed 'till it didn't look natural. New roads were built through our farm and the house had been torn down. The only place that looked the same was the creek where I was baptized.

During the time we lived in St.George our baby was born. Clothele, born August 25, 1948. She was my nineteenth child and I was just as thrilled and happy with her as I was with my first one.

In February of 1952 we moved to Centerville, Utah, where our boys could get jobs and learn to work and I was able to work at Hill field for a few years. Then when the government began to lay off men I was one of them because I didn't have a permanent rating. Then I got a job at Porter Walton Nursery for two years. I sprinkled the shrubs, plants, and flowers. Then finally it was too much for me. It was hard for me to walk and I had trouble with my knees. They wouldn't hold my weight. But I have had much to be thankful for all the days of my life. The Lord has been good to me. I have had much joy in his service. While I lived in Montana I was in the Branch Presidency and then when the North Montana District was organized I was on the high council and I had to drive 140 miles to Great Falls to high council meetings. Later I was chosen to be District President of the North Montana District. In all the places I have lived I have helped build thirteen meeting houses. I have given both money and labor and I feel and know it is the best investment I have ever made. To help build up the kingdom of God here on earth is the greatest work we can do. My membership in the church and my family mean everything to me and there is where I find true joy and happiness.

—Gottlieb Blatter

Dora May Hiatt

Dora May Hiatt was born May 1, 1889, at Egin Bench, Bingham Co., Idaho. She was the sixth child

of a family of ten. Her parents, Reuben Hiatt and Amanda Jane Rawson, had moved to Egin Bench after December 24, 1884, from Pleasant Valley, Utah. They homesteaded 160 acres of land at Egin, living in John Fisher's house while their log house was being built. There were no floors in this house and probably none in the log house at first. Dora's sister Edna remembers the log house as being large and a pretty place. The climate was cold in winter and much snow.

To this pioneer family, Dora May was born. She was a beautiful baby with black hair and brown eyes. Dora lived her childhood under the influence of Latter-Day Saint parents and grandparents, Arthur Morrison Rawson and Margaret Angeline Pace. Her grandfather Rawson was a Patriarch in the church. Dora May was baptized July 16, 1889, at Plano, Idaho. When she was eleven years of age her father Reuben Hiatt sold his homestead and loaded his possessions and family onto the train at St. Anthony, Idaho. They traveled to Union Station, Oregon, arriving February I, 1902, and were met by her uncles Will and James Rawson. They stayed with Grandpa Rawson's family until their house was finished. Her uncle, William J. Rawson, was Bishop of the Nib1ey Ward at this time.

Her grandmother Rawson (Margaret Angeline Pace) had the little store and post office at Nibley. Dora and her sisters would take eggs to the store and trade them for candy, reporting that no matter how few eggs they had, she always filled their sack. Dora's little sister Lenora Pearl died soon after they moved to Nibley August 29, 1902. Also her youngest sister Viola was born the next spring April 24, 1903 and she died February 20, 1909.

The family moved to Union, Oregon, after Viola was born, living on a big ranch owned by Hyrum. Lucas. The house had nine rooms and an attic. Dora May attended school in Nibley and Union completing the eighth grade. Her character and personality must have been influenced greatly by these God loving pioneer parents and grandparents, because she was patient, kind, thrifty and industrious. She communicated with her Heavenly Father through prayer and trusted him. The family had a pump organ and Dora May was the only member of the family that learned to play it.

In 1905 Gottlieb Blatter and his brother William went to Oregon to visit their elder brother, Andors, who had married Dora May's eldest sister. Margaret Rebecca. Dora was a young woman of seventeen and she and Gottlieb were married on April 10, 1907, at the Salt Lake Temple. They had to borrow the money to make the trip to Salt Lake.

Their first home was a very humble abode, a chicken coop purchased from a dry farm, fixing it up the best they could. Their first child was born here July 31, 1908, they named her Arvilla. She contacted diptheria and died January 17, 1909. Dora and Gottlieb couldn't even go to the cemetery to bury their firstborn because of being under quarantine. Because of financial problems they moved to Ammon, Idaho, and farmed Grandpa Blatter's farm. Their second child Elden was born April5, 1910, and died the same day--so tragic for one so young as she. In November of the same year Gottlieb went to South Africa on a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and Dora went to live with her parents who were living in Rupert, Idaho. Dora was two months pregnant then and Cleo LaVon was born June 18, 1911. She wrote and sent pictures of him to Gottlieb and kept him informed of his progress. How thankful she was to have this healthy young son and Cleo was 2 1/2 years old before he first saw his father.

They homesteaded a dry farm south of Ammon, Idaho, and then on May 17, 1914, another son Denver Guile was born--gentle, loving, teasing, tender hearted son. Then in May again Ila was born May 8, 1916. Dora was joyous again and to have a daughter to train, to talk with and from Ila's remembrances, she enjoyed each day and was taught all homemaking skills at an early age. On April 7, 1918, Leland Belo was born on the ranch Southeast of Ammon. Dora May and Gottlieb used the priesthood and faith and prayers in raising

this young son. He seemed to contact pneumonia easily. He grew to be a handsome young man. Then on December 9, 1919, on a cold and snowy day, Rula was born, another daughter. She was fun-loving, happy and full of endless energy. On March 16~ 1922, Velta was born, a dark-haired and brown-eyed daughter. She developed a lot of Dora's characteristics and qualities. Also, we family members are indebted to her for compiling information of Dora May's life. Another son, the youngest and last son of Dora May's, was born September 8, 1923. They named him Iven Wade, hard working tenderhearted, loving son. Another daughter came to their home in Ammon, Fontella was born January 17, 1925. She was blonde, brown-eyed and developed some of Dora's talents in singing and playing the piano. Natella was born June 6, 1926, and died the same day. So now Dora May had laid three babies to rest. On October 25, 1927, in Ammon another blonde, brown-eyed girl was born. They named her Itha May. She had but six short years with Dora May, but cherishes them and her memory. The family moved to Chinook, Montana, by truck and train and family car. There on the farm out of Chinook, Rayola, another daughter dark-haired and brown-eyed was born May 28, 1930. Rayola had but four short years with her mother and felt the loss keenly. Shirley Deloy was born May 31, 1933, dark-haired, brown-eyed beautiful last child of Dora May's.

Some months before Shirley was born, Dora was in pain and having trouble with her gall bladder, the pregnancy seemed to aggravate this condition. This didn't keep her from being thrilled with joy at the thought of a new babe. On Tuesday, March 27, 1934, Dora May had surgery for gallstones and by Friday was doing well so Gottlieb came home to get a mea] and much needed rest. He was called almost immediately back to the hospital. She had complications and ether pneumonia and died April 1, 1934, and was buried April 5, 1934.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ was important in Dora's life, she was close to her Father-in-Heaven. She taught her children to pray, she supported her husband in every way even to parting with him after losing their first two children so he could go on a mission to South Africa. All her children agree with one accord that she was a beautiful and caring mother. She made each one feel loved and wanted each one down to her last baby. When she knew she was leaving this earth life, her last thoughts were of her children and husband. We as children have felt this love and concern for us throughout our Iives and picture her as the "Watcher," "Watching at Heaven's Gate!"

Thoughts and Experiences

for the Benefit of our Children Concerning the Life of Dora May Hiatt Blatter

by: Velta Blatter Cleverley

It has been a burning desire for some time to put into writing and thus preserve the memories we still have of our long departed mother, Dora May Hiatt Blatter. I appreciate so much the cooperation of my dear brothers and sisters in gathering the data we have. The first part of this is gleaned from the short histories of Grandmother Hiatt, Aunt Edna Prince and Aunt Maggie Blatter. Also there are some events that I remember our father telling.

Rueben and Amanda Jan Rawson Hiatt moved to Egin Bench, Idaho sometime after December 24, 1884 from Pleasant Valley, Utah. They homesteaded 160 acres of land at Egin. The family lived in John Fisher's house while their log house was being built. There were no floors in this house and I doubt there were floors in the log house at first. Aunt Edna says this log house was large and a very pretty place. The climate was very cold in the winter and there was much snow.

Grandpa Hiatt was six feet three inches tall and of very large stature. Grandma Hiatt was small as I remember, about five feet 2-3 inches tall. Anyone that I've heard talk of Grandpa said he was a hard worker and honest in all his dealings. I remember

Grandma as being quiet and patient with us when we were visiting her. Grandpa Hiatt was the first bishop of Brighton Ward, which was organized in May of 1886. Grandma was first councilor in the Relief Society at the same time. When Brighton Ward was divided they then lived in the Plano Ward. Thus we sometimes find records with Mother being born in Egin and sometimes in Plano. Actually they were in the Plano Ward when Mother was born.

It was to this pioneer family that a beautiful baby girl was born May 1, 1889 and was given the name of Dora May. She had black hair and brown eyes. I couldn't remember for sure the color of Mother's eyes so I asked Aunt Jane when I attended Aunt Edna's funeral what color they were. She said she had brown eyes as a young girl but they faded to a blue-gray color. I do remember they were very expressive and pretty to me. She lived her childhood under the influence of staunch Latter-Day Saint parents and grand- parents, Arthur Morrison Rawson and Margaret Angeline Pace. Her grandfather Rawson was a Patriarch in the Church.

Mother's personality must have been greatly influenced by her parents and the Gospel principles because she developed into one of the most patient women I have been privileged to know. She was baptized 16 July 1899 at Plano, Idaho. When she was 11 years old Grandpa Hiatt sold his homestead and loaded all his possessions and family onto the train at St. Anthony, Idaho. They arrived in Union Station, Oregon February 1, 1902, where they were met by her uncles, Will and James Rawson. They stayed with her Grandpa Rawson's family until their house was finished. Mother's uncle William J. Rawson was bishop of the Nibley Ward at this time.

Our great grandmother Rawson (Margaret Angeline Pace) had the little store and post office at Nibley. Mother and her sisters would take eggs to the store and trade them for candy. Aunt Edna said no matter how few eggs they had she always filled their sack.

Mother's little sister, Lenora Pearl, died soon after they arrived in Nibley, August 29, 1902. I haven't been able to find the cause of her death. Her youngest sister, Viola was born the next spring April 24, 1903. Viola died of a rheumatic heart condition January 20, 1809.

Sometime after Viola was born the family moved to Union, Oregon and lived on a large ranch owned by Hyram J. Lucus. The house had 9 rooms and an attic. There were black walnut trees at this ranch and the children gathered nuts and put them into the attic to dry. Then they had great fun cracking them to eat and for baking.

Mother attended school in Nibley and Union. The fall after moving to Union, Mother and Aunt Edna moved to town to stay with their sister Ellen Rawson and went to school. I remember her telling me she finished the eighth grade. I don't know if there was a school of higher learning there or not. The family had a pump organ and Mother was the only member of the family that learned to play it. I remember seeing it at Grandmother Hiatt's years later but I have no idea where it is now.

The family lived on this ranch for three years. There are very few details of her life as a child or teenager. I'm sure she must have told things like this but I have forgotten them. It seems we all remember Mother as being quite tall, about five feet ten inches. She was a bit taller than Dad, who was five feet nine inches. I've always thought of her as being a little taller than Itha and the same build but heavier. Dad said in later years that she weighed about 170 pounds when she went to the hospital for her surgery. She must have lost a lot of weight before that because Denny said that he remembered her being heavier than that when he went on his mission. Dad said she was very thin when they were married, about 100 pounds.

Sometime in 1905 our Father and his brother William went to Oregon to visit their elder brother, Andors, who had married Mother's eldest sister, Margaret Rebecca. Between this time and their marriage on April 10, 1907 at the Salt lake Temple, Mother developed into womanhood. She was seventeen on her next birthday. They were

very poor and Dad borrowed the money to make the trip to Salt Lake. They purchased a chicken coop from a dry farm and fixed it up as best they could. This humble abode was their home for two years. It was here that Arvilla was born July 31, 1908. Mother must have had some pretty lonely days and nights as Dad was working with his team a Nampa, Idaho. Part of the time she stayed with her parents as Aunt Edna Mentions that; Dora and her baby Arvilla lived with them when Arvilla had diphtheria and died.

Dad left his team in Nampa and rode a freight train back to Union. They were not allowed to go to the cemetery to bury their precious baby as they were under quarantine. Due to financial problems they moved back to Ammon, Idaho and farmed Grandpa Blatter's place.

Elden was born April 5, 1910 and died the same day. What tragedy for one so young as she. In November of the same year Dad went to South Africa on a mission and Mother once again went home to her dear parents. They were living in Rupert, Idaho at his time. She was then two months pregnant for the third time. Cleo Lavon was born June 18th, 1911 and what a joy he must have been for her. During her husband's absence she kept him informed of their son's progress through letters and pictures. These early pictures are the only ones we have of Mother that I know of. There is one of Denver as a baby with Cleo that is pretty special. The years through the rest of Mother's life were pretty lean for our family. I don't remember a lack of any necessities because I remember having a happy childhood. It is my belief that if one is happy the material things of life are not missed so much.

Following is the letter I received from Cleo for his contribution to this story.

Galen, James, Velta, Elaine, Jesse, Charlotte, 1995

> I was two and a half years old when I first saw my father. He was on a mission in Sough Africa. One morning there was a man at our place. He had breakfast with us. Then he still stayed. Finally I asked Mother when this man was going to leave. She explained and made me understand he was my father and would be staying with us.
>
> We homesteaded a dry farm south of Ammon. I can remember walking up the hill from the little house. Mother was driving horses on a plow. The plow hit a rock and threw her up in the air. She came down on the plow and didn't move. When I got to her she started to get up and said she wasn't hurt, and I should not be there.
>
> Another time we had a chicken house built in the ground. There was about an eighteen inch ledge around it just under the roof. It was all one could do to reach it. The chickens would lay their eggs on this ledge. Mother was gathering the eggs one evening and when she reached up in this one nest, there was a blow snake coiled up in it. Could have been a rattle snake as there was a lot of them.
>
> Can't remember when our brother Denver was born. Anyway now I have a baby brother to pull around in the wagon.
>
> One morning there was a tall man came. Dad told Denver and I to get dressed. We were a little slow I guess. Anyway, this man and Dad took Denver and I and sit us outside on the porch and threw our clothes out. We were a little put out about it so we went for a little walk. When we got back to

the house we could hear a baby crying. Ila was now with us.

It was my job to hitch up the one-horse buggy and take mother to town to get groceries. After on of those trips I heard Mother tell Dad I was a good driver.

One afternoon Mother said, "Cleo, can you hear that noise down the road?" We both stood in the yard listening to this different sound. Then around the bend came a car. When it came into the yard, it was Dad in a Model T. I can to this day smell that new car.

Dad bought a place closer to Ammon. We could irrigate this one so we could have a crop even if it didn't rain.

We went to Lorenzo one day to see Dad's sister Lizzie Krupp. On our way home, there came an awful electric storm. The road made a square turn onto a bridge across an irrigation canal. I see this big ball of fire come down the power pole. Then Dad's hands fell to his lap. The car turned over off the bridge and into the water. We hit the water. When we hit the water it brought Dad to. We got everyone out of the water but Ila. We looked some more then Dad said: "There's something downstream." When we got there it was Ila floating on a car cushion. On the way home, mother was looking at Dad's hat. It was a fuzzy felt hat. Down the crown the fuzz was burnt off about one inch wide.

We were stacking grain bundles in the yard. We had about one third of the load still on the rack. Dad was going to move the team up a little. Just as they started ahead, Mother yelled. Ila had slipped away from the house and was under the wagon. The wagon wheel stopped on Ila's head. Dad laid on his back and raised the wagon enough so we could get Ila out.

All of these times and hard work I can't remember of my-our mother raising her voice. It was always to me a low soft tone. I don't know how she knew, but every time I did something wrong—she knew.

In the spring of 1928 we moved to Chinook, Montana. We loaded a machinery car on the railroad. Then we had some odds and ends on the Model T truck. I was driving the truck. Dad and Mother and children were in a 1926 Dodge car.

We were stopping for something one time, Mother came to me and said, "Cleo, you come and help me tie the tarp on the truck." While we were tying the tarp Mother said, "I see this tarp flopping and at time it looks like the truck is turning over and you look so little under that steering wheel."

One morning we were going up the mountain north of Boulder, Montana. It was so steep that the front connecting rod bearing didn't get oil and it burned out. The weather was cold and blowing snow. We raked the snow from under the truck. I took the pan off the motor and go the rod out. Dad took the children and car back to Boulder to get parts we needed. I was cleaning out the old gaskets of the motor. Mother stayed with me and got a fire going so we could warm our hands once in a while.

Tillie and I came by that place last Sunday. The roads are a little different now. Interstate goes close by that same spot.

When we started north out of Great Falls it was raining and dirt roads. I don't know how far we got that day, not very far out of Great Falls by dark. Anyway, we stopped at a schoolhouse for the night. We didn't have any milk for the baby so Dad asked me if I would take the car and see if I could get some milk from a farmer. We had quite a time getting the milk. But when we got back, Mother had some hot supper and we were in a dry place for the night.

The next day we got nearly to Carter, Montana when the low band burned out on the truck from plowing mud. So we had another overhaul job. But I never heard Mother complain or say a thing about going back. There was another family travelling with us from Idaho that did plenty of griping. It was Dad's fault for them being in such a mess.

> Two days later we arrived in Chinook, Montana on the old Hermis place at midnight. We all made our beds on the floor of that stone house in the dry and was thankful we were once more home. Mother came to me that day and put her arm around me and said, "We are so proud of you the way you handled the truck and all." That was worth so much to me.
>
> Those next few years were hard years. Money was hard to get. The thirties were dry and windy. The fence rows would drift nearly under with blowing dirt.
>
> March 16, 1933 I was married to Beryle Bressler. On February 11, 1934 our first child was born. On April 1, 1934, Easter Sunday, Mother passed away. Just before she passed on she said, "Cleo, at least I got to see one of my grandchildren."

On May 17, 1914 our brother, Denver Guile, was born at the homestead south and east of Ammon, Idaho. If my memory serves me right he weighed in at fourteen pounds, the largest of Mother's babies. She told me that he and Rula, weighing 12 pounds, were the largest of her babies. The rest of her babies weighed between 8-9 pounds. If I'm wrong I beg your pardon. I used to look at those baby pictures of Cleo and Denny and think they were so cute. She said the rest of us were pretty babies too but there just wasn't enough money for pictures.

The following is Denver's story as he wrote it.

> "Most of the things I remember about my mother involved the children. I don't know of anyone in this world that was more dedicated and converted to the part of the Gospel where women was given the responsibility to bare children unto the Lord than Mother was. One of the first things I remember was around 1916. We lived on what I think was a dry farm, about eight miles or more south of Ammon, Idaho. When I was young it seemed to me it was up a canyon, but really it was just a large draw, like you see so much in the rolling hills in the west before you reach the larger draw. It seems to me we had to haul our drinking water or we may have had a cistern for our water storage. Anyway one evening Dad left for town, when he came back he had a lady with him. They called her Aunt Ann. She was the one who helped mother with most of her children in Idaho. That was such a long night for Mother. I remember how she would scream. Finally morning came and this Aunt Anne picked up Cleo and I and set us outside on the porch and said, "You kids get dressed." I don't remember anymore except when we would get to go in and see Mother. She was always so proud of her babies.
>
> While we were living in this same house we had quite a frightening experience. One night after supper our dogs began to bark and whine something furiously. Dad went out to see what was the matter. In just a few minutes he hurried in the house and got the shot gun. He told Mother to stay in the house and keep the children close to her. When I asked Dad what the trouble was, he said, "a pack of wolves were after the cattle." Mother got Cleo and I and the baby in her arms. We sat together on the floor close by the stove. She kept us all so close together. I remember she told us that the heat from the stove would frighten them away from us. I guess one of the wolves got one of the doges separated from the other ones so he bounded for the house door. When he crashed into the door it almost broke to pieces. Then we heard a gun shot. Dad had hit the wolf that was after the dog. Soon he came in the house and told us they were gone. He was so proud of those dogs he told us they had kept the wolves away from the cattle. By the way, he called those two dogs Whiskey and Shag.
>
> Soon after this, we moved down into the more level part of Ammon, where Dad could raise some crops he could irrigate.
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> I remember on night while we were eating supper Mother was talking to Dad about how hard he and children had worked. She said, "Don't you think we could all get

in the buggy and go up in the canyon and pick some berries?" But Dad had his usual answer, "I can't leave the farm with all the things that should be done." I didn't hear anymore of how they talked back and forth. But the next morning at breakfast Dad told us that if we would hurry with the chores we could all go on a picnic for the day. I can still see the happiness on Mother's face when she jumped up and said," I've got to get a lunch ready then." I can remember we had what we thought was a pretty fancy buggy at that time. It was mostly used for going to church. Dad called it the White Top. It had three seats in it and a fancy white tip. On the sides it had white rolls of canvas that could be rolled down if it rained. I think the name of the place we went was called Birch. I remember Mother was pointing out to us the bushes where we could find the berries we wanted. She showed us these birch trees and the bark was a pretty red. By the time we got to where we were going it was well afternoon, Mother said we would have our lunch before we looked for berries. When everything was spread out Mother took a pan and asked me to go with her. We hurried along this little stream for some distance. All at once she said, "Here it is" and dropped to her knees. She began to pull these weeds from the little pools of water. By then I had become disgusted and asked what we wanted with those silly weeds. Then she explained to me that is was water cress and how good it would be with bread and butter for our dinner.

About this time Dad figured we needed a new barn. In the process of building there was a few things about building that none of us including Dad understood how to do. So Dad hired a man from Idaho Falls to come out and help him for a few days. He would go home at night time but Mother would have to fix his dinner. As Family, we didn't have dessert too often so when we did we really thought is was a wonderful treat. This one day Mother had made the most beautiful pie. It looked so lovely sitting there on the warming oven. I could hardly eat my dinner fast enough so we could have a piece of pie. Of course the guest had to be the first. So Mother went to the stove and got our lovely pie and brought it over to the table. She went to her boarder and asked so nice, "Would you car for a piece of pie?" Could you believe what that ignorant so and so said? "No, I wouldn't care for any pie. When I eat pie I want nothing but pie." I wanted to go over and knock him off his chair. Mother sat her lovely pie on the table and went into the bedroom. When Dad and his helper left, I tried a piece of the pie. It was so good! She said he would have liked it too, but he ate so much before. I remember he didn't come back to work anymore.

In the fall of the year it fell my lot to be a helper for Mother because we were making apple butter. We had this huge kettle and it was so large; enough to hold about thirty gallons of water, or whatever. The outside was made of cast iron and black of course. But the inside was copper, it seemed so pretty to me. We would set this kettle on some large stones high enough so one could build a fire under it. It was my job to fill the kettle two thirds full of water. And to get fire wood and get the fire going. After the water was hot Mother would add the apples then I would have to keep the fire going and keep stirring the pot. By the time it had cooked long enough and all the spices were added the day was well over.

About this time I was out of sorts and figured I was the worst picked on kid in the world. So I just blurted out, "Why do I always have to be the one to carry the water for the washing and work on this stuff?" "Don't you want to help me?" "Why can't Cleo do it sometimes?" I asked, "Because Dad wants Cleo to help him" she said. Then she gave me one of those bear hugs of hers. Boy was she strong when she hugged you, you knew it.

One of the things that comes to my mind is the trouble I used to get into for teasing my mother. One day I must have gone a little

too far with my teasing because Mother grabbed the broom and threatened my life with it. Out of the house we ran, around the well house and past the old toilet. Every time I'd look back Mother was getting closer swinging her broom. I wanted her to catch me so bad that I thought several times of stumbling and falling, but when I would look back and see her broom waving at me I did not think it wise to stop. Finally after we passed the chicken house and first haystack, she gave up the chase. She called out to me, "I'll get you!" So I'll never know to this day what she would have done when she caught me. Sometimes I have dreamed that she threw away her broom and hugged me and kissed me. But I guess I'll never know.

During my younger life I was plagued with some terrible headaches. One evening I remember I got one of these that seemed was going to tear my head to pieces. I think I was lying on Mother's bed and I must have been crying because when Mother came in she said, "Does it really hurt?" I told her it was really bad. She went into the kitchen and brought back a cold cloth. She sat in her rocking chair and held me in her arms. It was such a wonderful feeling that my head seemed to stop aching. I could hear her big heart beat and with the rhythm of her heart beat and the rocking I must have fallen asleep. Then I heard Dad say "What's the matter with him? He should be out doing his chores." Mother told Dad that I was sick and couldn't do chores tonight.

On Saturday night it was quite a comedy around our house. Everyone had a bath and clean change of clothes. Everyone from baby to Mother had one. On this one Saturday night everyone had bathed and went to bed. That is I thought everyone had been through. Anyway I had to get up and go to the bathroom. When I got to the kitchen there was Mother in the bath tub. I had never seen a woman undressed. I must have been petrified, because I just stood there with my eyes and mouth open. Because I know she had to tell me several times to get. Finally she had to stand up to get her towel. She gave me a shove and told me to get going. She never said anything more to me about the incident. But I know she talked to Dad because it was only a couple of days later that Dad took Cleo and me out to the barn, and told us about the horses, and cows, and the sheep and the birds and bees. But when he told us that it was the same with people I thought that was one of the worst things that could ever happen. It took me a long time to accept the fact that Mother had to get her babies the same way the horses did.

Mother could make the best homemade ice cream. I can remember at the supper she would say to Dad, "Why don't we make some ice cream tonight and have Bill and Olga and family over?" Or maybe it would be Andorse and Maggie. She would say, "Denny, you go out to the ice house and get some ice." Dad would cut blocks of ice from the Snake River during the winter and store it in a pit with sawdust and straw. It would keep most of the summer. We always had plenty of cream so it could be made quite reasonably.

A farmer's life is a hard and uneventful life especially for a young boy. I think about this event when Cleo figured if all there was to life was what he could find on this old farm it was time for him to move on. So he ran away from home. I think if he could have known the pain and hurt that Mother suffered he never would have gone away.

I remember one night after school I was starting to leave school, when Ed Carlson came up to me and said, "Did you hear about Cleo?" I told him that I hadn't. He said, "Cleo and Bill Winder left and went to Idaho Falls and they aren't coming back." I was out of my mind by the time I got home. I didn't dare tell Dad. I didn't know what to do. I was usually so hungry when I got home I would raid the kitchen. But this time I couldn't eat so I hurried out to do my chores. Of course I didn't get far because I hadn't fooled Mother. She put her hand on my shoulder and

turned me around. "What is the matter?" But Mother read my face so easy. She said, "You can't fool me so out with it!" I looked up at her worried face. I told her that Cleo wouldn't be coming home from school tonight. "What happened to him?" "He and Bill Winder left home." "Where did he go?" "I don't know. I heard that he left for Idaho Falls sometime this afternoon." She went and found Dad and soon the whole family knew of it. Mother wanted Dad and I to go into town and look for Cleo, which we did, but no one had seen them or heard of where they went. Cleo told me afterwards that they were on a freight train headed for Butte, Montana before school was out. I remember in the evening before Mother would go to bed she would stand by the door and look for so long for her boy to come home. One time after she gave up looking I asked her if she thought Cleo would come home. "Yes, she said, but I wish he would come home soon." While we were walking to the stairs, she suddenly stopped and pulled my face up to hers so our noses nearly touched and with the most pitiful pleading she asked, "You won't run away from me will you?" I said, "No Mama, I won't."

About a month went by and one evening someone came in the house and said Cleo was home. We all jumped up to meet him but Mother took a hold of Dad's arm and said to him, "You won't give him a licking will you? Just bring him in the house so we can all be home again."

While we were young, the children that is, I remember watching Mother in the evening before she would go to bed she would set and comb her hair. It seemed to me to be so long and black. One time she was standing and the length of the hair was past the middle of her back. I thought it was so pretty.

One night when we came home from school Mother was in the kitchen by the stove. When she turned around and looked at me I couldn't believe what I saw. "What did you do to your hair?" "Do you like it this way?" "No, no, it's funny." She had cut off all her pretty hair. I think it was called a page boy or something. I can remember she was trying so hard to be accepted. She said, "Well sister Lee said it was the coming style now and all the women were having their hair done like that." But to me she never seemed to be the same.

With all our wonderful hospitals and modern equipment today, it makes me wonder how Mother ever survived all her pregnancies, and brought so many children into the world without more trouble than she had. Of course she did lose four children. But the thing that I'm trying to say is that she was alone for most of these births except for the help of the midwife. Anyway on this one night Mother must have had a terrible time because I lay awake all night. I could hear her trying to bring another child into the world. The next morning after all was settled down. Everyone had been in to see our new sister but I couldn't seem to go into mother. I guess because I was disgusted with what Mother had to go through to make all this possible. Dad asked, "Aren't you going in to see your Mother?" When I got to her bed, there she lay all smiling and beaming and so proud of her new baby. Instead of greeting her like I should have, I came out with: "Why, oh why, do you have to go through all this pain? Don't you think you have enough children?" She came right back at me, "Denver, it is not any of your business how many children I have. You just be thankful the Lord will let us have them."

When Dad decided to leave Idaho and go to Montana everyone was real excited about the move. Even I was all keyed up because I was going to have a chance to do something big for a change. I was going to drive the truck. Cleo was going on the train with the stock; Dad was going to drive the car with the family. But my thrill didn't last very long because while we were loading the stock on the train I got an attack of appendicitis and had to go to the hospital. When Mother came in to say good-bye she said, "I don't want to leave you here all

alone, but everything is ready so we'll have to go. You'll be alright because Aunt Maggie will be up here to see you and take care of you and then Bishop Ball will bring you up to Montana when you are well." The rest of the family will have to fill in the trip because I wasn't there.

I am a little reluctant to write anything about what happened in Montana because while Mother and I were there together most of our experiences were rather sad. The one that I remember was while a group of boys from Lehi, Utah came up there one spring to thin sugar beets. They stayed in a bunk house but Mother and the girls would cook their meals. They were clean and had good habits. I remember they complained to Mother several times. Like, "Why do we always have to have potatoes and gravy? Mother told them, "What else is there to cook? There is not enough of anything else to fill you guys up." I would go to their bunk house at night and listen to their fantastic stories about Utah and what nice things there was to do there. I was also getting to the age when adventure and travel was really getting to me. I was absolutely bursting inside to find out what was over the mountains, and to see some and the world. When the boys were ready to leave, in a day or two that is, we planned together that I would slip away from home and meet them in Havre and go to Utah with them. It was agreed that no one would say a word to any of the family about me going with them.

The day they all got paid in the morning they told me they would be in Havre that evening. I said, "I'll be there." After breakfast, Dad told me to take the team of horses and start mowing the field of hay which was close by the highway. This made it perfect for me to slip away. I got the team hitched to the mower and was going past the house. As I passed this big tree in front of our house, Mother stepped out from behind it. She said, "I was waiting for you to pass." She didn't even come over to me. She just stood over there by that old tree and asked, "Denver, don't you love me anymore?" "Sure, I love you." "Then why are you planning to leave me?" "Leave you, why how did you know? Who told you?" "No on told me except you." Well, I knew I never said anything to her about leaving, but she knew. I was so ashamed that I couldn't get off that damn mower seat. So she came over and planted a big kiss on my cheek. "Do you remember your promise to me?" Boy! Did I ever. I jumped off the blinken mower and ran over to the bunk house, threw open the door and hollered as loud as I could. "I'm not going with you guys!" And I didn't.

In a year or two, Mother kissed me good-bye when I left for my mission. After I left for my mission, I never say Mother again. But I received many wonderful letters from her. Always she encouraged me to do a good job and do the Lord's work.

When I think of her now and try to remember all the things she did for me, I can't help but be amazed at how much she knew about me. Even things that I didn't know until later, when they would happen. In one of her last letters she wrote, "Denver, you don't need to look for a wife when you are out in the mission field; you will never find her there." How very true, how very true.

For about a month I didn't get a letter from Mother. I thought it was because of being out in the country like I was and I missed some of my mail. But then I received a letter from Dad. He explained that Mother had died. He said there is nothing you can do for her here. So we think you should finish you mission. So I did.

The story of our sister, Ila, is next.

The first memory I have of our dear Mother, Dora May, is when I was around 4.5 to 5 years old. She and Dad were getting ready to go to a wedding reception at the Church in Ammon, Idaho. She came out of the bedroom, ready to go, and what a lovely picture she was in a white Gibson girl blouse and a long black velvet skirt and a black

velvet hat with ostrich feather trim. Dad had bought the ostrich feather from Africa when he came home from his mission; also a black Persian lamb coat with a big lynx fur collar, very much in style then. Years later when I was nine years old, Mother cut that coat up and cut the fur down and made me a coat out of it with fur trim and all. I really felt elegant when I put that coat on and I wore it until I was 12 when it finally wore out.

When Mother was dressed up in her Sunday best she really looked lovely. I was always trying to mimic her and couldn't wait to grow up and be like her. When I was six I remember coming down stairs and came upon Mama and Dad making 3 bright red kiddie cars. Dad had made them for Christmas for us little ones and Mama was painting them. That's when I found out who Santa Claus really is. I was glad they didn't see me or hear me and I slipped back upstairs without a drink of water.

It was about that time that our two cousins from Illinois came to Idaho to live with us. Herman and Henry Waisath who had lost both their father and mother. There were ten children and the uncles and older brothers and sisters each took one or two of the Waisath and gave them a home. I just saw our cousin Henry Waisath on our trip east to Illinois in September and October 1976. He told me that our Mother, Dora May, was the sweetest woman that ever lived. He had tears in his eyes when he told me how good she had been to him and his brother, Herman. I remember she and Dad did treat them just like their very own. I can't remember how long they were with us, but when they were young men they went back to Illinois and there was a lonely feeling in our family because we missed them.

When I was 6 years of age, May 8, 1922, Mama gave me a very precious Dresden china doll that was handed down to each eldest daughter starting with her grandmother, Margaret Angeline Pace. Each mother from there on gave the doll to her eldest or first daughter on her sixth birthday. I was told how special this doll was and that I could play with it when I was alone but when company or other children came to visit me, I had to bring the doll to Mama where she put her in safe keeping. I'll never forget the joy it was for me when Mama handed me the doll and said "She's yours now, Ila. What are you going to name your dolly?" I knew immediately and told her I would name my doll Dora because to me the doll looks just like our mother, black hair and blue eyes. Later Mama's eyes became darker and sort of hazel color as she grew older. Dad's were such pretty brown color and he was really handsome when he was young. His eyes became lighter as he became older and were finally almost a green or gray and changeable.

Since I have been living in Washington state and California, I have had the opportunity of seeing many doll collections and lots of Dresden china dolls, but I have never, never seen a more beautiful one than my Dora doll. My granddaughter Darcy Marie Todd will be the next owner of this precious doll, as our two children were boys, the doll goes to my first granddaughter, Dion's daughter.

Our childhood days were happy but you better believe they were busy ones. We hoed garden after helping plant it in the spring. Mama always had a clean neat garden of vegetables, no time for flowers. Then there was the canning- hundreds of quarts of fruit, vegetables, jellies, jams and relishes each year.

One day Mama sent me to the garden some distance from the house to get some green onions and lettuce for dinner. Rula was a little toddler and had just learned to walk real good. She followed me, although I didn't know it. I got onions and lettuce and was coming by the head gate in the irrigation ditch when to my horror I saw my little sister in the deep water at the head gate. I dropped vegetables and pan and jumped in and caught her in my arms and held her tight. She had swallowed a good deal of water I guess because she vomited

and nothing but water came out. I rushed to the house with her and Mama told me what a good girl I was to save my little sister. She told me to put her in a warm tub of water and get her washed off and dried and into some dry clothes. While I was doing this, Mama got the vegetables and cleaned them for dinner. She said, "Poor little thing, she must have been so scared." But I noticed the rest of the day Rula got many an extra hug and kisses from Mama.

The summer I was eleven, Mama told me about menstruation and said she wanted me to know in plenty of time so I wouldn't be frightened like she was, because she didn't know it was natural as could be and part of becoming a woman. She started her menses at 15 years, but not knowing what it was she said she hid her clothes from her mother and took a cold bath in the creek by their house. Soon it began again and after several changes of clothes and cold baths she was found crying for her mother. Then grandma told her what it was all about, but rather late for Mother who didn't menstruate again until after she was married when she was 17 years old. I mean she was 17 when her next period came and she nearly died. They had to have the doctor come she said and they put her in hot sitz baths. So she told us girls early so that wouldn't happen to us. The next spring when we went to Chinook, Montana to live my menses started on my 12th birthday.

We arrived in Chinook in April of 1928. Mama was so patient on that tiring trip and I'll add just a little to what Cleo said about it. I think that was when Cleo learned so much about mechanics, because he certainly became a good one and when Cleo and Dad were gone for parts for the truck, mama would tell me, "We'll get there alright because Cleo is a good driver." The truck was over-loaded and looked pretty scary on those winding narrow mountain passes.

I'll never forget the night we arrived in Chinook. Such an awful dirt road from town to our irrigated farm, the old Hermes place. There was no electricity and we got out a gas lantern and a coal oil lamp and in a 10 room house it didn't seem like we had light to get dinner by. I remember after dinner Mama and I were exhausted after getting a place for everyone to sleep and getting the little ones to bed. I was washing dishes and Mama drying them and I noticed tears were streaming down her cheeks—but not one word of complaint.

Those were hard years there in Chinook. We fought mosquitoes and heat in the summer and below zero weather, as cold as 52 degrees below zero one winter. We had no central heating like we all enjoy now. It was wood and coal heaters, one in the dining room, one in the living room, and one in the kitchen range in the kitchen. There were ashes to take out every day and coal and wood to stock in every night for the following day. As I remember, that was Denny's job. He did a good job of it too.

There was a special closeness between Mama and me, and I could talk to her so easily about anything and she was a real companion to me. We would go to Chinook and trade our eggs for groceries we needed for clothing and household necessities. Then Mama began selling eggs for cash and saving the money as she had always had a desire to have a piano. Finally a wonderful opportunity came when a wealthy old lady, Mrs. Thibideaux, north of Chinook, had to sell her possessions and move into her daughter's home. She had a lot of fine furniture. Mama went to the auction and bought a beautiful piano for $300.00, all the money she had saved from selling eggs. This piano originally had been used in an old theatre in Great Falls. It was a cherished piece of furniture in our living room. (Mother bought a leather couch and chair at the same time that we thought were pretty nice, as we had never had any living room furniture before).

Mama started saving money then to give us girls piano lessons, all who desired to take them. Also, mama would spend any spare

time, which was very little, mostly Sunday afternoon, trying to pick up the notes she used to play on the organ when she was a Grandma Hiatts. She said her old fingers were so stiff from work they were too slow, but I noticed it wasn't too long before mama was playing the Church hymns.

Then she started me on piano lessons. She was so proud when I could play through a piece without any stops or mistakes. We used to sit on the piano bench together and she would pick out chords and have me play one end of the key board as she played the other. It sounded like, or something like chopsticks. But it was lots of fun.

I surely wish we had the piano in our family now. I wish one of the family had it. It was priceless. My teacher of piano came to our house for dinner one Saturday evening a few weeks after Mama died. We invited her to have dinner and spend the evening with us. She played the piano and how she could play! She was a concert pianist who had studied music in Germany, Rome, and New York. Her name was Idell Roper. She knew how we were grieving for our mother and she told me as we sat on the piano bench together that God chose to take Mother because he needed her. She said, "Ila, if you were going out in the garden for flowers; to gather a beautiful bouquet, you would look around and pick the very choicest blossoms you could find, wouldn't you? That is why God took you mother." I had cooked the dinner and she told me I certainly was a good cook and must have had a wonderful mother and teacher. And I surely did! We all did!

We also had an ancient but beautiful Victor record player called a Victrola. We had to wind it up on the right side with a crank when we wanted to play a record. That is something else that should have been preserved; also the lovely collection of Mama's records. There were all Strauss, Victor Herbert, Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, and many more artists and their classical works. What treasures they were! I thought how Mama's choice of music reflected her personality and her high standards. What a lovely woman she really was! Sometimes when she had a record on the Victrola and it was a special waltz she would grab one of us kids and waltz around the room and we were all so happy.

When Cleo would come in from doing chores to warm his hands and feet a bit before finishing chores he would put on his favorite records and listen to them, while getting warm. Among his favorites was one called, "The Wreck of the Old 97." Mama and I love that too, and to this day I can't think of all those words and my little grandson, Mason wants me to remember cause he likes it too. He says think hard, Grandma, try to remember. Denny liked "My Blue Heaven," as I remember. Strauss was my favorite and Mama's.

When I would be in town and see a pretty dress in Penny's store window, that I wished with all my heart to have I would come home and tell Mama about it. She would listen and ask all about how it was made and the next time we could get to town, she would say, "Let's all go to Penny's and you show me the dress you like so much." I'd show her and she would say, "Let's get the material." She never bought a pattern. She cut one to fit me from scraps of paper or and old newspaper. She even used rags from the rag bag. Paper was scarce those days too. When she finished sewing my dress it was a pretty as the one and better made than the one in the store widow but cost a lot less. She bought the material with her egg money but didn't buy a pattern because she could make one herself. Now that I look back she was always going without things for herself to get this for us children to make us happy.

All during the time between my age of 7-12 my Mother was teaching me to make laundry soap, hand lotion, how to cook, sew on the machine. I made doll clothes, and hemmed diapers for Mama when she was expecting a baby. For hand lotion she would go to Henry Martin's drug store in

Chinook and buy a large bottle of glycerin and rose water and mix them together and that was our hand lotion for the whole family. She saved every scrap of fat, like bacon rinds, fat from meat and bacon and meat drippings and would cook the soap in a large black wrought iron kettle in the yard over a wood fire. She mixed water, lye, and the fat and glycerin and brought it to a boil and we had to stir it with a big stick. The smoke from the fire got into our eyes, but it took constant stirring or it would boil over, so we all had a turn at it. We used this soap for laundry purposes only. It was strong and brown in color but surely got the clothes clean. Sometimes the soap was so white it looked like ivory. Mama was so proud of these batches. It was because she used just white fat from pork instead of rinds, drippings and cracklings. She cut it when it got cold into bars – just like ivory soap.

I can still see her making hominy corn. She took the shelled field corn, yellow or white, and put it in a big wash boiler on the stove covered with water. She added a can of lye when the water came to a boil and boiled it until the outside shell came off the kernels. Then she poured the lye water off and rinsed the corn several times then added salt to taste and canned the corn in the mason jars and sealed it. What a store of genius she had.

She dried fruit too, all kinds. We also made our own apple butter in that big iron kettle. We peeled the apples, cored and quartered them and put them in the kettle with water. This also had to be stirred until we added the sugar, cloves, cinnamon, and all-spice to keep it from boiling over. After adding the sugar and spices it settled down and bubbled away till it became cinnamon brown in color and thick, and oh so good. Then we canned and sealed it in mason jars.

Our mother taught me at a very tender age, between six and seven year of age to mix bread. The first time was at her bedside when she had one of the babies. She had me bring several sifter of flour to her beside and salt, yeast and potato water in a large bread pan. She told me to stir the liquid into the flour with the yeast and be sure to stir from the middle and add the flour gradually from the sides, as I needed it. She was so ill and so weak she turned over and fell asleep. I looked at her and decided to take my mess into the kitchen, so as not to disturb her. I am sorry to say my first try was a sorry and complete failure. But I learned and to this day I love to bake bread. Mama had a wonderful bread she would make just Christmas and Thanksgiving. It is a Pennsylvania Dutch recipe and is called currant loaf. I am going to give the recipe here and now in case anything happens to me. All the years I have made it from memory and don't have it down on paper. Now all my sisters can have it and all the rest of the family too.

Currant Loaf: Makes 2 large loaves-just double to make four. 2 cups mil, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 Tablespoon shortening (Crisco), ½ dup luck-warm water, 7 cups all purpose flour. Scald milk, add sugar, salt and shortening, in a large bowl and cool to luke-warm. Soften the yeast in the luke-warm water and stir into the luke-warm milk mixture. Add 3 cups of the flour and beat thoroughly. Let rise in a warm place until it rises to top of bowl, then add 1 cup sugar, 1 tsp. cinnamon, ½ tsp nutmeg, ½ tsp cloves, ½ tsp all spice, 1 cup black currants, 1 cup walnuts, (chopped or broken). Stir in the remaining flour and any more needed to form dough into a ball on the bread board. Place in greased bowl and cover with towel and place in a draft-free warm place to raise. When double in bulk, place on lightly floured board and cut into 2 loaves. Knead each and shape and place in greased bread pans. Let raise until almost double in bulk, then place in pre-heated 375 degree oven for 15 minutes. Then turn heat to 340 degrees and bake 40-45 minutes longer. Butter top of loaves and place on rack to cool. This is delicious toasted for breakfast too.

Mama was a very wonderful cook. When I started in Jr. High I began taking all the home economics I could get—cooking, sewing and child care and training. When I learned how to make pretty salads and fancy cookies, desserts and candies, Mama was so happy. And when we had beet laborers to cook for she turned all the baking over to me. At age sixteen, I was making 17 loaves of bread every other day (a far cry from my first try). They were high loaves and a beautiful texture if I do say so myself. Mama never forgot to praise me and tell me how nice it was to have another cook in the family. She saw to it that I always had the necessary things to bake with even though at times Dad thought it unnecessary to be so fancy. But Mama seemed to enjoy it because when she was first keeping house and cooking she and Dad were so poor there wasn't any fancy food and not time for making it. She told me that when Dad was on his mission in Africa and she was living with Grandma Hiatt, she worked as a maid in a hotel for a while to bring in a little extra money. She said that was the only time in her life that she could afford the luxury of a jar of face cream, or a bottle of hand lotion, while we of this generation are so blessed with luxuries like that, and also every convenience.

When I think how Mama sacrificed to give us children what we wanted—I could and do cry. I wish with all my heart that I could make it up to her. I only wish she could have been with us long enough so that we might have had the privilege and honor of have her in our homes after we were married. I always dreamed of that when I was about 11 and 12 years old. I would say, "Some day I'll marry a nice tall, dark-haired man and we'll have a lovely home and be able to give Mama a little luxury." Well, I married a wonderful, tall, dark-haired man who also had dark eyes and we have a lovely home and two wonderful sons of whom we are so proud, and four lovely grandchildren—Dion's Shawn, Darcy, and Chad; and Mari's son Mason. The only thing is, Mama isn't here and has been gone as long as we have been married, 43 years this coming September 9, 1977.

I was a junior in high school the year Mama was so sick. She had such pain from gall bladder attacks. That previous may 31, when our little Shirley Deloy was born, she never seemed to gain her strength back, and was sick in bed a lot and had so many bilious attacks. A dear sister in our Chinook Branch of the Church and a dear friend of Mama came to be with Mama when Shirley was born. She came each morning for about a week to bathe the new baby and Mama. Then I had to take over and do these things when she quit coming. I had pretty much most of the care of Shirley from then on, as Mama was so weak and unable to do much—but she never stopped or complained once.

I'll never forget the night she went to the hospital as long as I live. Dad came into the kitchen where I was doing dishes and getting a bottle of milk ready for Shirley. He said, "Mama wants you and Rula in her bedroom." We went in and she said, "Ila, I have to go to the hospital, I guess. Will you and Rula wash me and clean me up nice? I've been in this bed so long and I sure need a good sponge bath." She was too weak for any other kind. We bathed and powdered her and dressed her and when we helped her up we started to cry. She put her arms around us and said, "You mustn't cry and feel bad, be good to the baby." Then Dad took her out to the car and they left for the hospital.

In my heart, I knew right then and there, at the moment, that she wasn't coming home. Rula and I were completely hysterical for a while. The next four days were a nightmare. We prayed day and night, every meal time and begged our Lord to make Mama well. Never once did I ever say, "Thy will be done." I just couldn't say it. But we kept hoping and praying she would be all right. Dad stayed at the hospital most of the time and us kids

all ran things as we had been taught to do in our parent's absence.

Then Dad sent Brother Newell Packer, who had been at the hospital in Havre with Dad, out to our house and told us that Dad would be home for Easter Sunday dinner with us. Mama was better. Oh, what joy we felt, and Rula and I really out did ourselves making a Sunday feast for poor Dad, who was so tired. We had colored Easter eggs, and place cards the little girls made for each place setting. I made a beautiful Easter cake and we were all ready and waiting. When Dad came in he said, "I haven't had much sleep so I'll lie down until you get dinner on the table, Ila." I had just called everyone to the table and Dad came in and we knelt down around the table and had family prayer. We just finished prayer when the phone rang and it was the doctor at Havre, and he told Dad that Mama had taken a turn for the worse and had ether pneumonia. He said to come right away. So poor Dad left without any dinner and none of us felt like eating a bite. I know I didn't eat.

Brother Newell Packer came back to our house and said he was to bring me and Shirley to the hospital at once. I think Uncle Bill and Aunt Olga Blatter brought the rest of the children to the hospital—but by the time we got there Mama was delirious, and they wouldn't let anyone in. When I arrived, Aunt Olga and Uncle Bill were there, Brother Newell Packer and all our family. Dad was with Mama. Finally he came to the waiting room where we were all waiting. Aunt Olga was so good to us and was helping me with the baby, Shirley, who was crying and fussing a little. Finally we go her to take her bottle. Then Dad said, "Ila, I want you to come with me!" I left the baby with Aunt Olga and followed Dad to Mama's room.

During the time we were waiting in the waiting room, Aunt Olga told me that they had sent Wilford on his motorcycle (he was Uncle Bill and Aunt Olga's eldest son) to get my fiancée or husband to be. He was working east of Chinook on the Chauncey Flynn ranch. Aunt Olga said, "Your mother has been asking for him for two day." This was the first I had heard of this and Ralph didn't know either. I will say now that my mother and I had had many long talks about Ralph and I and our courtship. Mama really like Ralph and approved of him. Finally Wilford arrived at the hospital on his motorcycle and Ralph behind him in his car. As soon as he came into the lobby, they brought him to the door of Mama's room to wait outside the door until Dad and I came out.

I can't describe the shock I felt when I was ushered into Mama's room and to her bedside. Here I was thinking how she was getting better but instead her face was black with fever and she was in deep delirium. I said, "Hello Mama! Don't you know me?" All she said was she had been waiting for all those people and she would be glad when they came. Of course she was delirious. I tried to touch her and a nurse pushed me toward the door and told another one to get that hysterical girl out of there. And I hadn't said but two short sentences. The thing that hurt so much is that I wasn't prepared to see Mama that way, it was such a shock and secondly, to know I wouldn't see her when she would recognize me and we could talk.

As soon as I left the room, Ralph and Dad went in. As soon as Mama saw him she held out her hand and took his hand and said, "Where have you been?" This was in a completely rational voice, "I have waited so long!" No more delirium, it had completely left her. She said, "My body has been in Chinook two days and my spirit was just waiting for you to come here." Ralph said, "I didn't know and I came as soon as they told me." She said she was going and wanted to know if Ralph intended to marry me. He said he was, he surely was. The she asked if he would promise to take me to the temple and marry me in the temple. He promised he would. Then she said, "Ila will have a hard job to care for my little ones. Will you

help her?" He promised he would and she dropped her hand and gave a little sigh and said, "I'm ready to go now." Then she was gone.

When Ralph came back to the waiting room I could see he had been crying. He quietly told me that he would take Shirley and I home. We got about half way home to Chinook from the Havre hospital when I asked Ralph if he thought Mama would be all right. He said, "Yes, Ila, she will be all right." But I noticed he was crying and couldn't talk anymore. I had the distinct feeling then that she was gone and she was.

We got home and I fixed cereal and fruit for the baby, Shirley and fed her and put her to bed and was fixing dinner for the family when Brother Packer and Uncle Bill and Aunt Olga came to see if they could do anything as they brought the children home. When they saw that Ralph and I had everything under control, they left. The family finished dinner, and we washed the dishes and were just finishing, this was much later and after dark when Dad came in. I looked at him and he came over to me and took me in his arms and just sobbed and sobbed and finally told me that Mama had gone.

We were all in shock and such grief. I couldn't sleep for many, many nights. Rula and I slept together and shared a bedroom upstairs. We sure had many sleepless, restless nights and so did Shirley. We had her buggy upstairs in our room at night and she slept in that. The funeral was like a dream and I felt I would surely wake up soon and this awful nightmare would be over.

I remember President Ball of the Idaho Falls Stake told us children at that time that if we always remembered the things our mother taught us, we would never go far astray. He also told us, it's maybe hard for you to understand in your grief and loneliness but God needed your mother in the Spirit World or he wouldn't have taken her. I remember looking at my brothers and sister (there were two rows of us at the funeral, a large family) and thinking how in this world could anyone need her worse than we did. I think I felt worse for poor Denver as he was on a mission in the Central States and didn't even get to come home for his mother's funeral. Also I felt for my youngest brother, Iven—he needed his mother's love at his age, worse than any of us. My heart still aches for him and what he went through in the years ahead.

I think the hardest task for Rula and I, the eldest girls, and even Velta too, was to try to explain to our youngest brothers and sisters, Rayola, Itha, Fonie, and Iven why Mama was gone, and why she wouldn't be coming back. They just kept asking us over and over, and asking where is Heaven and why can't we go there to see her? Shirley at 10 months of age was too small to know or remember any of it. Rayola at almost 4 years was too young too, probably.

During those next weeks Mama's dear friends in the Relief Society of the Church were such a comfort to us children. Especially me—I think, as I was the eldest girl and now mother to the family. Cleo was married and had a son, Coyne Alton; Mama sure enjoyed Coyne, her only grandchild, and for just such a little while.

Denver was on a mission—so that left 9 children at home and I was the eldest. Dad in his grief would stay in the field from dawn until 10 o'clock at night. If he didn't come in for the noon meal I would send a lunch out to him. Sometimes he would eat it and sometimes he wouldn't; same at night. Sometimes he ate dinner before going to bed and sometimes he just washed and went to bed. How my heart ached for him! He seemed to just go into a shell, and didn't talk much. One time that summer he went to Cardston, Alberta, Canada to the Temple to talk to President Wood. After he came home from that trip he was determined that I go on a mission for the Church. He kept reminding me that my Patriarchal blessing said I would be called

to fill a mission. I just couldn't see how I could leave those little brothers and sisters of mine when the needed a mother so much.

So Dad and I went together to see Bishop Kenyon T. Butler about it. He listened in his kindly quiet way and looked at Dad and said, "Brother Blatter, I think your daughter, Ila, has already been called on her mission. I don't think she could possible fill a greater mission than she is doing right now taking care of this large family and keeping them together." Dad never mentioned it again, but said he wanted to go on a mission and thought I should be married before he left. So Ralph and I were married in our Dad's home on a Sunday morning before Sunday School, September 9, 1934. Our cousins Bethine and Levi Preston Blatter were our witnesses. They are Aunt Olga and Uncle Bill Blatter's children. Ralph and I were married in the temple one year and two days later in Logan, Utah.

I have gone into detail on our mother's life and death for a very good reason. Ralph and I have been asked so many times by the younger ones of the family, those who were gone at the time, and others who came after us like our children and grandchildren and I want them to know just how it was. I even had to ask Ralph some of the details during those dark days, as time does erase things from our memory. But Ralph saw Mother when she died. She was gone when he left the room so he and Dad were the last ones to see her alive.

Ralph has kept his promise to Mama in every way. The fall after we married, Dad left on his mission to the East Central States. Ralph and I lived with the children that first year while Dad was on a 6 moth mission and took care of those little ones like they were our own until Dad remarried.

Yes, Ralph did keep his promise and I for one have always been very grateful for the help and advice that he gave me. I also would like to pay tribute for the help and strength given by Cleo and Beryl and Denver after he came home from his mission. Denver has a great talent for tenderness and patience. I hope Ila will forgive me for adding this bit here. Also, I hope you know how much I love you!

Ila continues:

I want all the young ones who can't remember seeing Mama to know—she was beautiful in looks, actions, and was one of the sweetest mothers that ever lived. I hope and pray all you young children in the family will truly love and cherish your mother and father: as we only have on chance here on this earth to honor and obey them, and you will never be sorry, or have any regrets. May God bless you all. Ila.

Our brother, Leland Belo was born April 7, 1918 at the ranch southeast of Ammon. He had black or very dark brown hair, greenish-brown eyes and grew to about six feet in height and 180 pounds. I hope I'm remembering the facts right. It seems to me Dad and mother both had told us that if it hadn't been for the Priesthood, faith, and prayers, Lee would not have survived infancy. He seemed to contract pneumonia easily and had it three or four times.

To me it seemed the Lee was always looking for something that stayed just beyond his grasp. He was a handsome young mad with lots of spunk. He enjoyed boxing with his brothers and cousins. I don't remember of him being afraid of anything. He was anxious to excel and be accepted by his peers. He liked the best of everything, expensive clothes, the best horse, the fastest motorcycle, what he thought was the best car, and the prettiest girl. He told me one time that he bought the best because they would last longer- good thinking!

I can't remember anything specific about him before moving to Montana. I do remember he especially like pumpkin and gooseberry pie. One day he asked mother to make some gooseberry pie for him. She told him to pick the berries and she would make the pies for dinner. Pie and cake was a luxury for us because of the sugar. We had plenty

of lard as we had our own hogs. We had plenty of flour as Dad would trade wheat for flour. The first year of two in Montana was pretty bad but after we got started we had all that could be raised on a farm. The sugar was a precious item and gooseberry pies took lots of it. These were wild gooseberries but we found some bushes that produced fruit as large as the garden variety.

Across West Fork Creek was a lot of under brush and this was where the larger berries grew and this is where we saw Lee go. It got late in the morning and Mother said if he didn't come back soon, she wouldn't have time to make pies. When he did come, he was a terrible sight. He had found some lovely berries but didn't see the black hornet nest. Of course, as usual these creatures objected to any movement of the bushes. His eyes were so swollen he had trouble finding his way to the house. He had welts all over his face, neck, hands and arms. Mother made a paste of water and baking soda for bee stings. Sometimes we used mud from the ditch or river. We felt so sorry for Lee we went out for more berries but were sure not to go anywhere near the area he had been. I still have a horror of those black hornets. They had a large, long, very black body. They weren't as large around as a bumble bee but were and long or longer. They built huge nests in bushes, like the lilac, buffalo berry, chokecherries, and in our Potawatomi plum patch. I've seen these nests as large as a milk pail. If we found any nest around the yards Dad and the boys would burn them after dark with gasoline torches. Lee really suffered with those stings.

When Lee went to seek his fortune in the hills south of Chinook he learned some language and other things that Mother did not approve of. One of these was how to make homebrew. While Mother was away from the house one day he got the ingredients and made some of this brew and I was helping him. I asked him how he was going to keep it from Mother, because she always found out about things especially if it was something we shouldn't do. He said, "I'll hide it in the basement, there are lots of good places there." After I helped him cap it I forgot about it until the worst that could happen, did!

One night some of us were sitting in the front room when there was a loud noise from the basement. Mother thought it might be a cat that had gotten in by an open window, but the next time it was unmistakably the sound of glass breaking. I looked up from my book and caught Lee looking at me, his face was getting deep red and then he turned pale. Mother had already gone to the basement to investigate and Lee said, "Oh, no! It went wild!" He had hidden the bottles of brew behind Mother's fruit and vegetables and when it exploded it broke the jars of fruit. Mother had him find every one of the hidden bottles. He never made any more brew in Mother's house. That was one time she did the punishing instead of Dad.

One summer he got an infection that caused him to break out in boils. They were mostly on his arms and the back of his neck. I remember him hot packing them and when they were ready he would lance them himself. He did go to the doctor at first but decided he could do as good a job as Doc Hoon, especially for the smaller ones. There were no antibiotics in those days and it seemed like he had boils most of that summer. He even went with us on our annual Church camp out and brought equipment to boil water and his knife over to the campfire.

When Lee was a senior in high school, he, Rula and I went to Ammon, Idaho to school for the purpose of taking advantage of seminary. He stayed through potato harvest and then he and a friend took off on their motorcycles for California to make more money and see the rest of the world. Rula and I surely missed him. I don't think he was there more than the winter. Money was hard to find in the thirties no matter where you were. He had some bad spills with the bike but never broke any bones.

He spent a lot of time trying to learn to play the harmonica and guitar. I thought he did pretty well too. There were two songs I remember especially, yellow rose of Texas and my Pretty Quadroon. He

did the best when he thought he was alone.

When he was of the age necessary he went on his mission to Germany. The actions of Hitler at that time made it necessary to move the Elders to Austria, then to Switzerland, and then back to the States. I think he was in the Wisconsin area for a couple of months.

His high school sweetheart married while he was on his mission and this hurt him more than he would admit.

Mr. Conway, the superintendent of Chinook schools, asked Lee to speak and tell of his experiences in Europe. He made a good impression and we were so proud of him.

Leland farmed with Cleo at Tampico, Montana. The summer after the grasshoppers took their crops Lee joined with the Air force. This turned out to be an unhappy experience for him. The things the recruiter promised him didn't work out. He contracted a sudden illness and died of kidney and liver complications, September 12, 1941. I have always been grateful and thankful that Denny could be with him and help him as he did. The authorities failed to notify Dad in time to get there before he died. This was a very sad experience for us all, but especially Denny.

Lee was brought back to Chinook and dressed in his temple clothing instead of the uniform. It was a beautiful service and he was buried at the side of Mother in the Chinook cemetery.

When Ila sent her contribution about Mama she also wrote some things she remembers about Leland and I will add it to what I have written.

> The first thing I remember about our brother, Leland was when he was so very sick with pneumonia. Mostly I remember the talk of the neighbors and relatives to Dad and Mama about the incident because I was too young to remember by myself. Leland was only a few months old and mama had been using the only remedies we knew in those days, mustard plasters and camphorated oil. The baby got steadily worse. Finally Dad called Uncle Andorse Blatter to come over and help him administer to Leland. They anointed him with oil and administered to him and a few minutes later Leland began to choke and turned black. Andorse took his for finger and reached into the baby's throat and pulled out a rope of phlegm. It had been choking him. After that he got his normal color back and slept for hours. When he awoke the fever was broken and the crisis was past.

Leland was a handsome child and looked a lot like Mama. He later became a strikingly handsome young man. When we lived in Idaho we played stick ponies and cowboys. He was always Tom Mix, Rula was Hoot Gibson, and I was Fred Thompson. We sure used to have fun running around on those old rocky hills in Idaho.

Leland went to school in Idaho at Ammon and was gone a lot from home, so my memory is rather vague but I do remember the home coming when he and Levi Preston Blatter, our cousin came home from their missions in Europe. Hitler had been parading all over Germany while he was there and he was able to get some choice pictures of the parades and the elite Guard etc. After Leland came home he showed us all the slides he had taken. He also brought gifts for all of us. He brought me a real Irish linen tablecloth, which I still have.

He became very restless and stayed with Ralph and I sometimes during the day and lived with Cleo and Beryl mostly. Finally one day he came by our place and told me he had joined the Army air Corp. I asked him if he had told Dad yet. He said, "I'll tell him tonight." He left the next week for Fort Douglas, Utah, where he began his training. He was very disillusioned in the service because he wanted to fly a plane. He really believed he was going to get what he asked for when he signed up. They gave him a desk job instead. He saw the inevitable war between the U.S., England, and Hitler's Germany coming and was even heard to make the comment that he would

rather desert to Canada than be forced to fight and drop bombs on the German people. He had worked as a missionary for 2.5 years among those good people and the saints there were good God-fearing people. He said he could never fight them knowing he might be dropping bombs on some of them. So in goodness the Heavenly Father took him from this work to live with him. I'm sure of that!

Mother's seventh child, Rula was born on a cold snowy December 9, 1919. I remember the story being told of the terrible weather and trouble getting Dr. Miller out to the ranch. Rula hasn't said much about herself so I'm going to add what I remember. She is only five feet two inches tall but as a child had endless energy, strength, full of giggles and fun. She used to tell me I was too serious and lots of times I wished I could have been more outgoing as she was. She made friends more easily than I and I must confess I envied her for this ability.

Rula's husband, Art, took a picture of the old farm buildings southeast of Ammon and I would like to include it here. [*Note: Photograph has not been included in this publication.*] I think the buildings are pretty much the same as when we lived there. I remember the orchard being between the fence and the trees. I think the garden was to the right of the building. This picture was taken the summer of 1958. This is where Iven, Fonie, Natella, and Itha were born.

This is Rula speaking:

I think my first memories of my dear mama was in Ammon on the place near the foothills-our big raspberry and gooseberry patch-the large barn, a bum lamb that chased us kids every chance he got. I suppose the berry patch was all of 6 or 8 rows, and I have seen a lot larger barns since then; but to a small child it was a big world.

I can remember best the hours when the older kids were gone to school and I was home alone with mama and the smaller ones. I can remember a warm feeling of companionship in those hours-of course there were always chore to do, but when you are doing them with someone you love it didn't seem like it was work, it was fun. Then you got to tell the kids when they got home what you did while they had to go to school.

I can remember the days and days of illness when we had measles, scarlet fever, mumps, and etc., and the whole family was quarantined for weeks; and I cannot remember of Mama ever being really cross, throwing a temper and losing control. I hated those darn quarantine signs, they made you feel like a criminal; it was good when we took them down.

When we moved to Montana and Mama had to leave her home and the comfort of her friends and church affiliations and move to a strange country where these things were nonexistent, I don't remember any argument from her. Then when we got there and that big old house and the filth and mess that was there to clean up—I often wonder if she didn't feel like quitting; but I can't remember any evidence of such feelings, only courage and drive to do the job at hand.

I guess I can't remember much about Mama except that she was always working, baking, washing, ironing, gardening, cooking' but always there to take time to answer your questions and give of her unending courage. I think one of the most important things she stressed and taught us was honesty, honesty to everyone. And being in business since I married Art, I have appreciated this so much. I was just sure that if a person was a Mormon you could trust him and he always paid his bills or a least made every effort to do so. I can remember when Dad and Mama was really worried and concerned when the crop was in, if the money would reach to pay off the debts incurred during the year. I remember how mama longed to have a piano and nice furniture, which she never really ever had, I guess she left us too soon.

Who was it who said "All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my dear Mother." I think all of us can say this and really mean it about our Mama.

The arrival of the eighth child of Gottlieb and

Dora may, Velta, came on 16 March 1922 in the Judy home at Ammon. I think it was Cleo told me we lived in this home that winter and then moved permanently to the 40 acre farm southeast of Ammon soon after my birth. This is where we lived until we moved to Montana in April of 1928.

I remember being quite happy as a child. Of course there were times I had to be disciplined, but that is a learning process and I appreciate the training that was given me by both our parents. I only remember one spanking from my father for teasing Iven. Dad was trying to talk to a visitor and I kept jerking the walker or trike he was in. After that he just had to look at me and I knew I had to shape up.

It seems to me Dad was always in the Bishopric at Ammon and was away from home a lot. However, we did have what we called a "Family Nite" and we all had turns taking part. I don't remember how old I was but I remember Mother drilling me to say this particular little verse. I can still see her rolling out pie dough as she was helping me. It is still a good verse for children to learn: Never tell a lie dear children, No matter what you do! Own up and be a hero, Honest, brave and true. I loved to hear Mother sing and Dad play the harmonica— remember "Irish Washer Woman," Red Wing, and others.

I remember vaguely the episode of having scarlet fever. After Cleo and Denny had over come it they stayed either with neighbors or in a small building next to ours. I remember being in a very small room downstairs and was getting better when Iven and Fonie became ill. Fonie was the baby at the time and didn't seem to be as ill as Iven. I don't remember Dad or Mother being ill, although she could have been and just kept going. Iven had so much trouble. Dr. Miller came one time with the biggest syringe and needle I have ever seen. He gave some shots to Iven and then told us that he would have to go to the hospital. It was a pretty sad time to see them go. Ila, Rula, Lee, and Fonie and I were taken toe Uncle Andorse and Aunt Maggie. I remember him being very gruff and she very timid and always hurrying to get her work done. She made good apple pie. In case some of the children don't know, he is Dad's brother and she is Mother's sister.

When Iven finally came home Mother would have to wash his ear with running water from a syringe. I can remember her still doing this at times when we were in Montana. He had complications from the scarlet fever and the infection settled in his inner ear. I still remember holding the syringe for her and she would lay him across her lap, the water would run in and out his ear into a pan. I can still hear her say, "Poor little Iven." After she was gone Iven was having trouble staying at home (he must have been 13 or 14). I had a dream of a large building with stairs inside. There were many people standing around and on the stairs. At the top of the stairs Mother was standing and I heard her say again, "Poor little Iven!" How she loved her children.

There are many memories of our home in Ammon. One of them was storing apples for the winter. The boys or Dad would dig a pit (in the orchard, I think) and line the pit with new straw. Then we would pick out the best apples and lay them on the straw and cover all with straw and then dirt. This way we had fresh apples all winter. Mother also dried apples, especially when we were in Montana where the ground froze so deep. Of course fruit wasn't so plentiful there. These apples made delicious pies or we would just eat them like candy. I remember flour sacks with dried corn and apples hanging in the upstairs.

One time I got left at church. I had some pretty bad thoughts for a few minutes but it wasn't long and back they came for me. You can bet I was on hand after that when Dad was ready to leave. That smile on Mother's face was always so beautiful; it said a million kind words. She always saw that we got to Primary. It seems like we rode a horse in the summer. Seems like there were 4-5 of us on that old work horse and we had some great times. Mother used to send me to the field with a gallon water pail to give Dad and the boys a drink but I always had to have a nap first.

There were trips to Taylor Mountain to pick chokecherries and sarvous (service) berries. These were really fun times with a picnic lunch and all. Mother used to show us the different formations of clouds and we could find all kinds of shapes of animals, ships, etc. She helped me to see the beauty of the world; Dad taught me to appreciate beauty in growing things and beauty of good soil.

Early spring brought us the pleasure of raising bum lambs. It was not an unusual sight when we came to the kitchen for breakfast to find a lamb or two lying by the kitchen stove on a gunny sack (called burlap now). Sometimes these lambs lost their mothers or the mother would reject them and we would feed them with milk from a bottle with a long black nipple on it. Mother put up with having them in the house until they were warm and able to drink milk and then out to the shed they went.

Just before Christmas, Dad would take the lambs to market and we lost our pets. Some of them got pretty mean and I was glad to see them go. We had one that liked to chase us from the house to the little house and back and more than once we got knocked down. Anyhow, with the money we bought shoes and clothing and many times that was considered our Christmas. I don't remember Mother going with us on these trips.

We had a jersey bull that went on the rampage one time. One of the kids got caught in the little house and was petrified with fear. Dad couldn't get him into the corral and sent someone for the rifle. There wasn't time to wait for the rifle so Dad picked up a large rock and threw it. The rock hit him between the eyes and he dropped dead.

I remember having mumps at Ammon. The Relief Society ladies came to visit as Mama had been confined to the house for some time with sick children. She told them she wasn't sure I had mumps because I was too active and jumping on the bed most of the day. One of the ladies told her to give me a pickle to eat and we would both know what I had. Mother just smiled and I decided I'd better be more quiet as the lady said it would really hurt if I had the mumps. I also remember them coming the winter I had measles but I was really sick and gave no behavior problems.

Before we moved to Montana we went to visit Grandma Hiatt in Rupert, Idaho. I don't remember if we all went or just Mother and the younger children. I loved to visit Grandma Hiatt because she was so good to us and it was so much fun to play with Uncle Horace. It did have one unpleasant feature however. I either had feet in my face or my back. Grandma was short but Mother and Aunt Edna were quite tall. Grandma's house was very small and Uncle Horace would always tease us and say. "We'll just hang the young ones from the ceiling."

The events of the trip to Montana are getting dimmer but I still remember the time we had trouble with the lights on the truck at Wolf Creek Canyon. It is one of the many experiences with Mother that has strengthened my testimony of prayer. We were starting down the mountain when the truck lights failed and no matter what they did the lights would not come on. They decided to let the cars go ahead with the women and children and get a hotel room in Wolf Creek. I don't remember the details except when the men had left for the truck, Mother took all of us into the closet of that room and shut the door and then sent up a prayer to her Heavenly Father. "Please help the men to get the light to work and get the truck down the mountain safely." And her prayers were answered. The men could not get the lights to work at first and was starting down without them. Suddenly, the lights came on and they came safely down to us. As Iven has said, some of us did have a terrible time with car sickness. We just had to help each other because Mother had her hands full with the baby, Itha, and Fonie who wasn't much over three years.

It was a joyous night when we got to Chinook and saw that beautiful large, rock house. There were so many rooms, hardwood floors and a pump that brought water from the cistern. At least the pump worked for a while. The water for the cistern was hauled from Chinook where they pumped it

from Milk River and filtered it and chlorinated it. We had rain barrels at every corner of the house to catch the soft rain for bathing, washing and etc.

Mother washed our clothing on the washboard and boiled them in a large boiler in what we called the 'well-house'. There was a well there but the water was impossible to use as it had so much iron and mineral in it. Eventually it was filled in with dirt. Mother did the washing this way for several years and then one day when she came home from Relief Society there was the washing hanging on the line. How she laughed at the way the clothing was hung. I think it was Bert Murphy that sold Dad the washer and they wanted to surprise Mother by having the washing all on the line when she came home.

During the winter our diet consisted of potatoes and gravy, meat, milk, eggs, and those vegetables that could be store in sand or canned in jars. By spring we were all hungry for something green. I went with Mother to find what we called pig weeds and we used these for greens. They have a broader leaf than the salt weed. The salt weed had a silvery surface on the back of the leaf and was not good to eat. These weeds were quite good served with salt, pepper, butter and vinegar. They served the purpose until the chard came on in the garden. We had short summers there but things grew very fast when they got started. This is probably due to the low elevation and high humidity, also the warm winds.

When the movies first came to Chinook, we of course, couldn't afford to go. I don't remember what the occasion was, but Dad wanted to take Mother to the movie, Ramona. She was so excited and talked about it for a long time afterward. She would sing and hum the tunes as she worked. She loved music and we later had a radio and it seems we used the old Victrola a lot. Rula used to do the sweeping and mopping with that phonograph going full blast.

Mother used to call me the 'book worm' of the family and was always getting after me for trying to read sitting behind the stove where it was warm, and where she said there was not enough light from the kerosene lamps. I can see her in the evening just before dark getting the lamp chimneys clean.

I loved school from the beginning and I liked most of my teachers but I had a problem with Miss Claypool. Maybe some of you remember her. It seems in the 4th grade I had a problem with geography and I don't remember Mother helping with school work except that she expected us to get our studying done and good grades. I was always proud to have her see my report card except this one time. I received a 'D' in geography. All she said was, "Why?" I really couldn't think of a reason that would excuse me. So I just said what popped into my head, "Oh, that old teacher don't know anything." I surely didn't get very far with that answer. She frowned and oh, how I hated to see her frown, and said something that I never forgot, "Velta, you can't blame anyone for your grades but yourself. If you really want to learn your teacher will help you. I expect much better next time." I thought of this experience more than once during my school life when I had difficulty with a subject. And of course, she was right, you get out of anything in life, just what you put into it!

It was one of my chores to gather eggs. We had a chicken coop, a perfectly good building with nests filled with straw. However, there were always some hens that would make my chore very difficult and sometimes impossible—or so it seemed to me. Our house was built in the shape of a + sign and in each corner was a screened porch. Under two of these porches the contrary hens would hide their nests. It didn't bother me to look through mangers and the loft of the barn, the sheds, bushes, etc., but I hated the porches with a passion. Mother always knew about how many eggs I should get and knowing this I would gather up my courage and get the eggs. The crawl space was small and I'd have to feel my way after I once started through the hole because my body shut out all the light. I never did like spiders and of course, I knew they were under there in the dark. I can't remember whether I finally thought of it myself or someone told me but I finally put a rock over the hole and kept the hens out. Many times

I've dreamed of hunting eggs and finding so many my apron wouldn't hold them.

Rula and I would go early to school on days we had eggs to sell and take them to Campbell's market. On one occasion mother told us we could get us something for our lunch. We got the idea we could do this anytime we like because the eggs we took in paid for it. Chickens are not always dependable however, and at the end of the month we were confronted with what we had done. Dad paid the bill but we had to use our hard-earned beet thinning money to pay it back. I've never liked to charge groceries ever since.

Mother was a whiz with the broom. Everything that got in her way got it! Even the old jersey bull that pawed the earth and bellowed until you heard him for a mile was controlled one day with the broom. Some one was bringing the cows into the corrals and as usual the jersey bull of ours and the black Holstein of Maneys, our neighbors, was trying to tell the world who was the greatest. The jersey headed for the house where we were playing. Mother grabbed the broom and went at him as if her little broom could hold back a herd of fighting bulls. I was amazed at the way he settled down and went plodding off to the corral shaking his head.

We always had a large garden with lots of work involved. When Mother had time she worked along with us but if she was busy in the house or with church work or helping Dad in the field, she expected us to do our share. The bean harvest was something that fascinated me. When they were the right color on the leaves and the pods started to turn color she would help us pull them by the roots and place the stalk in a circle with the roots to the center. They were left this way until they were dry and then we used one of Dads canvas dams to thresh them on. The smaller children did the tramping so the beans wouldn't be broken. To me this was a fun time because we would sing and play while we went around in a circle. After the pods were all popped we gathered off the stalks. Then she would use two large dish pans to winnow or clean the chaff from the beans. This is another picture I hold dear: Mother standing with one pan high above her head and the other on the ground for the beans to fall into. She would pick the windiest days so the dirt and chaff would blow out easily.

Mother told me once she didn't have a very good sense of smell because of sinus problems but she could always tell when there were skunks around because she said that odor penetrated anything. Do you remember how she loved lilacs in the spring? She would have us bring huge bouquets into the house while they were in bloom.

She would help us pick chokecherries by the tubful, buffalo berries, currants, plums, gooseberries, and of course vegetables. One morning we had picked string beans early and were sitting by the stove getting warm and breaking beans at the same time. There was one of those huge blue kettles full of chokecherry jelly simmering on the stove and Mama told some one to stir it. I was told to move so they could get at the kettle but I didn't and the jelly got accidentally pulled over, spilling the hot syrup down my neck. Someone jerked my shirt off and mama washed off the syrup and put a mixture of soda and olive oil on the burned area. It seems anytime I have ever been injured or gotten into trouble it has been because of stubbornness or disobedience.

Mama also made puddings from the chokecherry juice that was delicious with sugar and whipped cream. Another delicacy was a piece of her warm bread with sugar and plain cream on it. She didn't approve of this very often because of the precious cream and sugar.

We had great times with ours and Uncle Bill's family on holidays and Sunday afternoons. We each had a freezer and would make them both full. Aunt Olga used Renee tablets and cooked the custard for hers and Mama didn't cook her custard. Uncle Bill always had a certain spoon to eat with and had to have bread and butter with the ice cream because he said it made his head ache if he didn't.

We also had popcorn covered with chocolate

syrup that was really a treat. We would clean out the wash boiler and fill it with popcorn (by the way, we raised our own corn) and Aunt Olga would make a huge skillet full of the syrup and pour it over the corn. Then we all helped ourselves.

For the holiday dinner Aunt Olga would roast a goose and Mama would roast either duck or chicken. Her dressing was very moist and Mama's was dry and crusty. I have never been able to make it like she did. Mother made carrot pudding that I think most of the family has the recipe for. She made a white sauce that I've never been able to make quite like she did. She also made a cottage pudding that was very good. I was hoping Ila would put this recipe in her story also. Carrot pudding is still a tradition in our family. I make it and send it to those of the family that can't come home for Thanksgiving.

Aunt Olga and Mama would make soap together sometimes in the summer. We really had great times together, work or play. The only time I didn't have a good time was when the boys would bring out the boxing gloves and everyone was expected to have a turn at a round or two. I got so I would make myself scarce when I saw the gloves brought out. I don't remember Mama being especially fond of this pass-time either.

Mother made our panties and slips out of flour sacks as was usually the case for most families. I remember when I was in the first grade I had a pretty wool plaid dress for Sunday and school and for everyday she made a dress out of old denim from the best pieces of Dad's old overalls. We never wore shoes in the summer, except to Church. It was really a calamity when one of the little ones lost their shoes during the week, and this did happen, more than once.

Mama taught us how to pray and the importance of using the Priesthood. One time I told her of waking in the night and being so frightened I couldn't go back to sleep and she said, "Any time you are afraid about anything, all you need to do is get down on your knees and ask Jesus to help you, and He will." The system works.

There are many pictures I hold dear of our mother; some are sounds too. For instance, the sound of the old coffee grinder early in the morning before Dad would come to the foot of the stairs and call us. By the way, the grinder was used to hand grind roasted barley for our warm drink in the mornings. I see her working in the house, garden, field, holding her babies and humming a lullaby. Beautiful pictures! I remember her sewing with the Relief Society ladies and making rugs. She was in the Relief Society with Sister Bailey and Sister Stradford.

Although as others have said she was quite ill most of the winter before she died, I remember her concern for other that had illness and death in their families that year. When the Newell Packer twins died two weeks apart she baked a cake and had me carry it to town to their house. It had been quite cold but a Chinook wind came up and it was a beautiful day. Sister packer thanked me and said, "Your mother has so much to do and isn't well herself, yet she thinks of others!"

The school put on a beautiful Christmas program each year and Dad and Mama would take all the children to it. She was always so proud of us; we usually were all in the chorus.

In January of 1934, Mama bought some white organdy and made me a front apron. She drew some flowers on it and got the embroidery floss to finish it. She started sewing it for my twelfth birthday. I didn't know what she was doing at first; then she became so ill and she showed me what she was doing and how to make the stitches and said she wanted me to finish it because she just didn't feel well enough to do it with all the other things she had to do. She said, "You will soon be a young lady, Velta, and I want you to have something pretty."

Reading has always been a major thing in my life from the time I first learned to read. I knew those fairy tales so well, I could recite them instead of reading. After Mother died, I spent more time than I should have, maybe, with my nose in a book

or day-dreaming. One day when I was looking through the treasure in the old trunk I found the Memorial record the mortuary had given Dad. I remember asking someone why we didn't fill it out and if I could. Anyhow, I put some dated and event down at that time and put it with my scrapbook that I kept. I remembered the other day that I must have it somewhere here and did find it.

In this record it says that Mother had surgery for gallstones on Tuesday, March 27, 1934. Dad stayed with her through the rest of the week until Friday. She was doing so well he came home to tell us and get some rest. He wasn't home long enough for supper as Ila said, when he go a call to come back to the hospital.

On Sunday April 1, Easter Sunday; and I always remembered the day because it was also April Fool's Day. Leland, Ila, and Shirley stayed home to get dinner for us and then we were all going to see Mother. During Sunday School Dad came home or rather to the meeting and I knew when he walked into the meeting that things were bad. He went to the front and then the whole Sunday School knelt down in prayer and they asked for her to be healed if it be God's will. Those of us at Church were taken to Brother and Sister Bailey's for a lunch.

I don't know how we got to the hospital. I do remember Uncle Bill and Aunt Olga and the problem about getting Ralph there in time to see Mother as she was asking for him. There were two groups of children went in to see Mother and I didn't write down if it was after Dad and Ila were in or not. When I went in there were four or five of us and I carried Shirley. As we came down the hall I heard Mama say something about 'that old surgeon'. As Ila said, Mama was a dark purplish color and her lips were brown from the fever. I came close to the bed with Shirley and she grabbed and hugged her until Shirley protested. Dad had to take the baby from her. She took each child's hand and then they were taken out by the nurse. When she took my hand she said, "Be a good girl, Velta."

Someone took us home and I'll never forget how I felt when I saw Ila's beautiful table still set for an Easter feast. Her services were held in the Lutheran Church which was a beautiful gesture of that people, because we had been meeting in the hall at the Chinook Hotel at that time. The services were held Thursday, April 5, at 2:00 pm with K. Taylor Butler officiating. The Relief Society sisters sang and Sister Jack Patterson played, "Oh My Father."

Like Rae has said after Mama died we didn't talk a lot about her which was wrong. That is one of the main reasons I've wanted to get something in writing for others. I think I must have withdrawn from others and take consolation form books. But I did think much about the things that happened during the time she was with us. Also, I have tried to remember the good things she tried to teach us.

The next fall I started taking music lessons from Miss Roper. She had a night class where all her students came together and studied different things pertaining to the piano and other instruments. This class was held at 5:00 pm and lasted for about an hour. It would be dark by the time I got out of the class and would have to walk home alone. On one occasion after the class I started home with a dread of walking alone. There had been two girls molested in the same field I had to cross on my way if I went through the short cut and if I went around the road I would have to pass the houses of the half-breed people. So, I took the field as it was shorter and the lesser of two evils.

I was going through the underbrush when I was impressed to look behind me. Of course my first thought was that a man was going to jump at me from behind a bush. But instead I heard a voice say, "You don't need to be afraid, it's your mother following you!" I was never again afraid of being anywhere in the dark. This has been a sacred and cherished experience; one that I feel now should be shared. I'm sorry I've been selfish and kept it to myself; I know she must have been and still is watching over and caring about what happens to us all.

When Jim and I were married in the Cardston Temple we were in the sealing room and President

Wood asked me who was in the room that we couldn't see? When I hesitated, he told me my mother was there too. Temple marriage is a sacred experience but this made it even more so to me.

The last but not least of our mother's sons was born September 8, 1923 at Ammon, Idaho. These are the impressions and experiences he remembers connected with his mother.

> The first I can remember is being wrapped up in a blanket on the table. I don't know how old I was but it had to be about three. I was being taken to the hospital (I had scarlet fever).
>
> Then one day I was getting in Dad's way (he was building a barn, I believe) and got hit in the lip with his hammer. I can remember him putting egg shell membrane on it.
>
> On the trip from Idaho to Montana it is hard to realize now days the burdens she must have had to endure. I think my sisters all had a problem with car sickness. Some of us were not old enough to be anything but trouble. We had stopped at a school house for the night, Mom took me in her arms for just an instant and said, "I'm glad you don't get car sick."
>
> These are just flashes but I think they show how much love and gentleness she must have had, to be impressed on a mind as young as I at that time.
>
> I could be wrong about some of these figures but you asked me to write as I remembered it. I believe Mother was with us six years in Montana. Although as I am older my memory fails me. I seem to remember times when I hurt my mother's feeling more vividly than others. I can see her standing in the yard over a big black kettle making soap. I also get a few flashes of her as my Primary teacher.
>
> Then one night, I think it was early in the morning, my father came home, came upstairs and got in bed with me. They had been to the hospital in Havre visiting Mom. I asked, "How is Mom?" He said, "Mom won't be coming home anymore."
>
> As I try to remember I still feel sad not only because I know that had I had her guidance for just a while longer I would have been a much better husband and father to my dear wife and children. And I know they have been deprived of much happiness from not having known their Grandmother Blatter…
>
> — *Iven*

As I remember, when we were in Montana and Mother still with us, we called our younger brother "little Ike". He always ate twice as much as anyone else but never seemed to grow until he was in high school. Now he is a large man with a big bark and a tender heart. He kept me from freezing to death on the way home from school one day. I was so cold. I was tired and wanted to sit down in the barrow pit but he practically dragged me the last quarter mile. This was the day I froze both my legs.

A blonde, brown-eyed girl was born January 25, 1925 at Ammon, Idaho. This is Fontella's memories:

> I can't remember much but what I do remember is very vivid in my mind. I, Fontella was 9 year and 2.5 months old when our Mother passed away. We move to Montana when I was 3 years of age and I don't remember but one incident of our life in Idaho.
>
> Mother had made a chocolate cake and she let me scrape the bowl out. I sat on the door step as I did this. I remember when we got to Chinook we had a lot of cleaning in the house when we moved in.
>
> Also, I remember Mother having us bring fresh straw to the house to make straw ticks to use as bed mattresses. I remember Mother baking fresh bread and it was always a special treat to have a piece when it was still warm, with butter on it, especially if it was the crust or end piece.
>
> This one afternoon after she had give me a piece, she asked me to go outside and get and arm load of wood for the stove. I don't remember what I said but she came towards me and said, "Don't you sass me!" That is one

thing we never did, is to answer back when we were told to do anything. Dad was strict and we always minded him and did what he said. Mother never raised her voice and was always quiet.

One day Iven and I were supposed to be out in the field watching the sheep. We somehow got it in our heads we didn't have to stay out there or didn't want to so we came home, knowing all along we would get into trouble. We did! Mother asked us what we were doing and why we came home. We said we didn't want to stay out there. She told us to go sit down on the floor. When Dad came in and asked where we were, she told him, and of course we got a good spanking and sent back out.

I remember my mother going out into the field on the mowing machine with a team of horses. Even though there was plenty of work at home with a large family, she worked in the field when she was needed.

One time, I think it was Velta and I, or Itha and I, had a play house. This one time I went to the chicken house and got three or four eggs and used them to mix with our make-believe pies and cakes. When Mother found out she scolded us for wasting the precious eggs on our make-believe cooking and baking.

I remember when Shirley was a baby, Mother was having trouble with gall stone attacks. I know she suffered a lot from them. I would take my turn taking care of the baby, rolling her to sleep in the baby buggy.

The day or night before Dad took Mama to the hospital we were all in her bedroom and she gave each of us a hug and then said to Dad, "I don't want to go to that hospital." We were anxious about her and one Saturday Dad came home and said Mama was better and we were so happy. But the next day was Easter Sunday and Ila had fixed a lovely Easter dinner. The table was so pretty—but our day was shattered because Mama was worse and we were all taken up to see her. I remember she didn't know us and talked delirious. But she recognized the doctor when he came into the room. She said, "You old surgeon, you." She passed away that night and what a void she left in our lives. I remember most of all, that she was patient, Kind, soft spoken. I hope the older brother and sisters will write what they remember because my contribution seems so small.

— Fonie

I thought Ila would mention the circumstances of the birth of Natella, but since she didn't, I will tell what I remember Ila telling me last March when we were there. Ila said Natella was a beautiful, perfectly formed baby, but sister Owens told her that her little sister wouldn't be with us long and this proved to be true as she didn't live through the day. She was born June 6, 1926 at Ammon, Idaho. Sister Owens was a cousin of Mother's and a midwife. I remember going into the kitchen and seeing the baby lying on a pan of ice, then people came they took her little body and buried her. So now Mother had three babies laid to rest.

One cold October day I remember being sent from a warm house with my elder brothers and sisters to clean potato vines form the field and bury them. I heard the older children saying that Mama was going to have her baby today. We piled up potato vines and made a fire and roasted potatoes that the pickers had left in the rows. We younger ones thought this was great fun even if it was cold. We had fun playing cowboy and tag. It seems Tom Mix was a favorite at this time and we all had a stick horse. So on this October 25, 1927, another blonde, brown-eyed girl was born. Our sister, Itha May, was blessed with the gift of having the temperament of her mother. I have never seen such patience. Itha writes:

I have searched my memory and things seem so dim I can't separate what I have been told about Mother and what I actually remember. As a child before her death I must have lived blissfully and happily. I can't remember anything except maybe herding cows or sheep with Ike. Maybe Fonie did

too, and it might have been her but it seems we were supposed to be watching the cows and we came in and Mama was washing the separator. We had thought it was surely dinner time or noon; we were so hungry. She saw Dad coming across the yard so she quickly gave us some bread or something to eat and ushered us out the back door to get back to the cows.

Then I can remember the night she died and it seems I was sleeping with Velta or she came in where I was sleeping. We heard all the people talking downstairs. When we found out what happened, you all cried and I did too, but never really knew what it all meant. I remember Mama had been gone but never realized she was gone for good.

Then I went to school and Mrs. Thorsen, my first grade school teacher, asked why I was crying, I told her my mother died. When school started she asked me to go fill her water pot for watering her plants down in the lavatory. While I was gone the kids told me she told them, and they were to bring a dime, and they would buy flowers for Mother's funeral. She was a lovely teacher.

I remember one other incident of which I'm not very proud but I had been naughty and maybe confused because of Mother's death, and angry; but was naughty, nevertheless. Ila sent me or put me in the basement and there were no lights and it was very dark. I kicked and banged on the door and shouted, "You're not my Mother!" The door flew open and I almost fell on her and she said, "Nobody knows that better than I do, Itha!" I was crushed. I think I began to realize from that day that I wasn't the only one hurting and started thinking of how Dad must miss her and all you others.

I've tried to tell my children something of her but only could remember a few things you girls, and Dad and the boys had told us. I have only known that you girls cherished and loved her and I have always wished I could remember more and wanted to be like her.

— Itha

Another two and a half years of work with good times and bad passed by and another baby was expected in the household of Dora May and Gottlieb Blatter. Even though no one suffered from want of material things, money was very scarce and we did with what we had. I had turned eight years old in March and this was the beautiful but busy month of May.

I was worried about where the new baby would sleep. It seemed like this particular day was a Sunday and Mother, Leland, and I were home. She told Leland to go to the town dump and see if he could find and old buggy. When he came back he did have one that to me looked impossible, but she was so happy with it. She took the body part off and had Dad build a box that sat on the old frame, varnished it and put a mattress in it and we had a cozy be for our little dark-haired, brown-eyed baby sister, Rayola, born may 28, 1930. To me, this was more my baby than mother's. I slept on the cot in the living room and would rock the bed if she awoke. It seemed Mother was always so tired—and I remember her thanking me for being her baby tender.

Rayola wrote:

> It has bothered me all my life because I know so little about Mother. I remember Ila says she was good natured. Denny teased her a lot, untying her apron strings etc., and she just chased him around the dining room table and out the front door.
>
> I remember one personal incident I don't know how old I was but probably 3. We had butchered a pig. They brought it in the big farm kitchen and put it on sheets that Mama had laid on the floor. They were cutting fat to render for lard. I had watched her cut the fat into small squares for some time. For some reason which I can't remember or didn't know, Dad and Mama had to go to town. I was told to stay as it was winter and cold. They were only going to be a few minutes. Before she left she told me to not touch the knife as it was terribly sharp and I would cut me. Maybe they just

went outside for all I know, and Dad needed Mama to help him. At any rate as soon as they were gone I looked at the knife and thought how fascinated I was to watch that knife slip through the fat. Well, you guessed it, temptation was too great. I picked up the knife and was only going to make one try. I cut myself and when mama came back in I was ashamed and held my hands behind my back. All she said was, "Cut ya, didn't ya!" I couldn't help but marvel at how she knew. She was kind and gentle and bandaged the finger with the love of a mother but never babied me. It seems I had to learn so many things the hard way.

I remember one other thing, I hate to talk about this because every time I did, it upset you older girls and you didn't want me around when I talked about things like this. I understand now, why. You loved her too.

At Mama's funeral I was in a large crowd of people. They were singing "Oh, My Father." Everyone was crying. I didn't know why. Later we went into a room and stood around a box, I know now that it was her casket. I couldn't see. Then Dad picked me up and said, "Say Good-bye to Mama!" She was in a beautiful white dress but what I remembered through all my growing years was something green. I know now what it was, her apron. That's all I remember except once I asked Dad what she looked like when I was about 10 or 12. He said, "Something like the picture we all have but the eyes are the wrong color." I've always had such a curiosity to know what she looked like.

When I was fifteen we had a dry farm 20 miles north of Havre. Dad left me there alone one day as the thresher broke down. He went to get parts if he could or a new one if possible. I was there all week alone.

One night I had a dream. I dreamed we were living on the farm at Chinook and I was alone at home mixing bread when there was a knock at the door. I said just a minute and wiped the flour from my hands. I went to the door and there stood two women in long white dresses. I said to one, "Blance, how are you? Come in!" It was Blance Wadsworth. Then I looked at the other woman and I recognized her as Mama, from the picture we have of her and what I was told. I stretched forth my arms to hug her and said, "You're my mother!" Before I touched her or as I reached her she disappeared. I sat up in the bed wringing wet with perspiration, I was so impressed by this dream; I could not go back to sleep or even lie down. I got up and lit a lamp and waited till daylight and then went out to the tractor to summer fallow. That morning Dad came back. I told him about the dream. He cried and told me Blance had died. He said Mama had not yet been resurrected and then read to me in the Doctrine and Covenants; where you can tell if it is a good spirit, or one resurrected, or one trying to deceive you.

This is the sum of my memory about Mama or anything to do with her. I love her so much for all she did for me, even though I don't remember much.

—Rayola.

Another three years of hard work followed. Mother supported Dad in his Church work, worked in the Relief Society presidency herself, and helped as much as she could on the farm besides raising a large garden, canning, and drying vegetables as they were available. She saw that we attended our various meetings also.

The months before our beautiful little dark-haired, brown-eyed sister, Shirley Deloy, was born were rough on Mother. She was having much trouble with her gall bladder, and speaking from experience, she must have had terrific pain. It seems pregnancy aggravates this condition. This didn't keep her from being filled with joy at the thought of having another baby in the house. Her face always lit up when she would talk of it. Shirley was born may 31, 1933. There was some disagreement however, about the name. For some reason, I seem to remember her wanting to name her Shirley Jean,

and then when she was blessed, it came out as Shirley Deloy. No matter the name, to use she was beautiful and mother was so proud of her.

It is a little much to expect Shirley to write her memories of Mother as she was only ten months old when Mother died. This is the response from Shirley.

> I have found out lately that my memory plays tricks on me. Since my sickness in the sixties, I don't keep things straight. I don't remember who said what about mother. All I know is I wished I had been one of you older ones—so I could have known her. I've always felt left out when it comes to this subject. Like maybe I was one too many for her to have had, with her health the way it was.

Shirley, you do your mother an injustice when you have thoughts like this. As Denver said, this was her business and she loved each one that she expected; the last was expected with as much joy as the first. When you were born Itha and Ray had chicken pox and I had charge of keeping them upstairs until the pox was all gone. I felt so bad because I couldn't hold you for so long. I could just stand at the head of the stairs and look at someone else holding you. It seems I was the nurse of the family even then. That was the only time I resented it, and I wouldn't be surprised if I wasn't a little cross with the girls for having the chicken pox.

It was at this time that we went through the old trunk and looked at all the pictures and read all the letters a dozen times. I even read the Book or Mormon to them.

Sometime after Shirley was born, during the summer, Leland decided to seek his fortune in the hills south of the farm. It must have been about 40-50 miles away on a ranch. Dad was a hard worker as you all know and he expected the same from all of us. Leland thought there must be something better. Anyhow, he left and I will never forget the sadness and worry it caused Mother. She couldn't keep enough milk to feed the baby and I remember Dad brought home some beer for her to drink. He said it had helped his mother and all the old German people had plenty of milk for their babies. She couldn't stand it. She said, "You just get Leland home and things will be right."

So they went to look for Lee and finally found him. My, how big he thought he was and it was hard to take the gruffness of Dad again after tasting a bit of freedom and being his own boss. I wasn't long and there was another argument. Lee got on his little Roan mare and was leaving again. Mother had been nursing the baby and came out into the yard with her in her arms. She pled with Lee with tears in her eyes to please stay home. "I want us to ALL be together!" I'll never forget the look on her face. He stayed!

I want to thank each of you for your support in this project. It has been a labor of love for me. Please forgive the errors I have made typing, it isn't perfect by any means. I want to make another page of pictures of the homes we lived in with mother. Also, so of her and others I've found that were taken when she was with us.

To our children and grandchildren; remember that Dora may and Gottlieb Blatter left to you a great heritage. They lived honorable lives and left an example beautiful enough for us all to follow. Won't it be great to be with them again in the Eternities!

—*Velta.*

Dora May Hiatt Blatter

by Fontella Blatter Maddox

I was born on January 17, 1925 in Ammon, Idaho. Dad told me it was a hard cold winter with lots of snow. He had to take the sleigh and team of horses into Idaho Falls to get the doctor. I do remember that before we moved to Montana that one day Mama made a chocolate cake and let me scrape the bowl. Maybe Iven helped me, because I remember both of us sitting on the doorstep with that bowl.

I was three years old when we moved to Montana

and I remember we got to the house just east of Chinook at night. The house was dirty and Mama and the older girls had to clean the floor before they could make the beds on it for us to sleep. Summer days were busy, and in the fall after the threshing was over, Mama would have us bring fresh straw in to make straw mattresses for our beds.

We all went barefoot in the summer and always one of us would step on a nail. Then Mamma would have us soak our feet in turpentine water. One Sunday I couldn't find my shoes (I don't know how old I was) so Mama said I would have to stay home with her. I remember I stood at the bedroom window upstairs and cried, because I loved to go to church and I was heartbroken that I couldn't go that time.

I remember Mama and Ila baking fresh bread. It was always a special treat to have a piece of fresh made bread with butter on it while it was still warm. One afternoon after Mama had given me a piece, she asked me to go outside and get an armload of wood for the cook stove. I don't remember what I said, but she came towards me and said, "Don't you sass me!" That was one thing we were not to do, answer back when we were told to do anything. Dad was strict and we always minded him and did what he said. Mama never raised her voice and was always quiet spoken.

I remember my mother going out into the hay field on the mowing machine with the team of horses. Even though there was plenty of work at the house with a large family, she worked in the field when she was needed. I did the same thing during my married life—I drove every piece of machinery on the farm except the swather.

One time we had a playhouse and one day we (I think it was Itha and I) were making mud pies and cakes. We thought it would be nice if we had some eggs to put in them so I went to the chicken coop and got three or four eggs. We used them to make

our make believe pies and cakes. When Mama found out she scolded us for using precious eggs on our make believe cooking and baking. Those eggs were taken to the store and used to buy sugar and other staples she needed for cooking for the family.

I remember when Shirley was a baby Mama was suffering with gallstone attacks. I know she suffered a great deal. I would take my turn caring for Shirley, rolling her around in the baby buggy to put her to sleep.

One evening before Dad took her to the hospital we were all in Mamma's bedroom and she gave each of us a hug. Then she said to Dad, "I don't want to go to that hospital!" We all were anxious about her. On Sunday Dad came home and said she was better and we were so happy. Then the next day, it was Easter Sunday and Ila had fixed a lovely Easter dinner and the table was set so pretty, they called from the hospital and our world was shattered. They said Mama had taken a turn for the worse. We were all taken to the hospital to see her. I remember her face was dark from fever and she didn't know us. She recognized the doctor, though, when he came in the room and she said, "You old surgeon you." She passed away that night and what a void it left in our lives! I remember that Mama was always patient, kind and soft spoken. I turned nine years old on January 17, 1934 and she passed away on April 1, 1934.

Gottlieb Blatter

I, Fontella Blatter Maddox, will attempt to write a little about what I remember about my father, Gottlieb Blatter. He taught all his children how to work, from our childhood on. Before I was old enough to go to school I would be sent out into the field or pasture to herd the sheep or cows. Sometimes I would go on foot and sometimes I would get to use a horse while herding the cows. Usually Dad, or my brother Cleo, would come out and get me at noon. When we would get to the house Dad would reach into his pocket and give me a nickel or maybe some pennies. I would go into the house and put the money in a cream pitcher in the cupboard. When I had saved up enough money, my Mother would get the catalog and we would select a doll head. She would send for it and when it came in the mail she would make a cloth body, stuff it and attach it to the head. I would then have a fine doll to play with.

We all had chores to do and when I was very young it was my job to go out under the cottonwood trees and gather small limbs for kindling to start the fire in the cook stove. I remember one time when Iven and I were sent out to watch the sheep. Somehow we got it into our heads we didn't need to stay out there, so we came back to the house (knowing we would probably get into trouble—and we did). Mother asked us why we came home and we said we just didn't want to stay out there anymore. She told us to go sit down on the floor. When Dad came in and asked where we were, she told him and of course we got a spanking and sent back out to the field.

Dad was very good at playing the harmonica and we loved to hear him play it. He would sit one of us little ones on each knee and bounce us while he played *The Old Washer Woman*, *Turkey In The Straw* or *Red Wing*.

The summer after Mama died we were all out in the field making ditches. Dad thought we all had to ride on the ditcher for added weight. Iven and I didn't weigh very much but we had to be there just the same. Leland was driving the crawler tractor that pulled the ditcher. As we were going by a big cotton wood tree the ditcher hit a big root and we all got off and climbed the banks of the ditch. As I was climbing up my hat fell off and I reached down to get it. Leland didn't look back so he didn't see me and drove forward. The ditcher went over my right leg and cut it above the ankle. They carried me to the truck and Herman Waisath and Dad took me home, then they took me up to Dr. Hoon's office. He stitched it up without using any anesthetic or pain medication. I still have a large scar there.

One time after our Mother died we were at Primary after school. When it was over I decided to go home with Lola Tuck (they lived in a log house at the old fort southwest of Chinook). When Dad got home he asked where I was and the others told him. He came and got me and I really got a whipping that time.

As we got older, Dad would have us help him feed the sheep that he was wintering or fattening. Early in the morning we would go out and I would help him put grain (oats) out for the sheep. We would get a bucket of oats and go along the panel fence line and pour the grain along as we went. The sheep would put their heads through the panels to get the grain. Dad also hauled pulp from the sugar beet factory to feed them. While we were feeding the sheep, Velta would milk the cows. When she graduated from high school it was my job to do the milking and Itha helped Dad feed the sheep. I would do the milking early in the morning and again in the evening all year round, including before going to school and after I got home from school.

Dad was the District President in the church one time and his area extended from Harlem (20 miles east of Chinook) to Shelby (approximately 130 miles west of Chinook) on the north edge and south for approximately 130 miles to Great Falls and Vaughn (some 20 or more miles west of Great Falls). When he visited any of the branches in his area he would usually take Itha and me along with him. He would ask us to prepare hymns to sing (I sang alto and Itha would sing soprano). We did this until Itha's voice changed and she was an alto too. Dad would have us hold a "Family Night" once a week and we did a lot of singing then too. He would say, "Fonie, you get a song ready" and he would prepare a short talk or lesson.

Our father was strict, but he was kind. We were taught to be honest and respectful to other people. At mealtime we girls would sometimes get the giggles. Dad didn't like that kind of nonsense at the table. Rula, Velta, Iven and I worked in the beet fields thinning the sugar beets and twice we would have to hoe them. Dad would come to the field to see how we were doing and he would tell us to be sure and do a good job or Mr. Lewis (the field man for the sugar company) wouldn't pass our work and we wouldn't get paid. Velta and Rula were good at hoeing the beets, but Iven and I couldn't seem to cut the weeds off below the ground and sometimes we would miss some. Boy could we tell the next time we hoed which rows were ours! We used the money we made off the beets to buy our school clothes in the fall.

Our father worked hard and expected all of us to do our part. He loved us children, although he never told us verbally. I remember after he had his stroke he told me that he loved me. He was proud of his children and grandchildren. When my husband Wesley and I were blessed with twin girls Dad came to our home and wanted to hold them both at the same time. I took a picture of him holding the girls. He said that he had always wanted twins. His mother had given birth to twin boys, but they didn't live.

(Just a thought about being honest) When I was in one of the lower grades in school, someone took some money from one of the students' desk. The teacher would not let any of us leave after school until the one who took the money came up and told her. Dad had come after school to take us home. When I didn't come out of the schoolhouse he came into the room and asked the teacher why we weren't dismissed. She told him and he looked at me and asked, "Fonnie, did you take the money?" I said, "No, I didn't." Then he said, "Let's go home."

Our Dad loved the gospel of Jesus Christ. He filled a mission for the church to Germany, another one to South Africa and a six month mission to Indiana. He also sent Cleo on a mission to West Virginia; Denver served a mission to Arkansas; Leland served in the Swiss/Austrian and German mission; and Rula went to the Washington/Oregon mission. We always loved to hear the stories and experiences they all had on their missions.

I have always been thankful for parents who

taught us to be obedient, honest and to work hard. They also taught us to love the Lord and to keep his commandments.

Lorene Arabella (Maddox) Blatter

I have been asked to write a little about Dad's second wife, Lorene Arabella (Maddox) Blatter. I was ten and a half years old when Dad and she were married. She was a tall good-looking woman and she was young, about 20-years old. Some of my brothers and older sisters were around the same age or older. I'm sure it was a tremendous task to come and keep house and help care for so many children. There were rough times and there were smooth times. I'm sure if we could all go back in time, we would do some things differently.

If Lorene had not come to Montana, the Maddox family would not have come, and so I am thankful for that. I married her brother, Wesley, and we had fifty and a half wonderful years together. We were blessed with seven beautiful and wonderful children. Also if Dad had not married Lorene, we would not have the three brothers and two sisters that were added to our family. They are special siblings and I love them all.

Memories of My Dad, Mother & Stepmother, Lorene Maddox

by Itha Johnson

One of my most precious and memorable memories is of our family sitting around the supper table (we called it supper instead of dinner) and while everyone was eating, Dad relating to us missionary experiences or stories of his life, such as how his mother and father joined the church, etc. I learned as a young girl that Dad had a powerful testimony of the gospel. As a teenager I was sometimes embarrassed as Dad would thump the pulpit as he bore his testimony. He had a strong testimony of Joseph Smith and said it was never hard for him to know and believe that Joseph a 14 year old boy prayed and received the vision of God the father and his son Jesus Christ.

Another memory I have is of the time Rae and I had the measles or chicken pox (I can't remember which). Velta tended us and read to us. (Maybe that's when I developed my love of reading. I used to read everything I could get my hands on, even all of Mamma's old Relief Society Magazines). Anyway one of the days that we were sick, Velta wasn't there and Rae and I were arguing or fighting or tugging at a doll that we both wanted. We were upstairs in bed and Dad called upstairs and said, "You girls stop that." I guess we stopped for a bit, but then must have started up again, because up the stairs Dad came. I was taken out by my arm, hauled down the stairs and given a boot in the bottom when we came to the last step. I had to sit while Dad said he had asked us to stop arguing and he meant it. That was a well earned lesson. From then on, Dad only had to give me a look and I obeyed.

When I was in the eighth grade, I had to help Dad grain the lambs to fatten them up for selling. This had to be done early in the morning before school, when it was still dark and cold outside. One day when he called me, he said, "The ground is a sheet of ice so we will have to be really careful." On our way it was Dad who slipped and hit his head on the ice. I was frightened because he just lay there. I asked him what I could do to help and he said "Maybe you can help me up." After I slipped and fell a few times, I was finally able to help him up and he said that he was all right. We slipped and skated that morning and didn't get the grain spread very evenly in the grain troughs. Dad told me that morning, that he hated having to call me so early to help him, but with World War 11 on, he couldn't hire any help since most men and boys were in the service. I told Dad that it was all right, I understood.

My sister Velta and I agree about one characteristic of Dad's. When he needed us to do something for him, he helped us do it. For example, one time Dad and I were coming from my Brother Cleo's ranch at Malta in our beet truck. Dad pulled

to the side of the highway and said, "Itha, you drive, I'm too sleepy." I knew this was the case because he had rolled all the windows down, and had been singing, etc. I said, "But Dad, I've never driven a truck or car. The only thing I have driven is the tractor." He said," You can drive the truck, I'll tell you what to do." So he instructed me how to turn on the key, how to press the gas pedal, and how to shift, etc. As Velta told me when talking to her, his famous next words were, "You'll figure it out." He did go to sleep and I managed to drive the truck home with a few tears in my eyes and a silent prayer in my heart.

When I was in the first grade of school, our mother Dora Mae died in May. She had gall stones removed and Dad said she was doing well and could come home for Easter dinner that ILA and the girls were preparing. But then Dad was called back to the hospital and told that mother had Ether Pneumonia. (This is in Mother's Life Stories written by all the children of Dora Mae.) At church out in the foyer after Sunday School, some of the Relief Society ladies were talking with Dad and one said that maybe Dora shouldn't have had such a large family. I remember Dad's answer, "Which one of them shouldn't we have had?" I was back behind the cultural hall doorway, but I remember Dad's words and remember thinking `he loves us all`. I don't remember Dad saying that he loved me. I don't imagine that he ever heard it from his parents. If I would have said those words to him, maybe I'd have heard him say them back to me, or maybe he would have just said, "You'll figure it out".

One last thing about Dad was that he was called to be our District President and one of his duties was to go visit the various branches of the church in the district. For some of the visits he would tell Fonie and me to prepare a song to sing for those meetings. When we went to Vaughn, Montana (it's close to Fairfield and Great Falls) I met Albert and Gladys Johnson and their daughter Carol. Carol and I struck up a friendship and promised to write to each other. We did and I eventually met my husband, Roger, (Carol's brother) at a 24th of July picnic at Zurich Park, when Carol introduced me to him. Now, back to going with Dad to conferences in the district. Fonie sang alto and I sang soprano. It soon became obvious that I had trouble hitting and holding the high notes. We tried to find songs that had few high notes. Dad always told us as a family that if we were asked to sing or play the piano, to accept graciously. He hated to see parents beg their children for an extended amount of time to perform and then the children refuse. I was relieved when Dad was released from this calling and we didn't have to go with him anymore. Both Fonie and I are true altos. When I could sing with my daughter Karen, who has a great range for a soprano, I enjoyed it.

Now that I have had children and experienced it all, I am so grateful and happy for our five and I think of my mother having 14 children. I have nothing but admiration and love for her, especially for the loving care she gave each of us. I pray I will be worthy to be with you again, Mom and Dad.

When Dad sent Lorene a letter telling her Melvin J. Ballard had told him, quote, "The Lord doesn't want you to raise this family alone. I promise if you will go on this short term mission – either as you are there or are leaving your mission, you will meet a woman to be your wife." He met Lorene Maddox as he left his mission and went home by way of Arkansas in order to travel with his son, Denver. As a result, he sent a letter to Lorene sending her the money to come to Montana and check us out. She did come and they went to the Logan Temple to be married. My memories of having Lorene coming was like having another older sister. It was a real adjustment for us all and now that I am older with a family of my own, it amazes me to think she would come to Montana and take on this challenge. The spirit worked with her I'm sure and she knew this was the right thing to do. Lorene and Dad brought 5 more children into our family: 2 girls and 3 boys. I love them all and truly consider them my brothers and sisters. These younger siblings are now such a

support and help to us, their surviving older siblings most of whom are now in our 80's.

One of the things I appreciated about Lorene coming into our family was we benefited from the sewing skills of her mother, Delia, (we called her Gram Maddox). Gram was a beautiful seamstress. One time she made me a dress for school. When I first saw the material, it didn't impress me at all, but when I saw the finished product, I loved it and that dress became my favorite. I wore it and wore it, until Lorene finally took it from my closet because it was so faded, so short and so small. It was a sad day for me!

Another thing I thank Lorene for, she taught me how to hoe and weed by pulling the dirt and weeds toward me and not covering them up with the dirt. I've tried to teach my children this same technique and when I had young girls come from Young Women's wanting to do service, I was glad I could tell them that I had weeded my garden the day before. One stroke of the hoe showed me that they hadn't had a teacher like I had.

I also admire Lorene for going to school and getting a teaching degree. She did this in order to help raise her children (my 5 younger siblings). I know this was meant to be and the Lord helped her and all of us. Like Nephi of old, I can say that I was born of goodly parents and I pray that I can be with them again.

Gottlieb and Dora

by Rayola Blatter Hunter Haywood

The first experience I remember well was that in the winter months Dad always butchered. I

remember one time he had butchered a hog and had scalded and scraped it and left it to hang on a pulley in a tree in our yard overnight, so it was almost frozen in the morning when they brought it in and laid it in the corner of our large kitchen floor on a clean white sheet, so Mama could cut it up and render the fat for lard. I was told by Mama she had to go help Dad for a bit and would be right back. In the meantime I was to leave the butcher knife alone as I would cut myself if I touched it. I had been watching Mama prepare the fat by cutting it into small cubes to be rendered out in the oven. It was really fascinating to me to see how easily the knife slipped through the fat. I remember as soon as they left the kitchen I looked at the knife on the back of the cabinet and thought it won't hurt if I just try one slice through the fat. Sure enough I cut myself. I felt so guilty for disobeying: I held my hands behind my back when Mama came in; she looked at me and said calmly," cut ya didn't ya?" That was all. She came and bandaged my finger but didn't preach a sermon. But I always wondered how she knew I had cut me before she saw it. I now know. She knew her daughter. But I learned from this: You mess around and disobey and punishment follows. I got cut didn't I?

Mama died on Easter Sunday. I remember going to what I now know as her funeral and everyone was crying. There was a large box and everyone was gathered around it. Dad lifted me up so I could see. Mama was in the box, she had on a beautiful white dress and something green. I now know it was her Temple clothes. Dad told me to tell Mama Goodbye.

In 1934 Dad went on his third mission. One thing I need to say here I am so proud of my Dad and his service to the Lord. Dad told me to be brave and he would be home soon. He left on the train. I'll never forget the sound of that train whistle. I heard it every day and wondered when it would bring him home. I'm glad I had this experience of sharing my Dad with the world.

My Dad was the greatest, my friends all loved him. We had well water and at times it would come out orange. My Dad told my girl friends, "See we have orange pop in our taps". They loved to come home with me because they loved to hear his stories. He was a big tease and our District President and they enjoyed seeing another side of him from where he sat on the stage. I don't blame them he was a great Dad.

Some of the greatest memories I have is when we would finish dinner and sit around the table and Dad would tell us of his missionary experiences or read the book of Mormon, this we enjoyed instead of fairy tales.

Shirley Mae Hunter Vincent, Rayola, and Suzanne Rae Hunter Campbell

I remember going with Dad to get a load of logs to build a coral fence. We drove to Browning 90 miles west of home and stopped to eat. I was so proud to be alone with Dad. I was supposed to keep him awake. We drove through Glacier Park to the logging camps on the Flathead River. It was beautiful but scary.

We had a dry farm north of

Havre. Dad left me on it to summer fallow while he went to town to buy a new thresher or combine, remember it was 1945 and equipment was hard to find so he was gone a few days. He came and got me for church on Sundays. I saw a good friend of ours, Blanche Wadsworth, in the audience while I was directing the last song for Sacrament meeting. Her arm was bandaged and I asked her what happened. She said she had caught it in the wringer. I had to go back to the dry farm and work another week. One night I had a dream that I was still living on the wet farm at Chinook. I was mixing bread at the kitchen table when a knock came at the door. I wiped my hands clean and answered. It was Blanche; I said "Hi" to her and then saw another woman with her. I looked at her for a moment and then said, "You're my Mother" as I went to touch them they vanished, and I woke up. On Saturday Dad picked me up to go to church and he told me he had some bad news that Blanche had passed away. I told Dad about my dream and he referred me to the D&C 129: 6-7. I am so grateful for such a wonderful Dad.

My Reflections of Dad and Mom

by Shirley Deloy Blatter Seegmiller

My dad, Gottlieb Blatter, was born August 23, 1881 at Dubois, Washington County, Illinois. His ancestors came from Tenneken, Kanton Basel Landschaft, Switzerland. They later came to America and settled in Dubois, Illinois just south of Springfield. My grandfather, Rudolph Blatter, was born May 22, 1836, was in the Civil War, and was taken prisoner to Andersonville-Libby Prison in Georgia. He met a fellow there that was from Switzerland too. They became friends, but his friend passed away a day before they were released. His friend had asked my grandfather to tell his wife of his passing. In doing so, my grandfather met and later married my grandmother, Elizabeth Weber, born March 15, 1843 at Red Bud, Randolph County, Illinois.

Dad's family heard about the gospel from missionaries, going through southern Illinois, and they were baptized into the church shortly thereafter. My dad was fifteen years old at the time. His family later moved to Ammon, Idaho. When Dad was twenty years old, he went on a mission to Konigsberg, East Prussia and Saxony, in the city of Dresden, Germany.

My mother, Dora May Hiatt was born May 1, 1890 in Plano, Madison County, Idaho. Her father was Reuben Hiatt and her mother was Amanda Jane Rawson. My mother was blessed July 22, 1890 and was baptized on July 16, 1899 by her father and confirmed July 23, 1899 by Hyrum L. Lucas. Her ancestors came from the Normandy Conquest. The earliest known date of Hiatt ancestry was the year 1030 AD. They were guards of the castles or strongholds. Later, they were Quakers, fleeing England into Holland and France. They later came to America, settling in Virginia and then in Pennsylvania. My mother is of pioneer descent. Her ancestors crossed the plains from Nauvoo to the West. My great grandfather, James Pace, and great grandmother, Lucinda Strickland Pace, left their home in Nauvoo, stopping in Garden Grove and Mount Pisgah, both in the state of Iowa, to plant crops for the saints coming behind them. James Pace was in the Mormon Battalion, serving as 1st Lieutenant in D Company. After being released, he went back to Winter Quarters for his wife and family.

My parents were married in the Salt Lake City Temple on April 10, 1907. They lived in Union, Oregon after they were first married. Two of their children were born there. Most of the other children were born in Ammon, Idaho.

My father's second mission was to Capetown and Johannesburg, South Africa. My brother, Cleo, was born while Dad was on this mission. Dad had been back two or three days when Cleo asked our mom, "When is that man going to leave?" Mom helped him learn that his dad would be staying.

My parents and children moved to Chinook,

Montana on April 16, 1928. My sister, Rayola, and I were born in the farm house there.

The following are a few of the things, which my brothers and sisters have told me about my mother. She was second counselor in the Relief Society of the Chinook, Montana Branch. Even with her many home duties, she walked two and a half miles to attend her Relief Society meetings. She loved to work in the temple and has been in the Salt Lake City, Logan and Cardston, Alberta Canada temples. She was quiet and very patient.

My mother had fourteen children. I was the fourteenth one. She hadn't felt well for some time and was very ill for about a year. The doctors decided to operate because of her gall bladder problems and did so in the Havre Hospital. Dr. Jestrab was the surgeon. He found her gall bladder was full of gall stones. She died four days later on April 1, 1934. If she would have lived one more month, she would have been 44 years old. My mother was buried in the Chinook, Montana cemetery. I was ten months old at the time, and I have been told that she was a shy, gentle person and that my brothers and sisters thought she was a wonderful mother.

My father was called on his third mission to the North Central States Mission for six months and worked in the state of Indiana. When setting my father apart for his mission, Apostle Melvin J. Ballard told my father that he would meet his second wife either on the road going, in the mission field, or on his way home. Dad met Lorene Arabella Maddox while visiting my brother, Denver, who was on his mission in Arkansas. The Spirit told Dad that she was the one the Lord had intended for him to meet. They were married on September 11, 1935 in the Logan, Utah Temple.

While my dad was gone, I lived with my sister, lla, and her husband, Ralph Todd. I lived with them until I was three years old. My sister just older than I, Rayola, lived with my brother, Cleo, and his wife, Beryl. The rest of the family lived in the family home on the farm and helped take care of it.

Lorene's father was Stewart Carlile Maddox and her mother was Delia Fielding, a relative of the prophet and President Joseph Fielding Smith. Lorene grew up on a farm near Rose Bud, Arkansas. She worked in the fields hoeing and picking cotton, harvesting peanuts, corn and potatoes with her dad and uncle, Olen. She was baptized into the church when she was fifteen years old.

We lived on a 347 acre irrigated farm by the West Fork River, which flows into the Milk River and then into the Missouri River. We also had a 3,000 acres dry farm twenty miles north of Havre, Montana. We all had different jobs on the farm-feeding chickens and pigs, milking cows, riding horses to the pastures to get the cows, herding sheep, schocking grain, driving tractors and hoeing and thinning a lot of sugar beets. We had fun while we worked-singing as we did the dishes, cleaned the house and completed the washing and ironing. At night, we would sing around the piano, listen to different programs on the radio, and have scripture study, family home evening and prayers.

Dad was very religious and believed the gospel. His membership in the church and his family meant everything to him. He was in the Branch Presidency, on the High Council of the North Montana District and later was District President. The branch members were very close and went on many outings together. Some of these outings were to Mt. Baldy up in the mountains for the July 24th Celebrations and others were to Zurick Park, ten miles from Chinook, for fun, food and games.

Dad was a hard worker, and when his sons grew up and left home to get married, he taught his daughters to work on the farm. One time, when I was about ten years old, my dad said to get in the truck. He told me, "This is the clutch, brake, and gas petal. Drive in through the gate when I open it. Go slow while I use the pitch fork to throw feed to the animals." This was the first time I had tried to drive a vehicle! Well! I used the gas petal too much and the brake not enough and smashed into the gate before he could get it open. He came to the truck window and said, "Good heavens, girl, we are not in

that big of a hurry!"

While living in St. George, Utah in 1951, Dad and Lorene took our family on a trip to the U.S. national and church historical sites. We saw Niagara Falls, New York City, the Statue of Liberty, Washington D.C. and Mt. Vernon. We also saw Nauvoo, Carthage Jail and Palmyra. We arrived in Palmyra the last night of the pageant. It was wonderful to see it held at the Hill Cumorah. The next day, we went to the Sacred Grove and were able to attend a special testimony meeting there with President David O. McKay presiding. This was very spiritual, to be in the Sacred Grove where Joseph Smith had the vision of Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ.

Elbert & Shirley Seegmiller

On the same trip, Dad showed us where he lived when he was young. We had a dinner with some people, whom he knew. While we were eating, my sister, Gailya, whispered to me and asked what piece of chicken she had. I told her I thought it was rabbit. When we were on our way again, Dad said, "That was the best squirrel I've had in a long time!"

The last job that my dad had before he got too sick to work was at Porter Walton Nursery in Centerville, Utah. I was very ill with gall bladder problems for over a year and had lost a lot of weight. I looked like death warmed over. I went to Dad's work to visit him before I went into the LDS Hospital for surgery. Dad was having lunch with a bunch of workers when I came up to give him a hug and to talk to him. He said, "Could I help you?" I replied, "Dad, I'm Shirley." The workers had a big laugh over this as Dad had just told them he had nineteen children. They said, "You've so many children, you don't even recognize them." I told them that it wasn't his fault, as I had changed a lot.

I always felt safe and secure if Dad was home with us. When he passed away on July 23, 1958, they sang "God Be with You Till We Meet Again" at his funeral. A lot of time has had to pass before I could sing this hymn in church without crying. I still miss his big hugs!

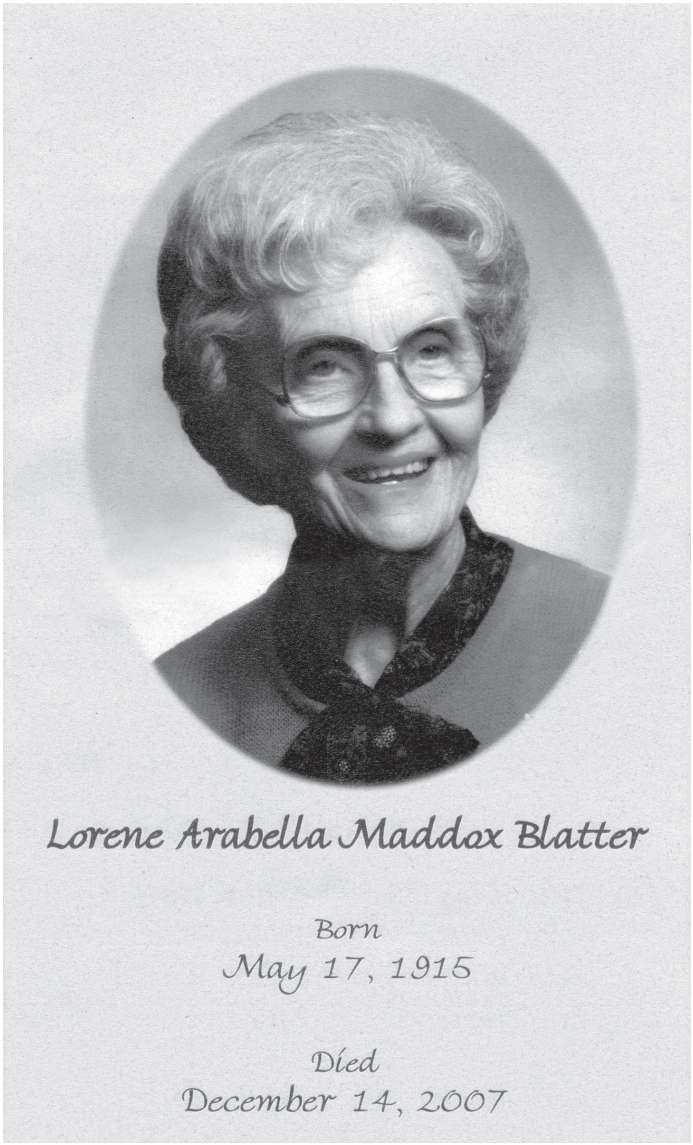
One of the things I remember about Lorene was the wonderful homemade cake donuts she made, rolled in sugar, at Christmas time. In the summertime, I liked her homemade chocolate ice cream, which she made when we had company. Also, I liked the way she would wave my hair on Saturday, so it would be nice for our Sunday meetings. The last time I talked to Lorene, when she said goodbye to me she said, "Shirley, don't live until you're 90 years old. It's not any fun!"

Lorene Arabella Maddox Blatter

My parents met while they were attending Brigham Young Academy at Provo, Utah. They were married 26 November 1913. They went to Mancos, Colorado where my mother was born and raised. They lived about two miles south of Mancos.

On 17 May 1915 Dr. Trotter came to their home and I was born about 10 o'clock pm. I tipped the scales at six pounds and three ounces. Aunt Ida and Sister Lamb came to care for mother and me. I was blessed and given the name of Lorene Arabella Maddox by my Uncle Tom on 4 July 1915. Mancos is located in a mountainous area and a heavy, wet, spring snow fell. At the time I was born it came up to the bottom of the window sill.

I remember the adults would play croquet on Sunday afternoon, especially when we had company. The children would play house under the shade trees or make tunnels and frog houses in the sand. We also ate delicious watermelon and cantaloupe that we grew in our gardens. I remember the big dipping vat located by our corrals where all the farmers brought their cattle to be dipped to rid them of ticks. One of my earliest recollections was when my sister, Dorothy, was born 27 October



1917. I remember it so well because I thought she was a real live doll.

During the First World War my Dad served in the National Home Guard and his brother Edgar served in France. I remember when the Armistice was signed and when Uncle Edgar came home wearing his uniform. Every Saturday we went to Rose Bud to do our shopping. We went in a wagon pulled by a team of mules. My mother would drive the team because Dad and Uncle Edgar owned and operated a Barber shop in Rose Bud. They had to go to work early so we would all go to shop early in the afternoon and stay until night. In 1919 we bought a Model T Ford and then went to town in style.

When I was about four years old I became separated from my parents at an old Soldiers Reunion in Heber Springs. When I could not find them I went to the car. The car wasn't lost so I went there and my folks found me there. In the spring of 1920 my parents moved to Post, Texas to raise cotton on a larger farm. We lived there almost one year. I remember the wind mill. I also remember getting the hoe so my mother could kill a rattle snake by the mail box. It had 10 rattles on it. My brother, Wesley, was born while we lived there on 12 December 1920.

For Christmas that year my mother decorated a folding bed for a tree. She used red, green, and silver tinsel, strings of popcorn and real candles. It was beautiful. There were no real trees growing on the plains of Texas. We traveled to and from Texas by train. The price of cotton went down so my Dad moved his family back to Arkansas in January 1921, when Wesley was just three weeks old. My Dad again farmed with his brothers on the home farm on Beckett Mountain.

At haying time I used to ride the mule around in a circle. This furnished the power for a stationary hay baler. The old mule refused to go unless I was on his back giving him a little help with a stick. I did this for hours at a time. Sometimes I had blisters on my seat to prove it.

By this time I was old enough to go to school. I started to school on Beckett Mountain, but the school was too far away for me to walk through the thickly wooded area. After one week I didn't go any more. My next school adventure took place next year when I was seven years of age. I remember my parents taking me to Rose Bud, located several miles from our farm, in a buggy pulled by a horse. They had made arrangements for me to live with a family so I could attend school. I went one week and my parents decided they were too lonesome for me to be gone for a full week without seeing me. I had now attended school for two weeks and I was past seven.

By the time school started the next year my

parents had purchased a home and farm close to school in Rose Bud from Walter Robbins. I started to school in the first grade when I was eight years old. I knew how to read, but I do not really know how I learned. I remember my parents reading to me, but I had no formal training to learn to read. After I attended first grade for two weeks it was decided I should go to third grade. The next year it was decided that I should skip fourth grade and go on to fifth. Then I was up to the grade I should be for my age.

When I was a small child I used to ride on the cultivator pulled by a team of mules while my Dad walked behind and cultivated his crops of corn, cotton, peanuts and potatoes. I always wore a sun bonnet my mother made for me. When I was ten years of age I was operated on for appendicitis. When I was twelve my left foot was broken. I was sitting in the back of Dad's truck with some other young people. We were hanging our feet out the back and Ben Sowell ran into the back of the truck with his car. I looked around just in time to see his car coming and I was able to get my feet strait out, but not all the way up into the truck.

If I had not got my feet up as high as I did I would have had some crushed legs just below my knees. Maybe it would have cut them off. I have been thankful all my life I was not hurt worse because my left foot has always been crooked, as it was not set properly or put in a cast. The Doctor just taped it up and gave me a pair of crutches to use. My left foot always tires faster than my right one.

When I was twelve years old in the year 1927 we moved again. This time my Father went to San Luis Valley near Alamosa, Colorado. We lived there one year then went back to Rose Bud to live. We did not sell our house in Arkansas. My Dad operated a ranch for Quentin and Sophia Spradlin. We raised potatoes, hogs, and telephone peas.

We went to school four miles by horseback to La Hara. Dorothy rode one horse and Wesley would ride behind me on another horse. Wesley did not want to go to school. He wanted to stay home with Mother. He would cry all the way to school, but he didn't cry going home. It was quite a chore for me to get him to school every day.

As I was growing up I attended Sunday School and church services in the Methodist Church. I also went to revival meetings which were held in Rose Bud and surrounding communities. I never felt that I should go to the mourner's bench or shake hands with the Minister and have him tell me I was saved. I felt it must take more than a belief in Jesus to be saved. When I attended these revival meetings of different denominations and the ministers would say to the audience, "Now while we sing the closing hymn you go and stand by a friend who is not saved." I was surrounded by friends who would come and stand by me.

When I was fifteen years of age I came home from school and found my Mother lying on her bed and she looked like she had been crying. I asked her if she was sick and she assured me she was not. Then I tried to get her to tell me what was troubling her, but she wouldn't. This same thing happened every day for a week. Finally I put my arms around her and insisted that she tell me what was wrong. After a time she quit crying and she picked up a book off the bed and held it up for me to see. It was a copy of The Book of Mormon. She had kept it in her trunk since she was a young girl. She explained what the Book contained and how it was translated by Joseph Smith from gold plates.

She also said she had been born and raised in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints, sometimes called the Mormon Church. Her parents were sent by Brigham Young from Parowan, Utah to colonize in Colorado. They traveled in the company who crossed the Colorado River by chiseling a hole in the rock to let their wagons down the mountain side.

Gradually I learned from her the precious truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. She explained to me that she did not know what was wrong to make her feel so depressed. This terrible feeling came over her and the only relief she had was when she read

the Book of Mormon. As long as she read it she felt good, but when she laid it down this horrible feeling enveloped her again.

Then she explained to me that while we lived on the farm with Uncle Olen and Aunt Alice the L.D.S. Missionaries came to visit with us. Then one day when I was only three or four years old we were butchering pigs and rendering lard. The men had killed the pigs by shooting them in the head and had leaned the gun up against a tree trunk. The Elders came to visit this day and my Uncle Olen saw them coming. They were walking up to the house carrying their brief cases. He took the gun from beside the tree and stood at the gate. When they walked up to the gate he stood in the way with the gun in his hands and told them to go on down the road and not to come back.

Naturally this incident was reported to Mission Headquarters and the missionaries were instructed to stay away if their life had been threatened. In this way all communication with the church was stopped as there was no branch of the church near enough for us to attend. My mother felt the devil had worked through my uncle to cut off all contact with the church because he did not want us to be active in any way. As we talked and visited together we decided to write a letter to mission headquarters in Independence, Missouri, and explain that we did not live with Uncle Olen and Aunt Alice any more, and request the Elders to come again.

As my mother explained the gospel to me I knew it was true and I wanted to be baptized. My father was not prejudiced like Uncle Olen. He always treated the Elders in a friendly way when they would visit. My mother's sister, Alice, married my father's brother, Olen. Both my mother and Aunt Alice were members and enjoyed the visits from the missionaries, but my Uncle Olen would stay at the barn and would not come home to eat or sleep as long as they were there.

She explained why Uncle Olen was so prejudiced. When Dad and Uncle Olen were young men they went out West to seek their fortune as it was popular to do in those days. Go West young man, go West. That was the thing to do. They worked at several jobs in Utah and became friendly with a Mormon Bishop's son. The Mormon Bishop forbade his son to associate with my Dad and Uncle Olen because they were not members of the church. As a result the Mormon Bishop's son left home and my uncle became very prejudiced against the church. He made the mistake of judging the whole church by the actions of one member, who was a Mormon Bishop.

After my mother explained to me about the Church and she wrote the letter and mailed it asking for the Missionaries to visit us again she was never troubled any more with the terrible feelings she had experienced previously. I am convinced that this was the only way that there was to open the way for my sister Dorothy, my brother Wesley, and I to be baptized and become members of the true Church of Jesus Christ, because my Mother had been away from the Church for eleven years as it had been that long since Uncle Olen forbade the Missionaries to visit us.

In a few days the Elders came and my Father gave his consent for his children to be baptized. We were baptized in a creek about two miles from our home where we went swimming in the summer. We were baptized 31 October, 1930. It was cold. We came home and were confirmed members of the Church by the fire in the fireplace in our living room. My Dad was a member of the Masonic Lodge and he felt that was all he needed. His father and his Grand Father Maddox were both Methodist Ministers.

During my high school years I was active in sports. I played center on the girl's basketball team. I was 5 feet 11 inches tall by the time I was twelve years old. Every time the boy's basketball team played a rival school the girl's team played also. I was a member of the Glee Club too, which was a mixed chorus. The year before I graduated my youngest sister Dixie was born March 1, 1932. There were twelve years between my brother Wesley and Dixie. I graduated from Rose Bud High School in 1933.

My graduation dress was made from pale green organdy with yards and yards of ruffles. The ruffles were edged in pink and the sash was made from pink satin ribbon. I graduated with honors and gave one of the speeches. I also sang in a trio.

During my girlhood years I worked in the cotton fields. In the spring I would hoe and thin cotton for $1.00 a day. School would be dismissed for cotton picking in the fall. I picked cotton for one cent per pound. We pulled long sacks, made from heavy canvas with a shoulder strap, behind us as each one would pick two rows at a time. Sometimes the sac would weigh as much as 50 or 60 pounds when it was packed full of cotton. If the crop was good I could pick as much as 300 pounds in one day. Then I made $3.00 per day, which was a lot of money in those days.

I also helped strip the leaves from the tall stalks of cane to be cut and hauled to the sorghum mill to be ground up so the juice could be pressed out of the pulp. The juice was cooked in big vats and when it was finished it was sorghum molasses.

I helped stack the peanut vines, loaded with peanuts, around tall stakes so the peanuts could dry after they had been plowed out of the ground to harvest them. When the peanuts were dry Dad would haul the stakes filled with those peanut vines to the barn loft and in the winter time we would pick the peanuts off the vines. We would sell them for $2.00 per bushel. But there were always all we could eat too.

We also raised popcorn, black eyed peas, cucumbers, tomatoes, beets, sweet corn, bell peppers, okra, cabbage, lima beans, string beans, sweet potatoes, squash, pumpkins, and turnips. We planted turnips in the fall and we had fresh greens and turnips all winter. We made hominy from the field corn we raised. We had a machine to shell the corn from the cob. We had to turn a crank similar to the crank on the ice cream freezer, and it would shell one ear at a time.

Dad also hunted quail and pheasants. He went frogging at night, after a rain storm. The frogs were very big. He would go down the creek in a boat with a lantern and would stick a gig in the frogs sitting on the bank. The light from the lantern blinded the frogs. We only ate the legs. The meat is white and very delicious.

On the 4th of July all the families nearby would have a big picnic and fish fry. The men would use a big, long net to catch the fish and the women would fry the fish a golden brown in big Dutch ovens filled with grease hung over a big fire. I must not forget to mention the fried chicken, biscuits, and gravy. We had fried chicken much of the time for breakfast. It was my job to wring the necks off a couple fryers every night, skin them, and salt them to have ready to cook for breakfast the next morning.

In the fall we also gathered hickory nuts, black walnuts, English walnuts, and pecans. Persimmons also grew wild there, but they were not good until a frost came. The men cut wood to burn in the cook stove and also in the fireplace for heat. The ashes were put in a hopper and used to make lye for homemade soap.

We had a neighbor who made brooms. He raised the broom corn and made them to sell. We all worked hard, but always had good food to eat, and enough clothes to wear. My mother wove rugs on a loom and covered all the floors. She also made quilts and taught me how to piece quilt tops and to quilt.

I will always remember springtime in Arkansas. The hills would be white with dogwood trees in blossom. Wild violets would grow thick under the trees. Honey suckle grew wild and the magnolia trees were a favorite of mine. We gathered dewberries, blackberries, and huckleberries which grew wild. We made jam and jelly and canned them to make cobbler or to eat. We raised peaches, plums, apples and grapes.

In 1933 my father hurt his back loading bales of cotton on his truck. He could not work for two years because of the injury. After I graduated in 1933 I wanted to go to college, but couldn't because I had no money; so I stayed home and helped my

mother board school teachers to earn a living for the family. This was during the depression.

In the summer of 1934 my cousin, Agnes Spencer, came to visit us and she invited me to go with her and her family to Indianapolis, Indiana for a vacation. Her husband was a lecturer and he had a series of lectures to give there. While I was there I looked up the address of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints and I attended Church for the first time in my life in an L.D.S. Church. I was nineteen years old and had been a member for four years and I had the privilege of partaking of the sacrament for the first time. When I was at home and the missionaries came they would conduct street meetings and meetings in our home, but we never had the sacrament. We were the only members in Rose Bud, and most of the people were very prejudiced against us and our religion.

During high school and after graduation I dated several young fellows and became engaged to Vital Washburn, who was investigating the gospel. On March 7, 1935 the Elders came to visit us. They were touring the Arkansas district in a Ford car. One of the Missionaries was Elder Denver Blatter. His father, Gottlieb Blatter, had just been released from the Northern States Mission and came to visit Denver before returning to the farm in Chinook, Montana. They scheduled a cottage meeting in our home that evening and the next day they went to El Dorado, Arkansas. After Gottlieb returned home to Montana he wrote me a letter explaining the promise Elder Melvin J. Ballard had given him before he went on his third mission. He had already fulfilled two missions, first to Germany, and then to South Africa.

Gottlieb writes that he arrived home in the middle of March and started farming. I wrote several letters to Lorene telling her what the Lord had made known to me, but each time I would tear them up. But finally I realized the Lord had done his part and now it was up to me. So I sat down on a stump while I was out in the field irrigating and wrote her another letter and this time I got in the car and went to the post office and mailed it. We wrote several letters and finally decided that she should come to Chinook and meet my family.

When I read this letter my first reaction was to ignore it. I could not feature myself capable of the responsibilities involved. A few days passed and I could not forget the letter so I took it out of the envelope and read it again. Finally I decided to fast and pray about the matter. After I fasted and prayed I felt that I should answer the letter and just be perfectly honest and express my feeling about my engagement to Vital etc. Also I told him I felt very hesitant to undertake the job of helping him raise such a large family. Two of the eleven living children were married. Denver was still on a mission. There were eight children at home.

He answered back and said he understood how I must feel, but he felt I should come to Montana and meet his family at least. I consented to go in August. I traveled by train and stopped off in Salt Lake City, Utah and received my Patriarchal Blessing. I arrived in Chinook and was glad to meet the children. It was evident they had good training. I helped the children get ready for school and as I became acquainted with them I felt I was needed and loved by everyone.

Gottlieb and I did much fasting and praying together. I knew I would make a lot of mistakes as I had much to learn and many weaknesses to overcome, but I felt that I would be blessed if I tried. After a few weeks passed I felt calm and peaceful within myself and we made plans to be married in the Salt Lake Temple. When we arrived it was closed so we went to the Logan Temple and were married for time and all eternity 11 September 1935.

We were very busy on the farm raising sugar beets, grain and hay in the summer and feeding sheep in the winter. We also planted a big garden and canned fruit and vegetables for the winter. We raised chickens for fryers and laying hens. We milked cows and separated the cream from the milk and sold eggs and cream.

Denver came home in the spring of 1935 and

wanted to start farming. His Dad helped him buy a farm nearby. The old McGowen farm was for sale. On the two farms they planted two hundred acres of sugar beets. Before the summer was over Denver decided to go to Provo to school. We were left with all the sugar beets to harvest before they froze in the ground. We made it except for a few acres.

The next year Dad, Mother, Wesley, and Dixie came to visit us and they decided to sell their home in Arkansas and come to Montana to live. They bought the farm from us that Denver farmed for a short time. We were glad because the two farms were too much for us.

The first winter I spent in Montana was really cold, the winter of 1935 and 1936. I remember a blizzard during the month of January when the temperature didn't get above 30 degrees below zero, with a cold east wind blowing. We did not have electricity then and we tried to heat a large two story home with coal stoves. I remember pouring boiling water on the kitchen floor to clean it and before I could sweep it off it had turned to ice. The kitchen curtains were also frozen to the ice caked on the inside of the windows. We were really glad when the warm Chinook winds came and the blizzard was over. School had been closed for two weeks because of broken water pipes. The cars and trucks would not start and Velta froze her legs walking home from school.

The next summer the electric line extended down past our farm and we installed a furnace, a nice modern bathroom and kitchen. These improvements made living much more comfortable and convenient. I learned how to bake bread from Velta. In Arkansas we could not bake bread because it would mold and sour so we made corn bread and biscuits fresh every day.

On 11 December, 1936 Gailya was born and on the 13 of December, 1936 the new L.D.S. chapel in Chinook was dedicated. Elder Ballard came to dedicate it. He came to visit me because Gailya was just two days old and I could not attend the dedication. On 2 October, 1939 Layne Farrell was born. At the time he was born Gottlieb was in Chester, Montana receiving sheep to feed during the winter. My mother took me to the hospital in Havre. Gottlieb received word of the birth of his son while he was in the stock yards counting and loading sheep to ship to Chinook. I remember how happy he was to have another son, because the last six children were daughters. I was glad for the daughters. On 11 May 1941, another son, Mahlon Dale was born. He was born on Mother's Day and he was the best Mother's Day present I could ever have.

On 12 September 1941 when Mahlon was just a few months old Leland died in the Fort Douglas hospital. Gottlieb and I took Mahlon, the baby who was still nursing, and Rayola with us to Salt Lake City when we received word of Leland's illness. We drove all night, but he had already passed away before we arrived. Leland was only 23 and must have had a mission on the other side because he died so suddenly. He had been to Germany on a mission and he was ready to be sent to England to perform bombing missions over Germany. He did not want to drop bombs on the people he had taught the gospel. We felt maybe he was called to another mission in the spirit world. He was buried beside his mother in the Chinook cemetery.

On 15 January, 1945 Steven Quayle was born. Gottlieb had wanted to name all his sons Quayle, so when Steven was born I consented for his middle name to be Quayle. Gottlieb liked different names and he especially liked the name Quayle because one of his missionary companions had this name. A few months before Quayle was born Gottlieb had his first heart attack and was advised to stop working so hard. So we decided to rent our irrigated farm to Eldon Seamons and buy a dry farm.

We bought a home in Chinook and a 3,000 acre dry farm twenty miles north of Havre, Montana. But after one year we could see that even a dry farm was too much work. In 1946 we sold our irrigated farm in Chinook to Eldon and Lois Seamons, because they did not want to rent any longer and they were going to leave if we did not sell it to them.

Good farmers who wanted to rent a farm were hard to find so we decided to sell.

Soon after Christmas in 1947 we decided to move to Cardston, Alberta, Canada. We enjoyed our excursions there to the Temple and we thought we would enjoy living there so we bought a home there and sold our home in Chinook and thought we had sold our dry farm north of Havre. After we had moved to Cardston the deal on the dry farm did not go through. The man who wanted to buy it didn't get the loan he had applied for. As a result we had to sell our home in Cardston and move to the dry farm north of Havre and farm it for another summer. We only lived in Canada for one month.

All the children were glad because they did not like the schools in Canada. When we went back to the dry farm they finished the school year in a one teacher school. She taught all the children in all eight grades. There were less than ten children altogether in the school.

The doctors advised a warm climate for my husband so we decided to sell the dry farm and make a sale of all the machinery and livestock and move to St. George, Utah, so he could keep busy doing temple work. We built a large home close to the Temple and made four 1-room apartments in the basement and rented them to temple workers. I raised chickens and sold them as broilers to Dick's Café. I was also employed one summer at the Milne Motel. I changed the bed linen, and cleaned the rooms. During the time we lived in St. George Clothele was born 25 August, 1948.

One interesting experience we had as a family was building a two room house to sell. We hauled the adobe dirt in a trailer behind a car and made all the adobes for this home. After it was finished we stuccoed the outside of the adobes. We built it at a cost of $3,500 and sold it for $7,000 to a G.I. After we sold this home we took some of the money and in August 1951 took our family and went to the Hill Cumorah Pageant. We also visited Carthage Jail, Nauvoo, and many other interesting places in church history. We went to Niagara Falls and New York City. We visited the Statue of Liberty and went swimming in the ocean off Coney Island. Someone stole Mahlon's clothes and he had to go to the motel in his swimming suit.

In June 1950 while Layne was riding his bicycle home from primary he was struck by a speeding teenager at an intersection not far from home. His right leg was broken. It did not heal properly and osteomyelitis of the bone developed. He had trouble for over two years and finally we took him to a bone specialist, Dr. Clegg, in Salt Lake City, and he operated on it. He removed the plate, scraped the bone, and it healed without any more drainage from infection. He was blessed not to have been more seriously hurt or killed.

The only bad thing about living in St. George was there was not any work for a growing family. In February of 1952 we sold our home to Dr. N.W. Walker and moved to Centerville Utah. We bought the old Trimbath home and seven acres of orchard land from Leo and Ruby Hart. We raised strawberries, cherries, apricots, and peaches. We remolded the old home and sold it to Claude and Fern Jones. Before we sold the old home we built a new brick home just east of the old one. Then we sold the orchard land to Horace and Mary Beesley.

Soon after moving to Centerville I took the real estate exam and worked for a short time for the Bountiful Realty. I did not like it because of Sunday calls. I remember President George Albert Smith telling the membership of the church in conference that if they had a job requiring them to work on Sunday to get another job so they could keep the Sabbath Day holy.

My next adventure was to register for a six months course at the Comptometer school in Salt Lake City. After I attended night classes for three weeks when Carpentar Paper Co. called and needed someone so I was recommended for the job. I was working during the day at Pykes Manufacturing Company making women's slacks and overalls for men and boys. I quit Pykes and worked at Carpentar Paper Company for two years.

In August 1955, I took the placement exams at the University of Utah and passed high enough that I was not required to take remedial classes. My husband encouraged me to quit my job at the Paper Company and register at the University of Utah to get my degree to teach. I decided to try it for one quarter because I had always wanted to teach and I was very unhappy working at Carpentar Paper Company in an office filled with cigarette and cigar smoke. I entered the University of Utah as a first quarter freshman September 1955, and graduated in eight quarters by taking as many hours as I could and correspondence courses in between quarters. The quarter I graduated I completed twenty six hours. I finished four years work (12 quarters) in two years (8 quarters). I went through without a break.

In August 1956, I took a trip alone to Arkansas to gather genealogy on my father's side of the family. I traveled by train and was gone for two weeks. I was not able to take any classes between quarters, but I did have a successful trip gathering information about the Maddox family. I returned from Arkansas and just had time to plan a surprise family party for Gottlieb on his 75th birthday. All of the children came with their families except Rayola. His birthday was 23 August. Some of the family stayed for a week. For a few days we had over sixty people to feed and put to bed. The women slept in the house and the men slept in sleeping bags on the lawn. We had a family picture taken.

The next August, 1957, I graduated. I never received a grade all during my college career lower than a C. Everybody kept telling me I would not get through the University without getting at least one D, but I did. I signed my first contract to teach fifth grade in Centerville Elementary School.

In December of that year 1957, my husband had a stroke. He was bedfast for nine months before he passed away 23 July, 1958. I bought a hospital bed and I was able to care for him at home. He did not want to go to the hospital. I was glad and thankful that I was blessed with good health and could care for him at home. About a year before Gottlieb died he bought a lot in the Centerville Cemetery. He said he wanted to be buried there. He always admired the Centerville Cemetery and commented on how well it was kept and how beautiful the grass, flowers and trees were.

I am so thankful for the help and encouragement he gave me while I was in college because without his faith in me I doubt I could have succeeded as well as I did. I have always been thankful I could teach and earn a living for my family doing work I enjoyed. By this time our savings were pretty well depleted and we still had a mortgage on our home to pay to Zion's First National Bank in Salt Lake City. The last payment was made to them in January 1963.

Layne received his mission call to the West German Mission in December of 1959. He had been on his mission just one year and Mahlon received his call to the South German Mission. I had two sons to support for 18 months. I earned enough money selling World Book Encyclopedia and Child Craft to send to one son and the other I supported from my check teaching school.

My brother, Wesley introduced me to Elmer Varner, who was selling Nutri-Bio Products. We thought we could make some money selling these Vitamins, but it was not organized right and our ventures in selling of this product failed. We had saved a missionary fund when our sons were small, but I did not have to use any of the money. When Layne was released in June 1962, Steven and I went to Europe. Layne met us in Amsterdam and we traveled through thirteen countries. I used some of the money we had saved as a missionary fund to finance the trip. Steven paid his own round trip plane ticket from his own savings. It cost each of us $335.00 round trip from New York to Amsterdam.

I was so glad to meet the people Layne and Mahlon had labored with and baptized. We also did some genealogy work with a Mr. Von Frank in Austria. He had been working on my husband's mother's line for years. We went to his library which was located out in the country on the old Roman

highway in a castle he had inherited. He also lived in the castle. We found him late at night and he insisted on us staying overnight. We reviewed some problems we were having on the Weber line, and made some progress because Layne was able to speak with him in German. The next day he took us all through the castle and told us its history since it was built. It was very interesting. Mahlon had been home only a short time and Steven received his call to go to the Central German Mission after serving six months in Fort Ord in the National Guard.

When we returned home in August 1962, I borrowed $5,000.00 dollars for a down payment and bought a home located at 457 East 500 North in Provo, Utah. All my children wanted to go to Brigham Young University. They lived in this home and also boarded students to earn money to go to college. This home in Provo was a great help, as all my children lived there and graduated in their turn. Then I sold the home to Steven in January 1971.

In January 1966 I met Andrew Terry from Beaver, Utah. We were married for time in the Manti Temple June 4, 1966. Before I married Andrew I sold my home in Centerville, Utah to Mahlon. He moved in it with his family in June when I married and moved to Beaver. I attended B.Y.U. during summer of 1966 to receive my Secondary Teaching Certificate so I could teach in the Beaver High School. I had my Elementary Teaching Certificate, but there were no openings in the elementary school in Beaver. I taught remedial English and Math for two years in High School.

After nearly two years Andrew and I decided the only solution to our problems was divorce. As soon as school was out I moved from Beaver to Provo, Utah.

In August 1968 I came to California to teach in the Garden Grove School District. I taught fifth grade in the Rosits Elementary School. The next year I taught fourth grade for half the year. On February 18, 1969 Dad and I purchased a Nursery School located at 855 North Olive, Orange, California, and a home next door at 865 North Olive, Orange.

For one year I taught public school and owned and directed the nursery school too. The nursery school was in need of paint and repairs when I bought it. In less than a year I had doubled the enrollment and enlarged the school by adding two more classrooms. Dad was impatient and wanted the school to pay off faster than it did. He wanted his money so I cashed in my retirement and paid him off in the fall of 1970. In January 1970, I quit teaching public school and devoted all my time to the nursery school.

In June 1970, I flew to Hawaii for my vacation. I met Mahlon and his family who were on his way home from Guam. He had lived there with his family for two years. He taught school for the government of Guam. We vacationed together and had a wonderful time.

While I was in Hawaii I listened to a young man from New Zealand talk in Sacrament Meeting. He was a student at the Church College of Hawaii. He was a convert of two years or so and was the only member of his family who was a member of the Church. He bore a strong testimony and expressed a desire to go on a mission, but he had no means of financial support. I talked to his Bishop because I had been looking for someone to help financially to fill a mission. I offered to pay his expenses on a mission.

The young man's name is Neville H. Gilmore. The Bishop and Brother Gilmore both assured me that my offer was an answer to their prayers. He was called to the Philippines and is doing a wonderful work there. I feel that his success is my success and I am glad to help in this way, as I have always wanted to go on a mission.

I have worked in all the Auxiliary Organizations of the Church. I was Second Counselor in the Relief Society, Secretary of the M.I.A., Beehive Teacher in M.I.A., Theology Teacher in Relief Society, Primary President and teacher, Sunday School Teacher and Sunday School Chorister.

I always supported my husband in his assignments and callings in the Priesthood. This is more important because I can go no further than

he is worthy to take me. I hope I can remain true and faithful at all times to be worthy to stand by the side of my husband throughout eternity.

Report of Gailya Grant

Daughter of Gottlieb Blatter & Lorene Arabella Maddox Blatter

I'm sure you must have the full history of how my mother & father met and married, so I will only include an abbreviated version of it here.

My father had just lost his wife of twenty-seven years after she had an operation for gall stones. He was asked to serve another mission shortly after her death with eight children still at home, one being a young infant. He was promised that if he would fill this mission he would find a suitable companion who would be able to help him raise his children. At the end of his mission he met a young lady & was told by the spirit that she was the one promised to him. He felt she could not possibly be the right one because she was so young. However, the Spirit witnessed to him very strongly that she was the one. After he got home he agonized over what he should do, finally deciding that he would write her and explain everything to her. Which he did. On receiving the letter my mother's first reaction was to put it away and forget about it since she was already engaged to be married. But she couldn't forget it, and did a bit of agonizing herself before she finally showed it to her mother. It was finally decided that she would write Gottlieb and tell him she was willing to travel from Arkansas where she lived to Montana where dad lived at the time, to give her the opportunity to meet him again and have a chance to meet his family to see what decision she could make. Which she did. After she had been there a few weeks, she & Gottlieb decided they would get married and planned a trip to Utah to be married in the Salt Lake Temple. When they arrived there they found the temple closed for repairs, so they went to the temple in Logan, Utah and were married there on 11 Sep 1935. I have often wondered how she must have felt as a young woman who had been a bit pampered at home, and was engaged to marry another man, to go to an older man she had known so briefly and his 8 children still living at home who, she would be expected to take care of and help raise. All I could get her to reply was, "it was the Lord's will". I wonder if I could have done it. My mother has always been very strong willed and determined. I'm sure these traits stood her in good stead during the early days of their marriage as they attempted to mesh everyone together. However, it was hard for some of the children because they were used to their own mother's softer approach, and of course, they missed her a lot. In spite of the problems, they did in time settle into a mostly happy situation, and mother was a great help to dad and his children.

I am the first child of Gottlieb & Lorene Blatter. Dad was 54 years of age and my mother was 20 when I was born. They had decided that mother would have her baby at home because of the blizzard conditions that are so often the norm in December when I was expected. They didn't want to chance trying to get to the hospital in Havre 20 miles away. When mother went into labor, dad went to get the Dr. and the Relief Society President, who was planning to stay for at least 2 weeks to help while mother recuperated. In those days, a mother was expected to stay right in bed for at least 2 to 3 weeks after a birth. When the Dr. arrived he immediately began to administer ether liberally to my mother. Her bed was in a small room. They had closed the door and, of course, the window was closed because it was so cold. Mother began to feel like she was smothering. She began thrashing around and fighting everyone who was trying to help her. I was in the birth canal ready to be born but couldn't because mother was fighting the whole process. They thought she was acting that way because she was in terrible pain, so the Dr. would administer more ether. Finally, my dad said that he didn't think mother would be acting like that because of pain. He insisted the Dr. take away the ether.

They opened the door and a window to let fresh air in, and as soon as they did and mother could breath properly, she explained why she had been acting so badly. Now she could follow the doctor's instructions and soon I was born. But, the problem was not over. I had gotten the ether too, and they could not get me to breath. They dashed into the kitchen and were putting me by turns into hot and then cold water, and they would twist me around, hang me by my feet and spank my bottom trying to get me to breath. My sister, Shirley (the little two year old), who was watching all this frantic action said to her dad: "Dad, is this our new rubber baby?" I finally did breath, and that was my entrance into the world. It was pretty "touch-and-go" for both myself and my mother.

Mother told me that the hardest thing she and dad had to work out as a couple was how to discipline the children. Dad had grown up with his father's harsh way of discipline and pretty much ascribed to it with his own children except not quite as severe. Mother, who was raised by loving and kind parents was always trying to get her husband to soften his approach to discipline. I was glad for that on many occasions.

As I look back on my formative years I remember many instances where my parents were trying to instill correct values into us. Here are a couple of these:

1. My brother Layne, (who was about 3 years old at the time), and I (about 6) were playing with the foot treadle of my mother's sewing machine in the dining room. We were pushing it back and forth, which of course, made the needle go up and down very fast. Mother had already told us more than once to stop. We would stop for a little while and then go right back to it. Dad had just come in from irrigating and was just taking off his big boots. He was just in time to hear mother tell us to stop, and to see that we were not being obedient. Suddenly, I became aware that everything had gotten really quiet in the kitchen. I looked up and saw dad heading toward us. I took off and hid under the dining room table, but Layne didn't see it in time to hide. By the time he realized what was going on and started running away, dad threw his boot at him which sent him skittering across the dining room floor. I don't think it hurt him very much, but it really scared both of us, a lot! We didn't play with the sewing machine after that.
2. My Aunt Dixie who was four years older than I had come over to visit us. We were outside playing and she wanted to climb up on the

chicken-house roof. This was a "no no" for us. We knew we would get in trouble if we went up there. But, Dixie was so insistent and I really wanted to go up there, cause it was fun to be up so high and a person could see so much from up there. We thought if we stayed on the side of the roof away from the house we would be OK. Someone told on us though. Boy, was mother mad at me. She gave me a good hard spanking for that one. Yes, mother did her fair share of disciplining, but it wasn't as scary as when dad did it. I don't think men realize how strong they are sometimes. This may not have been the best way to discipline, but in those days they believed in the old adage "spare the rod, spoil the child".

When I was about 7 or 8 years old, dad wanted me to go help him with a job he needed to do. I don't know why he didn't have one of the older kids go, but for some reason I was the one he told to come with him. He had to feed the livestock that were out away from the house near a well that had frozen over. Dad had a truck with a big flat-bed filled with hay. He got in the back and with a pitch fork threw down big forks full of hay along the way. He would get the truck going and put it in low gear so it would just barely move along. All I had to do was to steer it around where he wanted to throw down the hay. This all went well and we finished the job. Dad told me to go sit in the truck while he fixed the well. When he was finishing up that job, he yelled at me to start up the truck and drive it over to him. I guess it didn't occur to him that I really didn't know how to do that. But, I didn't dare say anything. I could hardly see over the windshield either which didn't help anything. But, I turned the key on, not knowing that you had to push in on the clutch first. Well, you know what happened. The truck started making these big lurching starts and stops. At this point I was looking down at the foot peddles trying to figure out what to do, being practically frozen with fear. I forgot to do the one thing that I did know how to do and that was to steer. I ran right in to the fence and much to my horror I heard the gate post snap under the truck. Finally the motor died. I just sat there and could not move. I couldn't believe what had just happened, but knew I was in so much trouble I would never see the end of it. When I finally looked up I saw dad coming over at a trot. Instead of being mad, he was laughing. Can you believe it--he was actually laughing! To say I was relieved would not begin to do it justice.

Dad had a lamb that was a runt who needed to be fed by bottle, or it would have died. He gave me that little lamb and I fed her till she could eat on her own. She followed me around the farm like a dog. I loved that lamb! He also gave us kids a Shetland pony to ride. We had so much fun on that little pony even though he had a bad temper. We found ourselves on the ground from time to time as a result of that temper.

Dad had his fun side too. I remember times when he would get out his harmonica and give us a few tunes. He was good at it. Also he would sing songs like "Ol' Dan Tucker Was a Fine Old Man", and Grandma's Feather Bed". Those were good times. Everybody was happy when dad was playing or singing.

There were two things that Mother and Dad were good at teaching us. One was the gospel and how to live its teachings; and the other was how to work hard. I will try to show through a couple of examples the work ethic first. One of my earliest memories was of the family sitting on the front porch shelling big wash tub's full of peas. Then when they were all shelled, of course, they had to be bottled. We used ½ gallon jars for our big family.

We at one time lived on a dry farm of about 3 thousand acres. Mother and dad would have the truck out on a piece of that land. All of us kids and mother and dad would space ourselves out in a big straight line. Then we would walk forward and as we walked we would pick up the rocks that were on our section of ground and put them on the truck. We would do that for many hours. If we were not picking rocks, they would have us take the same positions and go along sprinkling kernels of poisoned wheat around the opening of the gopher

holes. Both of those things were extremely tiring after a few hours. But we learned how to work hard, and to work until the job was done or until we were told we could quit.

When we lived in St. George, Utah mother bought a whole bunch of chickens. Some we kept for laying eggs, but most were meat birds. There must have been about 150 birds. When they got old enough to butcher, mother would kill and eviscerate them, and us kids plucked the feathers off them, and the older ones of us were taught how to cut up the chickens and then we did that as well. That was a job that I thought would never end. It went on for days. We had to work very fast because it was awfully hot in St. George, and the chickens could not be out in that temperature for long. It was hot and stinky even though we were outside. It was not my favorite job, but again, we learned to work at it till the job was done even though we didn't like doing it.

When we lived in Centerville, UT we had a cherry and peach orchard growing right next to our home. Between some of the rows of fruit trees, strawberries were planted. Strawberry picking was hard on the back too. It's good we were young. I remember us kids who were old enough to pick were paid 3 cents a pound for the cherries we picked. Layne & I were always, it seemed, in competition to see who could pick the most, and the fastest. You have to know something about my brother, Layne. He is a very competitive person. He just had to win. I was hard pressed to beat him even though he was 3 years younger and a few inches shorter. We would dump the cherries from our picking buckets into 20 lb. lugs. When we were through for the day, mother would take the cherries we had picked to Farmington to be shipped out. Mother and dad would let us have a Lagoon day at the end of the picking season--just before Lagoon closed for the summer. We could spend some of our hard earned money on going there. It was something that kept us going all summer--looking forward to Lagoon.

Now I would like to talk a little bit about the gospel in our home. Our parents taught us always by example first. They didn't expect us to do anything that they were unwilling to do. For instance, there was never any question as to where we would be on a Sunday. We were at church. Always. You had to be pretty sick to stay home from church. We didn't want to stay home anyway. I always enjoyed going to church and wanted to be there. There was never any question about whether you paid a full tithing. Mother & dad talked about their own tithing and how they were going to pay it in front of us so we knew it was extremely important to them. It was something you just did! We didn't have a formal Family Home Evening in our home, but in a way every night was Family Home Evening. When the work was done, we sat around and visited with each other, or read or worked on projects or lessons for school. We didn't have television nor radio for quite a while. Gospel topics just naturally came up. We read the scriptures and learned a lot from our parents from discussions that incurred from the scriptures. My father was exceptionally knowledgeable about the gospel, and he had so many interesting stories to tell us that happened on his missions. Another thing that may sound a little unusual, was that my testimony grew significantly from singing the hymns during our church meetings. The members of our little branch in Chinook really knew how to sing. I don't mean their musical knowledge and skill was all that great, (and even some few of them sang off key), but they sang off key with gusto. All of the members it seemed loved to sing the hymns. We had all of Uncle Bill's family, our family, my grandmother Maddox, and her family and many others. When we all lifted up our voices together, the sound was amazingly loud and fervent. I have heard it said that you can tell the spirituality of a ward or branch by the way they sing. I would agree with that.

I just want to add one little thing that delighted me as a child and that was listening to my older sisters singing as they were working in the kitchen doing the dishes or other chores. They could harmonize beautifully together. They would often sing the world war II songs like, "Don't Sit

Under The Apple Tree", or "When Johnny Comes Marching Home", "Over There", etc. I was a young child during that war and learned all those songs by listening to them sing.

I've got to add one more thing and then I really am finished. When I was in High School the church had an "All Church Quartette Festival". Any quartette of a certain age could enter it. I was a member of a quartette whose members all belonged to the same ward and would sometimes perform around the Centerville area. For the festival we were required to sing a song that we had written. Our accompanist was wonderful and helped us with our original song a lot. She was one who just had to hear a tune once and then could play this wonderful accompaniment to it. We also had to sing another song that was spiritual in nature. We chose to sing "Open The Gates Of The Temple". There were enough quartette's entered that they had to hold it on two consecutive nights. It was held in the Assembly Building On the night our quartette performed my parents came to hear us. I remember looking over at dad while we were singing our songs and his face was just beaming. That was one time that I knew he was very proud of me. That has always meant a great deal to me. Of lesser importance, we came in second in that all church contest.

These are some of the memories that I have of my father and mother. I hope this is what you wanted. Feel free to cut if you want to.

Gottlieb and Lorene Blatter

by Lane Blatter

Gottlieb Blatter, my father, was 58 years old when I was born. I was the 16th child born to my father and Lorene, my mother was 24 years old. I was her 2nd child. Some in the family say I was spoiled because there were 6 girls in a row before I came along.

We lived on the irrigated farm east of Chinook, Montana. We raised hay and grain, but mostly sugar beets. We lived on the irrigated farm until I was about 6 years old. I have some memories of the farm: Gathering eggs, the bees and bats in the barn, horses and cows. Dad farmed with horses as well as a tractor. Irrigating was one of the most difficult things Dad did. It was cold there. Dad and Mom told stories about ice freezing inside the windows 2 inches thick, bloody ice sickles hanging from the cow's noses, and sheep freezing to the ground unable to get up. I remember an old wind up phonograph and lots of singing. Work and Church were the major things in our family.

We sold the irrigated farm and moved into Chinook, because of Dad having a heart attack. We lived in a white frame house south of the town center. I attended kindergarten and the first grade in Chinook. I must have done well because I remember liking

school. I got into a barrel of trouble three times that I remember. Mahlon and I were playing with matches in the crawl space under the house. I was throwing rocks at car tires as they went by, and Gailya and I were playing with a needle sewing machine and being told to stop. Dad spanked me with a willow for playing with matches and Dad threw his boot at me while playing with the sewing machine. One of the rocks hit a car window and the man took us inside to face the music with Mom and Dad. I'm sure it didn't set well with them because I can still remember the fear I felt inside.

We moved from Chinook to a dry farm North of Havre. We sold it and moved to Cardsten, Canada. The dry farm didn't stay sold so we moved back and went to school in a one roomed school house. I feared the strict Canadian teachers, but as I remember Mom and Dad weren't very sympathetic. School on the dry farm was in a one room school with 10 students. Anna Mossburger was the only other 2nd grader and the teacher's name was Mrs. Wonkie.

Our next move was to St. George Utah. That is when we changed our Blatter name pronunciation to the "ah" sound, more like German. We lived there 4 years. We built a couple of houses there and had some land down by the Virgin River. Dad baptized me in the St. George Temple when I was 8 years old. Dad was 65 years old then and Mom was 31.

We took one trip in the car for a family vacation other than visiting relatives. We drove to New York and stopped at all the Church history sites along the way. I also remember going on one deer hunting trip.

Our last move was to Centerville, Utah. We had 7 acres of fruit trees and we built our own home. Dad worked at Porter Walton's Nursery. I worked for them too and know how hard it was for Dad to do the work there because of his knees and feet. I was 17 when Dad died. He suffered a great deal with a stroke and memory loss.

Dad died at age 77 and is buried in Centerville, Utah. Mom was 43 years old when Dad died. She got a teaching certificate in two years time by taking a heavy load of classes at the University of Utah. She worked hard and gave us all she had to give. She died last year at 92 years of age. Dad and Mom were wonderful parents. They loved each other and their children. They were strong faithful members of the church. Their word was their bond. They were good and kind to everyone. I couldn't have asked for better parents.

Remembrances of My Dad Gottlieb

by Mahlon Dale Blatter

My Dad, Gottlieb Blatter, wore overalls every day of his life except on Sunday when he would wear his Sunday suit. I view his overalls as a symbol of who he was-a simple man, genuine, a farmer and a man who lived close to the soil and the weather. The pointer finger on one of his hands was frozen stiff by the Montana cold and from then on he had to have Mom button the top button of his Sunday shirt for him. (Layne's version of the finger injury was that the finger was caught in a pulley while hoisting hay into the barn loft. Regardless of the cause, pulley injury or frostbite, his finger was permanently rigid.) My dad was a farmer most of his life which means in reality he was a gambler. All farmers are gamblers. They gamble if they sow the seed it will grow. And once the crop is up and growing, they gamble against crop loss due to frost, hail, bugs, insects, disease, flood, drought, falling prices, and high operating costs. Hard work, long hours, tenacity and faith was all that allowed us to survive through many crop failures.

My dad did not own the common definition of a gambler. He was not a shifty, dishonest, bottom of the deck dealer. He was just the opposite. He was not allowed the luxury of much formal schooling because they were only allowed to attend school when the weather was too bad to farm. Dad could read and write and do simple arithmetic, but he was never able to conquer fractions. In his declining years, before his stroke, he loved to read the Bible, The Book of Mormon, The Doctrine and Covenants

AUDREY & SAM BLATTER

and the Pearl of Great Price. Dad was doctrinally grounded and lived his life accordingly. His High Priest Quorum Leader told me that my dad did not did not say too much during the quorum meeting, but when he did speak his comments were heart felt and inspiring. My dad was a simple man who lived by the law of the harvest. You reap what you sow! He worked from sunup to sundown to plant his crops, to cultivate them and to harvest them. He always had the faith that if he did his part there would be enough profit to repeat the process next year. My dad lived close to God, the soil and the weather. I watched him examine the sky for rain and sift the soil through his hands looking for moisture content and pray in great faith for the things we so desperately needed, then give heartfelt thanks for the harvest even if meager.

Dad always wore a windup railroad watch in the vest pocket of his overalls. He always had a shovel, hoe, crowbar or pitchfork over his shoulder. He knew heat, mosquitoes, sunburn, sweat, and dirt on a first name basis. He would come into the porch to wash after a day on the tractor covered with dirt and sweat. I always watched with interest as he washed. He would take off his hat and knock the dirt from it and wipe the inside brim with his handkerchief. Then he would brush the dust off his clothes with his hands and stamp the dirt off his boots. The rest came off with water. The water came from our well via a squeaky pump. It took several squeaky pumps of the handle before the pump was primed and the water would begin to flow into the bucket. When the bucket was full, you would quit pumping the handle, but the water would still continue to flow a bit on its own. It was a bit tricky to know exactly to quit pumping in order to get the desired amount of water in the bucket.

Since I was only about five years old at the time, it was my job to fetch the water from the well to the house. During the winter I would take an axe with me to chop up the ice in the stock watering trough in order for the livestock to be able to drink. Dad would fill the wash pan from the water bucket and start by washing his face. Eyes and ears came next followed by his whole head and neck. By now the wash water would be dirty, so he'd throw the dirty water out into the yard. Now with fresh water and soap, he'd use a scrub brush on the ground-in dirt on his hands, knuckles and fingernails. Dad only had a fringe of hair around the crown of his head and was otherwise bald, so he'd wash his whole head and neck clear down to the collar of his shirt. The washing finished, he'd be ready for supper. He'd turn to me and say, "We'd better go eat before mom throws it out to the hogs." Shaving was a ritual reserved for Sunday or when Mom and Dad would go into town. On other days, Dad would have a bristly face. As a spontaneous show of affection, he'd suddenly grab Layne or me and give us a whisker scratch on the cheek. It felt a little like brushing your face against a belt sander or being clawed by a grizzly bear. At five years old, it was about as futile to try to get away as it was to wrestle away from a grizz too. Finally, he'd set us

back down on our feet, tussle our hair with his big paw, and we would know that we were loved.

Journal entry Sat. 6-24-00

Layne and I used to love to ride along with Dad seated in the dusty window seat of the cab of the tractor. Sometimes, Dad would even let us steer. We would sit on his lap and try to steer a strait course. These tractor times were my earliest lessons on focus and goals. "Strait furrows are the mark of a good farmer," Dad would say. He took pride in strait furrows-especially when plowing. He'd tell us, "pick an object at the far end of the field and steer strait toward it." Sometimes the object of focus, usually a fence post, was over a mile away. After awhile, Dad would stop the tractor and say, "now look behind you to see how well you did." My furrows were not to strait. They looked like snake tracks. Dad would say, "You lost your focus. You have to stay focused. Don't take your eyes off the goal for a minute." It was very hard for a five year old to stay focused for very long, and Dad would soon take over again. These were special times for Layne and me, however, just because we got to be with Dad. He told us that he too really enjoyed our company. Sometimes we would bring him lunch out in the field and the lunch and conversation made his day too.

March 1, 2001 by Mahlon D. (Sam) Blatter

Remembrances of My Parents: Gottlieb Blatter & Lorene Maddox Blatter

I was born on Mother's Day, May 11, 1941 on my Grandmother's farm in Chinook, Montana. Mom always told me that I was the best Mother's Day present that she ever had. I always felt flattered and special each time she told me that. The nearest hospital was 22 miles away in Havre, Montana, and so I was born at Gram's house. There were lots of home berths in those days.

I was born into a large family. I was the 17th child out of 19 born to my father. My dad, Gottlieb, (which in German means God-love,) had 14 children by his first wife, Dora Mae. After she died he married my mother, Lorene, and had 5 more children. My Dad was 60 years old when I was born, and my younger brother, Steven, and sister, Clothele, followed. By the time I came into the world, my older brothers and sisters were grown with many of them already married and on their own. It was like having 2 families, although I always consider us all one family…just spread out a bit in age and maturity.

My Dad was a farmer. He always had a farmer's tan where his hat covered his balding head. He only had a fringe of hair around the crown of his head. He was not tall, but bull strong and stout. Weekdays he wore irrigation boots, farmer bib overalls, his watch fastened to his overalls and usually either a shovel, milk pail, feed pail, wrench, roll of wire or pliers in his hand. He was a hard worker and a good farmer.

There was no men's work or women's work on our farm. There was just work, and whoever was assigned to do it did it, whether male or female. My older sisters could drive a feed truck, drive a tractor and work like a farm hand when required. There were always chores to do. Twice a day the cows had to be milked, and fed. The pigs and chickens had to be tended and the eggs gathered. The milk had to be strained and separated, the buttermilk made and the butter churned.

Before we had a tractor, Dad did the work of plowing, planting, haying and threshing with the work horses. I was always fascinated to watch Dad harness the horses. As a young boy, the horses looked like giants to me. Dad would put on the collars, lift the harness over their broad backs, attach the tugs to the traces and attach the long reins. The best times ever were when my brother and I were allowed to ride out to the field on the backs of the horses or ride on the hay wagon. In winter when the Milk River was frozen over, we would play crack the whip with one of the horses and sleigh. The horse would run full gallop along the river

bank pulling others on the sleigh behind. Whoever was riding the horse would give the rope a strong pull sending the sleigh flying across the frozen river. The horses were also used to dig the sugar beets out of the ground, and then we would haul the sugar beets to the sugar beet factory for processing. We would usually bring a load of used sugar beet pulp back to the farm to feed to the livestock. They really liked the pulp.

There was a large age difference between my Dad and Mom. When Dad brought his new wife home to his family, some of the older brothers and sisters were as old as or older than my mom, Lorene. Can you imagine how some adjustments had to be made? I can imagine that my older brothers and sisters must have thought how can this young stranger come into our lives and expect to be my mother? Somehow, life went on and the women were up at the crack of dawn making bread, baking biscuits, lunches, doing the washing and ironing. Saturday night was our weekly bath night. We took turns in the wash tub in the middle of the kitchen. We heated the water on the coal stove. The stove was a life saver to cook our food, heat the iron, and to keep the house from freezing. It seemed like we spent half our life chopping wood, hauling wood and coal to feed the stove which in turn fed and warmed us.

We were always hauling water as well. On Gram's farm there was a cistern where we lowered a bucket and winched water up. On our dry farm, we had a well with a squeaky hand pump. You'd pump and pump until the pump primed and then after a while the water would start slopping into the stock trough. In winter we would have to break the ice so the stock could drink.

For light we used kerosene lamps. At dusk we would light the wick of the lamp and it would give off a cheery glow. Of course we would have to clean the lamp chimneys regularly to get rid of the soot.

Sundays (a day of rest) meant that you would have to do all of the chores in time to get ready to go into town (Chinook) to church. Everyone in our Chinook Branch had at least one or two callings. Dad or Uncle Bill or some other priesthood holder would preside. Someone would lead the singing, someone would offer the opening prayer, someone would give the Sacrament Gem, someone would be assigned to give the 21/2 minute talks, the Deacons, if any, would pass the sacrament, the Priests, if any, would bless the sacrament, someone would give the sermon, and then after a closing song and prayer, the meeting would adjourn. After visiting for a while, everyone would rush home to do the chores so that we could return for the evening meeting.

Gradually my older brothers and sisters married and left home. We lived for a short time in Chinook, and then bought a 2,000 acre dry farm 20 miles North of Havre. We hauled rocks off the land, poisoned gophers, and ploughed, planted and harvested. What I remember most on the dry farm is riding with Dad on the Case tractor. He would come in off the tractor covered with dust and wash on the back porch with water from the well. Mom would always have plain but wholesome suppers ready. For the out house we did the 50 yard dash and used the Sears Catalog.

Not too long thereafter Dad was advised by the doctor to slow down a bit, so the dry farm was sold to the Huetterites and we move to St. George, Utah, where I started the 1st grade. After living in St. George for four years, we moved to Centerville, Utah, where it was easier to for kids to find jobs. Dad and Mom did not want any of us to grow up lazy. So they bought a 71/2 acre orchard. We built a house on it and we kids had built in jobs of watering, pruning and picking fruit.

My Dad passed away in the summer of 1957. He had a stroke that left him paralyzed on one side. My Mom was left a widow with 5 children to raise. At the age of 40, she enrolled in the University of Utah, and in only 21/2 years earned a teachers credential and graduated on the honor roll. She was always an amazing superwoman when she made up her mind to do something. She is probably the most strong-willed person I know. Through her

tenacity and faith, she was able to provide for all of us kids and pay for Layne, Myself and Steven to fill missions to Germany. She became both Mom and Dad and Provider for us even through University. She purchased a home in Provo, Utah, and we remodeled it into apartments so that we would have a place to live and enough money to go through B.Y.U. We rented out the downstairs apartment to other students and thereby had enough money for our tuition and books.

Both Mom and Dad were devout, God honoring, faithful people. They were very active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints all of their lives. They lead by example for all of us children. Dad filled three full time missions for the church, and Mom also served full time missions to Chicago, and also Australia. She also served for many years in the Family History Center and in the Provo and Manti temples.

I can truly say that I have been born of worthy and honorable and faithful parentage and progenitors. I am very proud to say that I am the son of Gottlieb Blatter and Lorene Arabella Maddox Blatter, and I truly give honor to my father and my mother.

— Mahlon Dale Blatter
Aka. Sam

Memories of Gottlieb and Lorene Blatter

by Clo Blatter Foote

My dad's name is Gottlieb Blatter. He was born in Dubois, Illinois on 23 August, 1881. Dad died one month before his seventy-seventh birthday, 23 July 1958. He is buried in Centerville, Utah. The cause of death on his death certificate was "cerebral hemorrhage." I think that is a fancy name for stroke. I was almost ten years old when he died and cannot remember a whole lot about him but the impressions that I have of him are still very vivid in my mind. He was shorter than mom at about 5'8" or so and he was build like a tank. He was very strong and quick to anger as I recall. I admit that I was a little afraid of him. He was raised during a time in history that children were "see and not heard" but were expected to work hard and give respect to elders without question. If the weather was bad and no work could be done on the farm, dad could then go to school. Because of this lifestyle, he was only able to finish the fourth grade. He did learn to read, write and do basic arithmetic skills. He was very savvy in the ways of survival and farming was his true love. He stated in his autobiography that his family survived three years on corn bread and molasses when he was a young boy. By the time I was born in St. George, Utah, dad had already had a heart attack and was told by his doctors that he needed to slow down and move from his beloved Montana to a warmer climate. I don't think he was ever the same with these changes taking place dictating to him just what he could and could not do. He did build a couple of house in St. George and kept busy in the temple. He was able to accomplish this in spite of his health issues. I don't think he liked to be still.

During his life, dad helped to build thirteen meeting houses and was in the branch presidency or high council, driving great distances to serve. He also served three missions for the church in Germany, South Africa and a short mission to the Central States. This was all before I, the nineteenth child, was even thought of.

Before we moved from St. George, the family took a trip to see the many church historical sites. We sold one of the houses the family built, and this enabled us to take this trip. I was too young to remember this trip but no one will let me forget that we traveled along with my diapers hanging out the windows to dry as we drove. Steven said that since he was sitting at the window, he got the job of "diaper holder." I was just wondering how this could be? I was nearly three years old at that time and I am embarrassed about that.

Dad had a big round face and a smile to match and brown eyes. His teeth had a split in the front

making his smile unique and my brother Layne inherited his to match. His hair receded to the point that eventually all that was left was a ring around his head from ear to ear. At least he didn't use the "comb-over" technique that some balding men do.

His usual attire was overalls and big work boots except for church; of course, he wore a white shirt, tie, and suit to church and always wore a hat. So his wardrobe needs were small. He had a great singing voice and it was loud. I loved to hear him sing. In so many ways, Layne, reminds me of him with his build, his smile, his voice and spirituality. They are definitely father and son. When something tickled dad, he would laugh with his whole body.

Dad was sick and not able to do the things he loved to do when I was young. I remember him building the garage to our house though and while I was the only one home with him, he fell off the roof. I was so scared but he told me what to do and I stayed with him and he was alright. He just needed to catch his breath, which was knocked out of him when he fell. I helped him get inside the house and soon he was right back outside working again. He was tough, like an ox and very stubborn. I remember he would get and egg and crack it open and swallow it whole and raw. I hate eggs that are not cooked hard so this seemed a little sick to me. He was strict and demanded compliance to the rules of the Blatter home. If an infraction would occur with one of us, we had to go to the orchard to retrieve our own switch from a tree for our whippin'. I only had to perform this exercise once and that cured me of all wrong-doing, while dad was around that is. I probably needed more whippins' but successfully weaseled my way out of trouble a lot. I think my brothers thought I was spoiled but I really don't think they had the proper perspective to make that judgment. I think they were spoiled too. During this time, dad worked part time for a nursery in Bountiful called Porter Walton. Steven worked there later when he was a teenager as well. We always had family prayers kneeling down morning and night. Prayers over the food were always kneeling down prayers. He had a hard time getting up and down from these prayers but there was no other way to pray as far as he was concerned.

One of my responsibilities as a young child was to help dad take off his big boots at the end of the day. He would sit down and call for me to help. His boots had a lot of laces and hooks to unhook. When the boot was finally loose enough to pull off, I'd stand back and pull with all my might. Secretly, I think dad would curl up his toes and hold back until just the right moment for me to use all my strength and then he would release the boot. Across the room, I would pick myself up and go at it again with the other boot. It was fun.

On dad's 75th birthday, we had a big party for him in Centerville. It was great because everybody except for Rae made it down for the occasion. We took many pictures of the time we had together. Looking back on it now, I wonder how the Montana farmers made the time for it. I am so glad that so many were able to attend. I think everybody realized that it could be the last time to see dad alive. It wasn't long afterwards that he suffered a stroke and eventually gave up the fight. I am so glad to have memories of my dad. He was a good man.

He was at home in a hospital bed from December to July until he died. That was a hard time for us. He refused to go to a hospital or nursing home and mom had to work and take care of him too. I am not sure how this was accomplished and it was a stressful time for those of us at home. Dad had hallucinations from time to time and that was scary for me. So he was not at his best during this time. Someone gave him a big box of Limburger cheese for Christmas that year. He would often ask me to get him some cheese for a snack. That was a dreaded task for me to perform. But I did it. I have never smelled anything quite as foul as that cheese before or since. But dad seemed to love it. Mon sent me to Gailya's house to spend the night, July, 23, 1958 and that was the night that dad died.

The Funeral was very hard for me and I think Steven had a difficult time as well. We had to stand in a line for the viewing and of course everyone was


Clo and Jim Foote

so sad for us. Their crying caused me to be in tears just about the entire time. It was awful. The funeral was better though. My brothers were in the choir I guess. Layne and Mahlon were in New York on a Socotowa Trip with the youth of the area and so they were not able to be at the funeral. I was a nice funeral and I have a copy of the proceedings in my book of remembrance. When I think of my dad, I am glad that I am privileged to be his daughter. I think he was not a perfect dad, but he did the best he could. He was 67 years old when I was born and that can't be easy to think of child rearing at that age. Every generation makes improvements in the art of being a parent and so as time goes by, we learn more and can see the error of the way things were done in the past enough to remain true to the things that did work and change those things that were needful. I will be happy to greet dad when my time comes to cross over and Hope that he will be proud of me.

Mother's physique was totally different from Dad's, so they made quite the interesting couple visually. The story of mom meeting dad and the proposal of marriage is quite interesting. It is recorded in both of their histories. She was born in Mancos, Colorado on May 17, 1915. Her parent moved around quite a bit when she was young: Arkansas to Texas and back to Arkansas. She was the oldest of four children and played the role of the "eldest" well. Mom was almost six feet tall and slender in build. After all, she used to play basketball in high school. She finished high school and was engaged to be married when Dad entered the picture. It seems like she made her decision in a thoughtful and prayerful manner and just never looked back. Her life in Montana was difficult at best, entering into a family that required her to be mother to children her own age and older. I can't even imagine the dynamics of the family during that period of adjustment. But adjust they did and she worked hard and was tutored by Velta and the older ones. When the family moved to Centerville, she took on another assignment that was another big challenge. She graduated from the University of Utah in about three years, taking more credits than was allowed. She was very motivated to get the job done as quickly as possible, knowing she would be the sole bread winner soon and a widow. After Dad's death, she was alone for 49 years. Although she was married to a man named Andrew Terry of Beaver, Utah for a short time. After her divorce, she moved to California for a fresh start. Gailya and her family lived there as well. Her heart was not in teaching there because the rules began to change in education at that time and she felt that these encumbrances prevented her from doing her best job. Granddad helped her buy a home in Orange with a pre-school next door. She

worked hard at the school and soon had a waiting list. She was successful doing what she did best. She was a strict disciplinarian and thankfully most parents appreciated that. There were some time that I was able to work for her in the summer teaching swimming and I was witness to some methods that would not look to good on a resume, such as: one child who was labeled "incorrigible" was hosed down in the playground while everyone else was at naptime. I can't remember if that helped or not. Just a few things like that could have gotten her arrested today but she was always under the radar at the right time.

Mom had a neighbor that lived across the street from her in California that she introduced to the church. Her name was Lois. She was heavy set and such a good cook. I think she had many health problems but one that aggravated her was a sore in her hip that would never heal and it seeped really bad so that she had to wear dressings and bandages and couldn't really be away from home too long at a time. She did want to attend the temple and receive her endowments. She could not figure out how to handle this with the one piece garments that were used at that time. Mom took this on as a challenge and wrote to the first Presidency of the church and explained what she proposed to do for Lois. The President at the time (President Kimball, I think) gave his approval for her to make two pieces out of one for Lois so that she could attend the temple. I believe this was the impetus for the birth of two piece garments for all members of the church who wanted them. After ten years of working so hard shaping hundreds of children's lives, she sold and moved to Orem, Utah. Ten more years went by with mom hacking and coughing every morning to get rid of the effects of the Geneva Steel plant that was directly west of her home. She filled a mission to Chicago, Illinois during this time and brought home two elderly converts, Meela and Milly, whom she took care of until they passed away a few years later. She also traveled to Australia with her cousin. She wanted to fill another mission but didn't want to deal with young girls for a companion. She talked to my niece's husband, Bill Glen, who agreed to call them on a mission while they were there which was easy because he was the branch president. When she returned home, she decided to get out of Orem and the smog from the Geneva Steel plant and move to Manti. She found a home that was directly across the street from the Temple and it seemed a perfect location. She lived there for fifteen years until she died on December 14, 2007. I was with her for the last week that she lived and it was my privilege to help her during this time. I hope I will always remember the feelings and love that surrounded that event. The thing that will stand out in my mind when mother is mentioned is her undying need to serve. She always put her needs last and never really even considered her wants. She really tried to live her life pattered after the Savior.

CHAPTER

William Lincoln Blatter and Olga Vollenweider Family

Life History of William Lincoln Blatter

by Eva Blatter Blaylock, his daughter
Written May 8, 2009

William Lincoln Blatter, son of Rudolph Blatter and Elizabeth Weber, was born August 19, 1883 in Round Prairie, Illinois. He was the last child in the family. His closest sibling was his brother, Gottlieb, who was two years older. The family worked hard to clear the land of the trees on it, and all were required to help as they could. Their only schooling was when the weather was too stormy to work outside.

In the spring of 1888, they were visited by Mormon missionaries, who asked for food and lodging at their home. The missionaries taught them the gospel, and William's father and mother were baptized members of the Mormon church on April 1, 1888. In 1889, both William and Gottlieb also joined the church. The missionaries told them what conditions were like in Idaho, which was the missionaries' home, and some of the older children decided to come out to the Idaho Falls area.

The parents, Rudolph and Elizabeth, decided to move out to Idaho Falls and the family arrived in Ammon the 15th day of August 1898. They built a house to live in and became disenchanted with Idaho when they saw some of the former missionaries not living as they should. Be the next June, Rudolph and Elizabeth decided to move back to Illinois. William said, "I told them I wouldn't go. I was 15 years old and had learned to work and felt I could take care of myself." William's mother, Elizabeth, was very concerned and asked the Bishop to help William out if he were out of work and needed help. The Bishop assured her that he would. Soon after this, the Bishop and his family left the area and the new Bishop didn't help at all.

William stated, "I had a very tough time from then on. I worked at whatever I could, I often went hungry. I felt the Bishop had it in for me and (at church) when I got a seat up front, he (the Bishop) always kicked me out of it so the counselor's wife could sit there. I sat in the back then where a bunch of rowdies were. Soon the Bishop came and told us all to get out and never come back. As a result, I never went to church for 8 or 10 years."

Will (William) went to Oregon and had crop failures 2 years and decided to come back to Idaho. He had broken his knee and had no doctor close so it just healed as it would and was a problem for him all his life. Rudolph and Elizabeth had come back to Idaho and Will rented some land and farmed near his folks. He was still not church active.

My Life Story – William Lincoln Blatter

(Typed as it was originally written)

Father was born in Switzerland and mother was born in the state of Illinois; just where, I don't know; somewhere in the central part. Sometime after they were married, they moved to the southern part of the state, Prairie County, to a place called Round Prairie, and that was where I was born, in Round Prairie, Prairie County, Illinois, on 19 August 1883, and we lived there until 1898 and we moved to Idaho Falls, or Ammon, east of Idaho Falls and arrived there on the 15th day of August 1898.

We were very busy that fall and bought a set of house logs that some fellow had cut in the mountains, and we hauled them down and built a log house to live in. After that some of the people there in the branch, or in the ward, talked my father into buying some land in the town of Ammon and building a house on that. So we built a house that fall, and we had the farm already bought and were trying to break up the farm and get rid of the sagebrush. Along the next June, Dad told us that he was going back to Illinois, that he had all of Idaho that he wanted; and they wanted me to go with them and I told them no, that I hadn't come west with the idea of goin back and that I was not goin. And it took them quite a while and mother was very disappointed to think that I wouldn't go back with them. and she was worried as to what would become of me; I was fifteen at that time. So she went over to one of our neighbors and talkin to him about it and he says, "Why don't you go to the bishop; that's the bishop's place in our church for givin counsel and advice and to and talk to him and tell him your troubles." So the bishop lived just a block away: she went over (this was Bishop A.M. Rawson) and told her that she wanted to know what to do in a condition of this kind and so he says: You go back with your husband but on the way home you stop at Salt Lake City and I'll give you a recommend so that you can both go to the temple and have your endowments; that as far as that boy of yours is concerned, I'll take him over and whenever he has no work or no place to stay, I'll give him a home. And he made a lot of faithful promises and she left feeling much better.

But it wasn't very long until this family left the Ammon Ward and they put in a new bishop, he went to the new bishop and he told him that he had one request to make of him before he took the job over as bishop. He said he told him the story that him and my mother had and that he had promised to take me over to look after me and see that I was taken care of and given a home when I needed one, and he says, I want you to promise me that you'll take over this obligation off my hands when I leave and you go in as bishop. This man made him the promise but he never kept it. He never did a thing for me and I had a very tough time from then on.

Finally he came to me, him and his brother were in the sheep business, and wanted me to come in February and help 'em lamb. And they offered me fifteen dollars a month and my board and I refused to go, so he finally told me that he would give me a summer's job at twenty dollars a month and I could stay out with the sheep all summer as a camp tender, which he had no idea of ever fulfilling that promise. So I went over and the first thing he did he called the men together and he says, I'm not hiring a man to take care of the night work. He says, I'm a goin to stay up till ten o'clock at night and then it's up to the rest of you fellows to put in the rest of the night. You can divide that up into shifts whichever you want. And it came my turn every night I'd have to get up and take care of those sheep until my two and a half hours were up. So I worked all day and then two and a half hours every night for twenty dollars a month. After lambing was over we got into the hills and went over to Gray's Lake to the dipping vat and shearing corrals, and we sheared out. And we were able to leave the shearing corrals and he told me to hook on to a sheep camp and tie an old buggy that they had with a broken tongue

Back row, L – R: Levi, William (called Wilford at home), Kenneth, Calvin, David;
front row, L – R: Bethene, Olga, William, Eva, Kay; Insert: Melvin, Killed in WWII in Germany

in it they'd cut a post from an old quaking asp and put it in there for a tongue and he'd wired it in tiers so close together there that the first turn 1'd make 1'd break the tongue out, and I told him so and he said I didn't know what I was talking about, to take the camp and go down the road. It was an awfully. crooked road and the first turn I'd made in the canyon I broke the tongue out of this buckboard. And I was just cutting another quaking asp pole to wire back in there as they had before and he came along and that was a good chance to fire me for breaking that tongue out and he told me to get onto a horse and go down to the valley and he'd give me a letter to his brother and he'd settle up with me.

When I got down to the valley instead of this bishop taking me in and giving me a place after being out on the road all day riding in the mountains bareback he told me to come to Idaho Falls the next morning at ten o'clock and meet them at the C W & M Company and he would settle up with me. So I had no place to go and hadn't had anything to eat; I had to crawl into a haystack that night to find some shelter. And the next morning at ten o'clock I went over to the C W & H Company to get the money that I had coming for the job they had promised me for the summer. He said that I had broken the tongue out of their trailer or commissary or whatever you call it and he had just priced it and the price was $8.75 for a new tongue, and he was going to hold that out of my wages, and that was too much. I had started telling him what I thought of him and telling him that there were a few promises that he had made this other bishop that he had never kept and pretty soon a big crowd had gathered around and he didn't know what else to do. I was just a kid, he darsent jump on me and

give me a lickin" so he beat it out of the building and I followed him down the street. (What's his name?) Chris Anderson and then he ducked off into a cigar store to get away from me. Well, there was a lot of crowd of people around there that heard this and that made him mad and he had it in for me ever since then.

Whenever he would get a chance to do something that was a little bit on the dirty side he'd always pick on me to do it, and I got so that I couldn't even go to Sunday School in peace. So I went to work for another man just across the road from where the bishop lived by the name of Owen, and the first Sunday I was there I was out to the barn a messin' around and he came out and says, "] want you to get your clothes on and clean up and go over to Sunday School with me." I told him I didn't want to go but he finally insisted and insisted until every Sunday he'd have to come out and round me up and take me over to Sunday School. Finally in the fall he says to his wife while we were sitting at the supper table he says they're going to have a school party tonight and we want you to go over with us. My wife and I are going over he says it was at Christmas time a Christmas program and I say, "No, I refuse to go". He says you've been working for me now, he says, since last spring and I've had to fight you every inch of the way to get you to go to do anything in the church and he says I want to know your reasons. I says, "Well, I says the reason I don't want to go," I says, "the bishop has got it in for me." And he says. "What do you suppose he would do?" and I says, "I can tell you but you wouldn't believe it." I says, "There's an old lady in this town here that her husband is the Bishop's Second Counselor or First Counselor. Every time that she comes to church she dresses up in fancy clothes that she can't afford and she's always late and she parades up and down looking for a place to sit down and she's got the Bishop trained and he's always on the stand. She gives him one dirty look and then he pops up and he comes down and looks around and if he can see me in the audience he gets me by the collar and 'Get out, let this sister have that chair.' It don't make any difference whether it's something that I've paid my hard earned money for to come and see or what, it is always the case." And of course this man and his wife they had a good laugh and he says, "Alright that's a pretty good joke but you come and go with us tonight and he says you sit down by me and he says I'll fight your battle for you." He says if he comes over there and kicks you out of your seat he says it'll be up to him and me to settle it. So I says, "It'll just be a fight." He says, "Alright you get ready and go," so I did. We took the third row of seats on the south side of the building and pretty soon the hall was filled, and as I told him this woman she came in and of course her old man always had a reserved seat, that was understood by the Bishop that him and his counselors always, no matter what it was, they had to have reserved seats up on the stand. She looked around, went down one aisle, and couldn't find any place to sit down, then she came down the other aisle and when she got to the side of me she looked up at the Bishop and he knew it was time to move. So he jumped up and he got me by the collar and he says, "Get out of there and let this sister sit down. Go back there with the bums where you belong." Then this Owen, he jumped up and he says you just hold on a little while, he says, this man's entitled to this seat. He came here before there was anybody in the meeting house to speak of and he's going to stay here. The Bishop finally won out and he sent me back into the back where the people were standing up. There was an enormous crowd and gave this woman the seat. After being back there a little while, why then there was a hunch of hoodlums in the back making a lot of noise. The Bishop he got up and he called them down and got quiet restored. But it wasn't very long and they were at it again and making so much noise that you couldn't hear a thing, and he called them down again a second time and it went on for a few minutes more and the same thing happened. And this time he jumped up and he went out and down to the aisle and he hunted around until he found

me and he got me by the nap of the neck and he said, "You get out of here and you stay out." He says, "As long as I'm Bishop I don't want to catch you inside of this meeting house once more." So I went out and I went home and went to bed and the next morning this man and his wife were discussing this at the breakfast table. I told them I wanted my time that I was going to leave and they wanted to know why and I told them that this is the kinda treatment that I've been getting ever since this man has been Bishop, and I'm gona quit the church and go out among the Gentiles. They can't possible treat me any worse than the people in the church do. So this man says if you still decide to leave when I come back I'll give you your time so you can go. But he sez I'm going over and have a talk with the Bishop. This man that I was working for was a member of the High Council and they went over and I guess they had it around and round finally he came back and he swore that he was going to report it to the High Council and have the Bishop removed from his job, and the Bishop swore that he'd have him fired from the High Council. So I got what money I had a comin and I left and went to Oregon and I quit the church. I had nothing more to do with it for about 8 or 10 years.

(In Oregon) I rented a farm from the fellow I'd been workin for and I plowed it all up. I started in August and I plowed all summer till it froze up in the fall and then I went to work for him feeding stock and the next spring I had my leg broke in February and rebroke it again after a few weeks while fighting the flood. The leg was never set, the town had two doctors but both were out of town for several days and when one came back they brought him out and he said he couldn't do anything for it so it had to heal as it would. Was laid up all summer on crutches. Sometimes the high water came up, overflowed this land and we had to use a boat for three weeks to get out from the house to town or anywhere we wanted to go and I afterwards put this grain in and it turned so dry, that was in 1910, but when I left in the fall in October you could still scratch into the ground and find the kernels of wheat as I had planted them in the spring. Never moisture enough to start em. And I'd had to have the hired man there to take care of me and to take care of the stock while I was laid up with a broken leg. I run out of money, spent all the money I had, then the boss loaned me several hundred dollars. And he finally came down in the fall and asked me what I was going to do. And I said I know when I'm licked. I'm leaving this country. And he sez I don't want you to do that. I'll loan you some money to go thru another year and he sez you can't have two failures in succession. So he sez this ground will all have to be re-plowed now with this flood on it everything will have to be re-plowed once more. And I sez "No, nothing doin, I'm through." So I had a little patch of oats in one corner of the field where we had about 20 acres of oats that was cut and shocked. And he sez if you'll give me your equipment here, batching outfit and bedding and stove and everything that you've got and give me that 20 acres of oats as it stands, I'll give you back your notes. So I told him all right, I'd do that so he gave me back my notes and I threw them into the stove and burnt them up and I told him all I wanted was two blankets. Three years spent in Oregon--worked for wages $50 a month and board, and used it all to work up and plant the land I rented from him - three years wasted?

I rolled up my clothes and two blankets and started down the road. I had ten cents in my pocket and a broken leg and I hadn't gone very far until a fellow came along in a buckboard and he said, throw your bundle in behind and get in here with me. So I sez all right. You lookin for work? and I sez yes if I can find a job that I can do, I told him the condition I was in with this leg that had never been set and grew together just as it could. So he sez I'm lookin for some men on a threshing job to work on the threshin machine if you'll come and go with me. I can give you a job on the threshin machine where you can stand still. You won't have to move around. If you have to, you can stand on one leg for awhile and rest that busted leg. So I sez if you'll take me up

town and get my supper and breakfast and a bed I'll go out in the morning. And he sez what do ya think I am, I'm broke the same as you. I haven't got a dollar. But he sez I'll tell you what I will do. I will take you over to the cook shack back where we're thrashing. He sez I'll give you your supper and breakfast and let you crawl in the straw stack with the rest of us so I went over there and I worked for him for 51 days straight, Sundays and all. We started threshing at 5:00 in the morning and we threshed till 8:01 at night. We stopped long enough for dinner at noon and then if the job was anywhere near through he'd make us finish that job yet and move before he'd let us go to bed for $3 a day, and what you can eat. They threshed different than we do now. All the grain was headed with about 3 inches of straw on it and it was stacked in long stacks like haystacks, and we had a long instrument like a hoe to rake it onto the threshing machine. I stayed there the 51 days and he paid me off, and we hadn't had a chance to shave or take a bath or change clothes. So we came to town the whole crew of us and went to the barber shop, and there was another fellow from Nampa or Weezer Idaho a working with by the name of Horn and he was called out to the telephone. When he came back he sez Bill, there's a fella I used to work for over at Nampa, Idaho or Caldwell, Idaho, and he wants a sheep herder. He wants somebody to go over to Idaho Falls to get a band of sheep that he wants to trail back to Nampa in time for lambing in the spring. And he sez I couldn't go over, I'm busy and he wanted to know if I knew of anyone he could recommend. I told him that you might go. I didn't know what your plans were. So he told me if you wanted that job to take the train and go to Idaho Falls and go to the Porter Hotel and you'd meet his foreman there and he'd tell you what to do. Pay would be $50 a month and board. Well, I had nothing in sight, didn't have but very little money what I'd made in the51 days, so I took the train and I went back to Idaho Falls, and I went out with that band of sheep. They were up almost to the Dubois Montana line. We went up there to get em but they had sold this band of sheep and took a mortgage on this man's farm and on the sheep and they'd foreclosed on him. He wouldn't pay them anything and this foreclosure, they couldn't move the sheep for a certain length of time until the court gave them orders. We got just north of Idaho Falls on the desert and there come 2 feet of snow, and we had to move across the river and buy some hay and I was over there and wintered them sheep north of Idaho Falls that winter. The next spring they wanted me to take the sheep out onto the hills and lamb them, and I had lived in a tent all that winter, and I told them that I'd been after them ever since I started to work for them for a sheep camp, and I was thoroughly convinced that they didn't intend to buy a camp for me and for him to hunt a man, that I was through. I had a bad cold and didn't feel very good. So when he brought the man out to take my place, I went to Idaho Falls and stopped at my Father's and Mother's for a little while. I was going to get some dental work done on my teeth and I figured on going back to Oregon. And my father got hold of me and he wanted to know what I figured on doing and I says I'm going back to Oregon day after tomorrow. And he said I wish that you wouldn't do that. So I said why. And he said Mother and I are getting old and he sez it won't be very long until we'll have to have someone to look after us, and he sez I want you so stay here and settle down somewhere so when we need help we'll have it. And I said, "You got the whole Blatter family around here, why can't some of the rest of them take care of you." He said as far as I'm concerned I don't want nothing to do with the rest of the bunch. He said I want you to do what I told you. Then I said well, I'm not one of my Mother's pets and you know her and I never did get along and I know that now she wouldn't want me to do that. And he sez well, will you make me a promise that you will stay and take care of me as long as I live and then, he sez, your Mother can do as she pleases. She can go where she wants to if she don't want to stay with you she can go to some of her pets as you call them. So I promised him that

I would. Then I rented a farm four miles north of Idaho Falls on the west side of the river right on the river bend and stayed there that summer and that fall I moved over to Ammon just a mile west of where Mark Purcell lives now, onto another farm. And I was there and I had a niece that was keeping house for me and she used to go to Sunday School and she used to go to church and I stayed home. (Kate Ritter, Lilly Blatter Ritter's daughter, married Merle Matson and moved to Washington.).

She tried to get me to go and I refused. So that fall my brother John came over and he wanted me to take my four horses and wagon and go with him to the mountains after a load of lumber to the saw mill; and he said he was goin to build a sheep shed and he wanted to get that lumber out before the snow came. If I'd do that, he'd bring over his 5 head of horses and plow for me for as many days as I spent after lumber. So I made up my mind that I'd do that. I took my four horses and went to the mountains with them. There was my brother John and my nephew and Fred, he was working for John, and our neighbor Van Orden and myself and we each had a four horse team apiece. And we started out in the morning at 5:00. We drove until noon and got to a saw mill to find out that his men had all quit and went to town on a vacation and he had no logs in the mill, and the boiler was cold, and he couldn't give us no lumber. And we wanted to pick right up and go on. He told him of another saw mill about 20 miles from there. He thought he had a crew and he had lumber. If he didn't have enough, he could saw for us, so John was goin to pull right out and I sez, "You better wait a minute. I'm in the habit of eatin once in awhile and we drove them horses since 5:00 this morning. They're goin to eat and I'm goin to eat before I go any further," And while we was preparin our meal, him and this Van Orden seem to have been to church the Sunday before, and the Bishop asked em, he sez, "We're goin to have conference next Saturday and Sunday in the Ammon ward and we want to see the hands of all those that'll promise to come to this church on Saturday." And it seems as tho they both raised their hands that they'd be in church, Instead of that they changed their mind and went to the hills after lumber, went on Friday and course it'd take all day Saturday to get back. And they talked about that and talked about that and hashed it over time and time again, and so they finally got started, and went over to the other saw mill and got there just at dark. He sez, "Well, I got the boiler hot and I've got a crew here and I got plenty of lumber for part of your loads and I can saw out the rest. I'll get up at day light; we'll start the saw and we'll get your lumber ready." And we unhitched and got around the camp fire to cook supper and they started this thing up. "Well, this is what we get by not keeping our promise. We promised the Bishop that we'd be at church tomorrow and here we are out in the hills, and we lied to them." And then it started to snow, and it snowed all night long. Next morning there was about 8 inches of snow and John was determined to put on a load of lumber, and I sez, "You can put on what you want but I'm going home. and it'll, he with an empty wagon because I know enough about these mountains to not pull a load of lumber through 8 inches of snow." And it was still snowing in the morning. And finally decided that we'd leave and just put on lumber enough so we'd have a place for our hay and room to sit our seat on the running gears of the wagon. And we started and we got about 10 miles and the horses were give out and we stopped to eat again and feed the horses, and this proposition come up. "Well, this is what we get. if we'd went to church as we shoulda done why this wouldn't a happened. This is our punishment." And they just kept harping about that and harping about it, and we finally hitched up again and drove on. We'd have to take turns in breakin the road; it was pretty near 2 feet of snow by that time and getting deeper all the time. (What country was this?) Just East of Ammon there over the Pine mountain and then we went off in this direction. I don't know what they call that country where we finally found the lumber up at the head of Willow Creek

somewhere in there. (Behind Taylor Mountain?) Ya, and finally we got to Badger Creek that was the last water before we got home, and I told them that I had gone as far as I was goin until I'd fed my horses and got something to eat. So we fed them what little grain we had and what little hay we had and we started cookin supper, and this same question came up again that this was their punishment for not goin to church. And they harped about that and finally I got sick and tired of it, and I turned loose on them. I told them what I thought of the Latter Day Saint that would raise their hands and tell the Bishop they'd do something and then turn right around and lie about it and go do something else. We got into quite an argument, that oldest brother of mine and Van Orden. And this was so heavy on my mind that when we finally got home at half past one in the morning I put the team in the barn and crawled into bed, and next morning I woke up early and I couldn't think of anything else. Well, they're goin to be meeting over at Ammon today, and I finally got my breakfast and decided I'd get cleaned up and I'd go over to this church. I had heard about it so long that it was well impressed on my mind. Something seemed to tell me that I shouldn't miss that meeting And when I got over to the meeting house, I looked in and it was about a third full and I decided to go in, and then the devil came along and said, "You've no business there." He sez, "That fella kicked you out of the church once and told you never to come back again as long as he was the Bishop of the branch, of the ward. Now don't make a fool out of yourself, go home where you belong. You've no business here." Just then an old fella, he was old enough to be my father, he came and put his arms around me and he sez, "Bill, lets go in and get a good seat. This is a wonderful speaker that we're goin to have here today, and I want to get to where we can hear it." I said, "No, Charlie, I think I'd better go home." He sez, "You're doin nothing of the kind, You're goin into the church with me," and he got a hold of my arm and he took me in and we sat down in the very same seats that I'd been kicked out of about 10 or 12 years before. And this Rudger Clawson was the man that was the speaker and as soon as he -- he occupied the entire time that afternoon -- just as quick as he got up and started to speak, I saw he looked right at me and every word he said was intended for me. I know because he was looking right straight at me. And he sez, "Now if there's any of you in this audience that don't believe in this stuff called Mormonism. put it to a test, and you'll find out whether it's the truth or not." And he just kept on and kept on until I finally said, "Old boy, I'm just a gonna do that and take you up on that. I think it's time that I was a findin out whether there's anything in the church that is worth goin after or not. From the acts of the people I've decided there's nothin to it, but there may be after all." So I made up my mind when I left that meeting I was goin to do just as that fella said, and I did. I went and got some church books, and I had nothing else to do. The work was done for the fall; and I never did get John to do the plowing for me. Snow never went off till late in the next spring, and all I did was to take care of my stock and cook my meals and read; and along in the first of March a letter came from Salt Lake asking me if I'd get ready to go on a mission to Europe that fall, and I told them that I would go. I wrote them a letter and told them that I was willing to go. And that fall I sold everything I had that I could sell and I went on my mission. When I got, before I left, this Bishop came to me three different times, this was the same Bishop that kicked me out of the church. he came to me three different times and he sez, "Now Bill, when you get to Salt Lake there's one thing I want you to look after and be sure that you do and that is to go and get your Patriarchal blessing before you leave Salt Lake City." And after repeating that to me for three different times, why it kinda stuck in my mind and I decided that there must be some purpose in it. So the first thing that I did when I got down to Sal t Lake, I inquired as to where the Patriarch lived and they told me he was up on the top of the hill. They gave me the address and I climbed up there and his

wife answered the doorbell, and she said that he was down town working, but he'd be home at noon. And If I'd come hack at 12 o'clock he'd give me the blessing. So at 12 o'clock I rang the bell again and she came to the door and she sez, "I'm sorry but he just called up and said that he was so busy that his office was so full of customers that he couldn't get away." But she sez, "I'll make you a promise that if you'll come back tonight, that he always has come home so far to eat supper and I'll keep him here and you'll get your blessing tonight." So I climbed that mountain for the third time that day. At 6:00 that evening he gave me a blessing, said he didn't have any stenographer, that he was so poor he couldn't afford one, but his wife would have to take it down in longhand and then he would have it type-written and send it to me in the mission field. After the blessing was over with, he sez, " I want you to set down, I want to talk to you." And I sez, "Well, I imagine you're busy and maybe have half a dozen meetings to go to tonight." And he said, "We just came here. I just been put in this job as a Patriarch and he sez we lived in California. My wife and I just arrived here and we haven't got any friends whatever. I've no place to go. We're sittin right here spending our time every night lookin at each other wonderin as to what the future is goin to have. There's nothing that we'd like better than to have you stay here for a little while cuz I want to talk to you." I sez, "OK. I've got an hour and half before I have to be in bed:' So he started to talk to me and he sez, "Now there's one or two things that I want to tell you. That is this, when you go out into the mission field, you make up your mind that you're going to obey those that are in authority over you no matter what they ask you to do. You do it and you'll be all right. What do you think of that blessing that I gave ya?" I sez, "Well the first time I ever heard of such a thing and it's so out of place, I don't know. I haven't time to think about it and there is a few things I don't understand." He says, "What is it?" I sez, "Well, one thing you sez that I would become a great father in Israel and the time would come that thousands would rise up to call you blessed for the things that you had done." And he sez "You can't understand that. You're not a married man?" I sez, "NO" and he sez, ~' I guess you don't have any prospects." And I sez, "None whatever." He sez, "You're not leavin any girl behind?" and I sez "Not a sign of one." So he sez, "All right, the first thing that you'll do of any importance or consequence after you come home from that mission is to get married." And I sez, "Listen now brother, I'm goin out in that mission, I have no prospects whatever, no girlfriends or anything of that kind and you come here and tell me that the first thing that I'm going to do when I get back of any importance is to get married. That sounds kinda foolish, don't it? It does to me. How can anything like that possible happen?" And he sez. "Some place out there in that mission where you're agoin there is a young lady that's awaiting for ya." And then he went on to describe the spirit world and he told us and this woman that's out there, he sez, "You used to be pals in the spirit world before you were born and she was born somewhere out there in that mission field and you was born in Southern Illinois. And you used to hob-nob around together and you used to talk about these things, and you wondered if the time could come or could be arranged so that when you came here on the earth that you would be able to become members of the church and again meet and become man and wife. And you went so far as to go to your Father in Heaven and talk to Him about this thing and told Him just how you felt about this. And He sez Yes, if that's your ambition and your world's desire, I think that could be arranged. Now that's what you're going on this mission for. It is to find that woman. That's the only object that you have and the only object that your Heavenly Father has in sending you on this mission is to go out there and find that woman." And I sez, "Well, you been on a mission?" And he sez "Yes." "You know something about the mission rules and regulations?" and he sez, "'I do." I sez, 'Supposing I go out there and start a hunting around to find a woman? How long

would I last before I'd get a dishonorable release?" He sez, "Whenever you find that woman, don't you say a thing to anyone about her at all what soever until after you get that release in your pocket. Then the Mission president or nobody else has got any jurisdiction over you. You can do as you please. Then you go and tell that woman what's what, what you think about it. You do that and you're breaking no church resolutions or church doctrine or anything of the kind." And I sez, "Well, now, listen here I'm goin out there and I'm a stranger and I don't know the language; and there'll be probably dozens and dozens of women there that will look good to a missionary. How'll I know?" And he sez, "Whenever the time comes that you meet up with the woman that you're going to marry, it will be made known to you and it'll be so clear that there'll be no question of a doubt in your mind." So I sez, "OK. I'll take your word for it," and then he sez, "There's another thing that I want you to remember. Don't you ever worry a minute about learning that language." And he stopped and studied for a little while and he sez, "'Well, the nearest I can come to explaining that thing to you about learning the language, it'll be just like if you woke up some morning and you knew the language. And I sez, "Well, that is quite a consolation, if a man's got faith enough to believe it. I don't know. I'm not a very good Latter Day Saint to know whether I've got faith sufficient or not." He sez, "Well, that's just the way it's going to happen."

Well, I went over there and I'd been there three weeks trying to learn the language. I wasn't well in the first place. I'd been three days ~ I came on a Friday night late and then the next Monday or Tuesday night my companion and me and two other missionaries were invited to my wife's mothers for supper. I didn't know nothing about it and they had a long sofa there and they was short on chairs and there was quite a crowd there. There was several girls there besides us four missionaries and her mother and they told us to sit down on and pushed the table up against it and we could just sit there and eat our meal. So I sat there, and the other three men, they knew the language, and they were in the kitchen and out of the kitchen, here and there and everywhere, messing around with these girls that was there. And her sister and a school teacher that was a staying there that belonged to the church and a friend of hers. (Which sister would that be, Anne or Eve?) No, Eve, and so I sat there and they were having an awfully good time, it seemed to me like. So I sat there and wondered if the time would ever come that I could understand that stuff that they were trying to talk, they call it a language. It sounded to me just like a great big flock of geese out on a pond when something disturbs them. That's as near as I could compare it to. I couldn't get a word in, and finally they pushed the table over against where we were supposed to eat, and my wife, she came in with a big tray of food. And something says to me, "See that young lady coming there with that tray of food," and I sez "Yes" -~ "That's the woman that you're going to marry." (She looked better than the food, eh?) Yeah, so from then on, I'd been in the mission field for about three days, I knew from then on who she was.

Then I'd been in the mission field just three weeks and trying to learn the language. I'd learned a few words. And on a Saturday afternoon we never did have any missionary work but just took a bath and cleaned up and shaved and then we'd hold a priesthood meeting. And along in the evening the District President he came in and he sez, "I'm just agivin you fellas your orders for tomorrow. Elder Adams, I want you to go over so and so and take care of this work here in Zurich Branch. And Watson, I want you to go over there and the other fella I want you to go over there, and you go over there, and I don't know how it happened," he sez, "I'm agoin so and so," but he says, "I made one more appointment than what I've got men for so," he sez, "Brother Blatter, it's up to you to go over to-- I had to take the railroad a little ways from Zurich, "and you hold a meeting with those people over there." And 1 sez, "Elder Manning, I've been in this mission

field three weeks and you know how much German I got. Don't you think you're kinda overdoing the thing a little bit by sending me out there alone?" Well, there was a certain time, and his sister came over to take a little trip around Europe there when he was released. But when she got to Germany, they held that conference and they never released him. Instead of that they sent him down to Zurich. So him and his sister were there, and they give him an appointment to go out and he sez, "'Well. here's Vern, if she's any good to you take her along." He sez, "Vern will you go out there with this man to hold that meeting?" She sez, "If I'm any good to him. I might help a little to inquire the way as to where to go and how to find the place." So he sez, "All right. I'm sorry that this happened, but you've just got to put up with the best, and make the best of it," and he was gone. That was the end of him so they say around there quite a bunch of us and finally they said, "Well, it's time for supper. lets all go down to the restaurant and have supper." So I excused myself I sez, "No, I'm not hungry since I got my appointment my appetite has left me. You fellas go down." So Vern sez, "1 guess I won't see you any more today. I'll meet you down to the station in the morning."

We looked up the map and found that we had to be down to the station early in the morning so as soon as those fellas were all gone and the house was empty, I locked the door and I got down on my knees and if a man ever prayed an earnest prayer, it was me. I told the Lord that the District President had been there and given me an appointment and that if I didn't have His, my Father in Heaven's, help that I would never be able to fulfill that appointment. And after I had this prayer, I went off to bed. The fella, my companion, he came in sometime about midnight and he sez, "Now when you go to get up in the morning, I don't have to go, leave, as early as you. So don't go to makin a noise around here and wake me up. I want some sleep." So in the morning 1 got up again and in case that my Father in Heaven might have forgotten what I'd asked Him for the night before, I got down on my knees again before I left, I told Him that I was 'specting Him and I hoped that He wouldn't forget about it. So I went down and the girls was there and we bought our ticket and we went out there to this town and we got off, and we had to inquire here and inquire there. And 11 o'clock, just a quarter to 11, when we got into this place, and I went into the kitchen and asked this woman that was in the kitchen the best I could if there was anybody in the audience. They were all ready for us to start our meeting in the other room, if there was anybody there that held the Melchizedek Priesthood. She said, "There's one man that holds the Priesthood in the whole bunch and he's an elder." So I asked her if she would call him out there and I asked him if he would help me administer the Sacrament to those people and he said be would. And then I sez, "After you get through with this Sacrament, you get up and bear your testimony and then you tell them that the meeting is now open for testimony bearing and we'd like to have everybody that feels like it to bear their testimony." And then I told this girl, I sez, "Now, when that man sits down from bearing his testimony, you get up and bear your testimony." And she sez, "I'll have to do it in the English language." I sez, "That's all right, that's no worse than when they bear their testimony and you can't understand them. And when you bear your testimony if they don't know what you're talking about why that just evens things up." She says "All right, I can bear it in English." So we passed the Sacrament and then he bore his testimony and then she bore her testimony and then they jumped up one after another until, there was, oh, two or three little kids there that were too small to bear their testimony. Everybody else in the hall bore their testimony and then it was up to me. I was the last one, I got up and I talked to those people in the German language for 20 minutes. And afterwards they sez, "I thought you told us you were in the mission field only three weeks." And I sez, "That's right." "We can't believe that a man could talk the way that you did in as perfect German

as you spoke after they'd only been in the mission for three weeks." And Vern sez, "Well, I happen to know him, I know he's telling the truth. He couldn't talk until he came to this meeting.

And then, of course, there was a woman that was too good, they had us stay and have dinner with them. She sez, I told her I was afraid we'd held the meeting so long that we wouldn't have time to eat or we'd miss the train. And she sez, "I've a boy here that knows all the short cuts in the town. Sit down and eat your meal, and then I'll send him with you and he'll take you thru the back alleys and the garbage cans, and he'll have you to the railroad before you know it." And I sez, "O.K." I hadn't anything to eat since the day before at noon, so I was ready for it. And he got us to the train and we just got back to Zurich in time to catch the street car and get to the meeting house for the night meeting. He ordered us all back to know how'd you get along, and she, of course, being a woman, spilt the beans. She told them what had happened and of course they wouldn't believe it and the fellow that was in charge sez, "I'll find out, I'm going to call on you to speak to 'em." So he called on me and I spoke that night for 15 minutes to the people and after that I knew the German language and I never forgot it.

I left Salt Lake City on the 15th of October and landed in the mission field in about 2 weeks That was in 1912 and on the 17th of January in 1913 I took sick and they called the doctor and the doctor wanted me to go to the hospital and be operated on and they refused. And they called him again the next day and he said it was too late, he wouldn't operate anymore now, so we got rid of him. And two or three days later I went to the hospital and I was in there off and on until, until, let's see, some time about the 20th of June. During that time they were holding a conference over in Basel and the mission President wrote a letter to our District President and said it was possible to go to the hospital and see if they could get permission for me to leave the hospital long enough to attend this conference. It was a two-day session in Basel and the District President came over to the hospital and we talked it over with the doctor, and he asked us a lot of questions as to why I was going over there and what we were goin to do and this, that, and the other. And finally he sez. "Well, it may do him good, if you'll promise to come right back to the hospital as soon as you get through with that two-day meeting, why I'll grant you permission." So they took me over there and the fellow that was the District president had to go down to investigate the trains didn't know much about operating of trains, and he picked the slow train instead of the fast one. And when we got down there and got on the train, we found out it was a slow one and put us into Basel about two hours late after the conference had started, and the buses and all those had left the depot and there was nobody there to meet this other train cuz it was only the poor people that rode it, and they couldn't afford the bus. So the District President stayed with me and he sent a couple of the missionaries up town to find a bus so as to take me over to this conference.

When we got there, the house was jammed with people and there was a couple of seats in the back end of the building. As soon as we stepped into the house, the District president and I, the Mission President saw that we'd come in and immediately got up and said as soon as this meeting is over I want Brother Adams and Brother Blatter to come to the front. I want to see them and he dismissed the meeting soon after this. Who did I say this morning was the man that did that speaking there in Ammon? (Clawson, Rudger Clawson?) Rudger Clawson was the Mission President of the European Mission there at that time, but I hadn't met him when we went over. He wasn't in Liverpool. He was in Norway or Sweden looking after affairs of the church. So he was there to this meeting, and he, the Mission President, introduced President Adams and I to Brother Clawson. He sez, "This is the man that's been sick all this time and I want you to administer to him." So he says, "You got any oil; and the Mission President says, "Yes, I always carry a

bottle of that with me wherever I go." "Where can I go?" "There's some class rooms here. We can go into one of the class room." And the Mission President and Brother Clawson and Brother Adams and I went into this room and the Mission President anointed me and President Clawson sealed the anointing. He sez, "Brother Blatter, I want you to go back to that hospital and demand an operation and I told him after that, that's what I've been doing for months and they refused to operated on me. They said they didn't know what was wrong with me and they didn't operate on people in that country unless they knew what they were doing. So he sez, "You

go back and you demand an operation and if you' 11 be faithful in doing this the Lord will open the way so that you can receive this operation. You'll never get well without this operation." So they had another meeting that afternoon and that night they had a banquet at one of the big hotels. They wanted everybody there for that banquet and then as soon as the banquet was over, they'd clear off the tables and the food and turn it into another conference session. That night session started at 7:30, and it lasted until 1:00 in the morning and we got some rooms at the hotel there. And the next morning, the District President Adams and I started back to Zurich. This time we got a fast train, and as soon as we got off the train why we got on a Street car and he took me to the door of the hospital and he sez, "Can you make it the rest of the way And I sez, "Yes," and he sez, "I'm busy, I've got a dozen things I need to do," And I sez, "I won't any more than open the door and there'll be two or three nurses grab me and I'll be in good hands from then on." So I stepped inside and sure enough a nurse got a hold of me and says, 'Come right in here, Mr. Blatter, we've been looking for you." And I went into a large, waiting room, there must have been 200 or more people in there waiting. She found me a seat and I sat down and I hadn't been there but a few minutes until one of the doctors came in and folded his arms and he looked all around and finally he saw me in the congregation and he motioned, "Mr. Blatter, I want to see you." So I got up and went over and he led me into the consultation room I guess you could call it and as soon as I got in there I started to unbutton my coat and vest and started to take them off. And he sez, "None of that, none of that, we don't want anything of that kind." And I sez, "Why? What's the matter?" He sez, "We've examined you dozens of times here, all this whole staff of doctors, and there's absolutely no use. Dr. Bruner (that was the man that was head of the hospital) is sick today. He's home in pretty bad shape and I'm in charge now. You've been wanting an operation. Do you still want one?" I sez, "I sure do." He sez, "All right, we'll book you for an operation right now, but we haven't got any bed. You hadn't any more got your clothes on and we had to give the bed to someone else and you'll have to go back to your room down town and stay until we can get a bed. I want a single room if I can get it, if not, "he sez, "I would consent to operate on you with two in a room but not any more. And, can you go down there and stay that long?" I sez, "Yes, I can, but what will Doc Bruner say when he comes back to the hospital and finds out that I've been booked for an operation and he's been against this all the time and wouldn't stand for it?" He sez, "That doesn't make any difference, what Dr. Bruner thinks1'm in charge of this hospital today and if I book you for an operation, it's got to go through regardless of what Bruner thinks or says, He'll blow his top when he sees what I've done, but that won't hurt him, he does that every day." So I went back to my room and I stayed that day and the next. Along in the evening a telephone call came and said I was wanted at the hospital. They wanted to operate on me the next morning, so I took the street car and went back to the hospital and stopped right in front of the hospital door. And hadn't any more got in there till a couple of nurses grabbed me and sez, "We got a room here for you." There was another man here in that one room, and they begin gettin me ready for an operation, and they kept going through all the things that were necessary to prepare me for this operation and hadn't any more

than got me prepared and got me into bed till this Doc Bruner came in and he sure blew his top. He said, "I see you're book for an operation?" I sez, "That's right." He sez, "I don't know what the damn fool's going to operate on but it's gone through on the books and it's got to go through at 9:00 o'clock tomorrow morning," "Well," I sez, "That's all right, there's just one question1 want to ask you, Doc, before you leave." He sez, "What's that?" I sez, "Are you well enough, I understand you've been a pretty sick man, are you well enough so as you can be here tomorrow morning at the operation." And then he started swearing again, and he wanted to know if I thought he'd let those kids he had there perform an operation of that kind. He sez, "I'll be there if I got to crawl on my hands and knees to get to that operating room." I sez, "Thank you, that's all I wanted to know. I want you to be there and I want you to do the operating if it's possible for you to do so or to supervise it." So he told me that he'd sure do that.

So the next morning they took me up there bright and early into the operating table, and they put me under the ether. And before they got that far this District President was up there again that morning and he said he just got a phone call from the Mission President. and he sez, "You go up to the hospital and demand that you be there to see that operation." And then the old boy he blew his top another time and he sez, "You don't stand for that kinda stuff in this hospital." And he sez, "All right, no use taking him up. I'm either going to be there to watch that operation be performed or there'll be no operation". And the doctors got into a huddle and finally the chief sez, "Get some clothes on, fix him so he's fit to go into the hospital, I guess we'll have to stand for it." And he went in and knew, saw, everything that went on. So as soon as I was put out he sez to one of the doctors, "Open that man up so I can get one finger in there and he opened it up and he got in there and he felt around a little bit. And he sez that ain't big enough, open it up for two fingers. And he ripped it open a little bit further, and he got in there again and feeling around trying to examine. And he sez, "I still can't feel nothing. Open it up for three fingers So he opened it up a little bit bigger and felt around in there for a little while and finally he sez, "There's something seriously wrong with that man, rip him open wide open." So they ripped me open from there clear up to the ribs. And he sez, "Roll all that stuff out onto the table," and they started an examination And he sez, "That man's got a cancer or growth on his interils. It's a very serious operation. That cancer has grown right in among those interils and in order to make that thing safe we've got to go back eight inches from every, as far as we can trace the cancer on each of those interils and chop it off and trace that interil through to the other side and chop it off eight inches:' That would make quite a chunk of interils that was cut off and they had to do that eight different times on eight different interils then they had to splice those interils. He explained this to the missionary and he sez, "Now make your decision Shall we go on or shall we sew him up and send him back to United States?" And he sez, "No, you've gone too far, you keep on." And he sez, "Well, it'll probably kill him. That's a very serious operation And he sez, "That's alright doctor. I'll take the chance. You operate on him."

So they operated on me and I was there from the time they took me up at 7:30 in the morning or whatever time it was till half past two in the afternoon when they got me off the operating table. And of course none of those doctors nor nurses expected me to live. They were just as sure that as I was alive, I was a gonna die. But this man he was the leader of the choir and it was choir practice night. He left the hospital and went down to the church where they were practicing choir. And he told them what they had done to me and he told them there would be no choir practice that night, but he was again to hold a prayer circle for me. So they offered up a prayer before they left, and then everyone went home. And there was seventeen days that I never had a drop of water nor a bit of food of any kind. They said they had to wait till those interils had a

chance to splice and the least bit of weight on them would pull them apart and then I'd be a dead man. So there was seventeen days I went without and my old tongue was so thick and swollen up the nurse would come in there and take a half teaspoon full of water and pour on my tongue and it would just boil and bubble up like you'd pour it on hot stove. And then the seventeenth day the nurse came in and said the doctors had decided that I can have a glass of water, You take a mouth full and hold it there a little while and then spit it out in order to get some moisture in your tongue and mouth." And she went off about her job and as soon as she left I forgot to spit this water out. I swallowed it and it gradually ran down my neck. And this fellow in the other bed he was watching me and pretty soon, after awhile, she come in and I just haphazard like asked her if it'd be all right it I had another glass of water to wash my mouth, and she didn't suspect anything and like a good servant went and got me another glass of water and set it down there. And as soon as she turned her back I did the same way with that, and before I got that down, he noticed what I was a doing. So he rang the bell and a nurse came over and he told her what I was doing. Well, the whole hospital was in an uproar, it wasn't three minutes until all the doctors in the building and half the nurses were in that room and they were just sure that I was a going to die, and some of them had their testers and some of them had that and they examined me thinking that I was going to breath my last every few minutes. But instead of that I started to improve and I got to feeling better and afterwards the old doctor, he sez, "Well, an ordinary man it would have killed him, but a damned America like you are, you got a constitution like a horse. If you didn't have, you'd have been dead long ago." So I stayed in the hospital for a long time after that, and finally I wasn't getting any better and they decided to send me out to a summer home like up in the mountains. They sent me up there for a couple three weeks and I laid around there and I came back to the hospital. I still had pain in my side and this pain was so bad at times that I think they thought that probably they left some of their instruments or something inside of me and they began to talk about another operation. They were going to open me up to see why I had those constant pains and then the Mission President heard that and he said, "No more operations for you. Here is your release, you go home and if the doctors at home want to operate on you, that's none of my business;" so I was released. That was in the fall of 13. Then my brother was in Africa on a mission at the same time and his time was about up and him and my Mission President had been on a mission together in Germany years before, so he called the Mission President in Africa and had him release my brother so's he could come to London and take me home. So I stayed in Switzerland for a while and then I went over to London and they kept me there at the Mission Home until my brother came and then he took me home. (Now that's Gottlieb?) Ya. That's it. (Did that pain just ease off by itself or what?) I had that stuff for two years before it finally quit. (You weren't operated on any more though?) Nope. (Olga: It was adhesions.) (Eva: Well, if it was adhesions, you're just lucky it quit after two years.) Yeah. (Stan: Sometimes they get worse instead of better, they bind so much that they impair the functioning,) Lots of times I'd be so sick that I'd have to go to bed for a day or two, I just couldn't take it for two years, and then after that it eased off. (Eva: Then mother came over, when ?). She came in the next year, 14 in January, (Stan: She and her sister came over?) (Olga: Ann was here already, two or three years.) (Stan: You were the last to come?) (Olga: Nope, my baby sister came later.) Eve was later, Ann came first. She was here and then my wife came and then after that a year or so after Eve came.

NOTE BY EVA: Will had become better acquainted with Olga Vollenweider while he was recovering, because she had injured her leg and was hospitalized some during that time. They corresponded after he returned to Ammon from his mission. He

asked her to marry him, and she accepted his proposal. She came to America the last of December 1913. They were to meet in Salt Lake City to be married. Olga's sister Ann, was living in Salt Lake then, having come over some time before. Again, quoting from William's autobiography:

Joseph F. Smith was the President of the Church at that time and I was staying there on North Temple in a boarding house of some kind. They had a boarding house there, and I was staying there instead of a hotel. And they have ways of finding out things, you know, and they found out I was over there, so they called the boarding house and told them when I came in to tell me that I was wanted over at the church office, So when I went over there, and there was him and Lund and who was the other counselor at that time? I don't remember now .- anyway, they were all three there. And he says, "Your wife come over yet?" And I sez, "I'm looking for her but she hasn't showed up. She should have come this morning but I went down to meet the train and there was nobody on it." He sez, "Well, she's probably delayed. When she comes, you bring her over here to the office. I want to talk to her before you do anything else. As soon as she comes, bring her over her and introduce her." And when she came, we went over to the office, and she was scared to death wondering what the President wanted with her, And then when we went over there, why he had quite a long visit with us and he sez, "I don't want you," (she had a recommend from her Mission President to go to the Temple to be married) (Olga: it wasn't a recommend, the Mission President wasn't permitted to give recommends, It was a letter of recommendation. The Mission President wrote over and told them how conditions were.) It was a letter of recommendation, that's what it was. And he says, "You don't understand the language and there was nobody in the Temple at this time that can interpret for you and you wouldn't get anything out of it. I'd advise you to go to the first Stake President that you can get a hold of and get married and wait until you can, until next fall's conference, and then come down and go through the Temple." And I sez, "Well, where is there anybody. I'm a stranger here and so's my wife, we don't know anybody." He sez, "Hugh J. Cannon and Company, right across the street here on the third floor, he was a Mission President over there for a while. Now go over there and tell him that you want to get married." So we went down to the court house and got a license and we went up there to Cannon. Course she had her friend that came over with her and her sister with them and that made four of us. We went up there to Cannon and told him what we wanted and he sez, "Who sent you up," and 1 sez, "The President of the Church," And he sez to his stenographer, "You go over to so and so at Yule Bockter's office and tell him that you want a marriage ceremony in the German language," and it was just a few minutes and she came back. They had the witnesses and everything there and tied the knot right there in Cannons real estate office. So then the next, that, fall when October Conference came along, we went down and went through the Temple and were sealed.

(Stan: I guess it was kinda difficult to find people over here that could talk?') (Olga: Here it was, in Idaho.) (Stan: But down in Salt Lake?) (Olga: There was quite a bunch of them, of German- Swiss there.) (Eva: Well, when was Ann married?) (Olga: oh, about a year after I was.) (Eva: She met John there in Salt Lake, did she?) (Olga: Yes.) (Eva: Then it was how many years did you say before Eve came over?) Quite awhile. (Olga: About three years.) (Eva: Well, did she come over alone or was there somebody else?) (Olga: Well, there might have been some other immigrant people come over.) (Eva: But no family at all.) (Olga: No.) Purt near every time that anybody came at that time there was a bunch of immigrants came with them. When we came home there was, oh, there was an enormous bunch came from Switzerland and some from all over the European Mission. There all over the European Mission they came, to Liverpool, and

then divided them up. And they sez, "Now I want you to take care of so many of these people and see that they get through, and you take care of so many of them." There was fourteen or fifteen of us missionaries that were coming home together and they gave me; they gave me two girls from Sweden and a boy from Sweden and a man from Holland and about 6 or 7 English women to look after. I was to take care of them, chaperon them. (What was your responsibility after you got them here?) My brother and I turned them loose in Chicago and let them go. We saw that they got on the train in Chicago and then we let them go. We went South to our old home, and we turned them loose. I don't know if they ever got to Salt Lake or not, but that's as far, there wasn't any more stops after they left Chicago, They went right on through so we turned our bunch loose there. (Did you hear back from any of them?) Nope. (They wouldn't know where to find you either'?) No, they didn't even know our address, where we were from nor nothing about us. Them two girls that came from Sweden, we were in the hotel there several days before we came and I was riding herd on them. And this boy was from the same place but they wasn't no relation of any kind. And when we sat down to the table, I had to order for those and try and find out what they wanted to eat and they were the most particular, pickeyunyish outfit I ever got aholt of in all my life. And they were the same way on the boat. It didn't make any difference, I tried to tell them as good as I could, you know I couldn't, wasn't able, to speak the Swedish language and they didn't know anything else. I tried to explain how things were and what to look, what it'd taste like and they'd decide they'd want it and when they'd get it they didn't want it and make me send it back and get something else. (How old a people would they be?) They were young bucks, oh; I don't think that any of them was over 18, 19, not over 20 years old. The boy nor the girls. And the other fellow from Holland, he was a middle aged man I'd say that he was 35 or 40, and he'd take the top of the menu. It didn't make any difference if it was a yard long, he'd take everything on it and he'd eat it. I never saw such a man eat in all my life. It didn't make any difference what it was, everything tasted good to him. And these English women, they were worse yet. Then them others, we got along pretty good. It was an English boat and they got along pretty good on the English boat but when we got into Montreal, Canada, they couldn't take them to a hotel there. They had no money and I was just about broke and so we decided that we'd chip in a little each of us and we'd go in and buy a big lunch and take it out on the lawn. We had to wait there several hours for a train so we just went over to the depot there. They had a great big lawn there and they told us to help ourselves. They said we could eat lunch on the lawn there, it was alright with them and those women were used to their tea, you know, if we could have built a bonfire so we could have brewed a cup of tea, we'd have been all right. But we couldn't do that so they finally came to me and they wanted to know where there was a restaurant and 1 said 1 don't know this town any more than you do. I'm an absolute stranger here. But I sez, "I think if you go down the street here you can find a restaurant most anywhere," and I sez, "What do you want a restaurant for, you just had a big lunch here, all you could eat," and they said they had to have a cup of tea. And I said, "Now I don't know anything about Canada, this is Canada, but in the United States, you can't get a cup of tea unless you buy a meal. J don't know of any place in the United States where you can go and buy a single cup of tea," and they thought that was something terrible. I sez, "You can go down and try." I was sick, 1 couldn't go with them so I told them if they wanted to go down they could try so six of those women had to have their tea and they went down and they were gone about an hour and when they came back, I asked them what success they'd had and they said it was just like you said, they don't sell tea in Canada unless you buy a meal.

They wandered around there for an hour and they couldn't get that cup of tea and so I told them

then, I sez, "You fellas might as well make up your mind right now that you're on the road to Zion and you know what the law is. If those missionaries were any good that converted you fellas they taught you the Word of Wisdom and you should have been keeping it all this time, and if you haven't, there's no time like the present to start in right now and make up your mind that this tea's going to be a thing of the past." And they didn't like that talk so when they got on to the train they found out that they could go into the train and order a cup of tea, so that's what they did. Every once in awhile they'd go into the dining room and tell them that they wanted a cup of tea. They would sell it to them there.

I never saw people in all my life that was so wrapped up in a little cup of tea as them English men were. It's born and bread into them for generations and generations. We had a lady here. in Chinook I ran onto when I was ward teaching and hers was coffee. And I bore down pretty heavy on her a time or two about this coffee business. It was about time she was a quitting. She'd been a convert for years and years and she still drinks her coffee and she sez you can't tell, me, Brother Blatter, that I'm going to go to Hell because I drink a cup of coffee. She sez, "That don't sound reasonable and I won't believe it." So I sez, "Well, I didn't say that you was a going to Hell, but lets put it this way." She sez, "I know just as well as I know anything that when I get up there in front of St. Peter that they talk about, that he'll say, you've been a pretty good Latter Day Saint, we'll just forget about the coffee business and we'll let you slide by," I said, "Well, let's take that for granted, say that that is the case and the Master will say you've been faithful, you've been a pretty good woman since you've been a member of the church, we're not going to condemn you because you take a cup of coffee two or three times a day and you go into the Celestial Kingdom. Now the Celestial Kingdom, as I understand it, is a place of protection, nobody goes in there except that he's perfect and they've laid that coffee business aside years and years ago before they ever got into the Celestial Kingdom, and you'd get along fine until they sat down at the table to eat a meal and then there's no coffee there and you couldn't get any. You'd have to sit down and eat your meal without your cup of coffee. And the next meal would be the same and about that time you set down about the third time, you'd say to heck with it, I'll go down where I can get my coffee. This is no heaven for me here and it'd be the truth, wouldn't it?"

I was born in Illinois, the southern part, Father's name is John Rudolph, he went by Rudolph, He never did like that name John, He give the oldest boy that name but he never would use it at all. His name was Rudolph; Mother's name was Elizabeth Weber. There was about 8 years difference in their ages. Dad was 8 years older. She was a widow when he married her. (Stan: How much family did she have when he married her?) Two, a boy and a girl, but the boy had died. (Stan: How many full brothers and sisters did you have?) I'm the 15th of the family of 16 that Mother had. (How many of them were girls?) I wouldn't know, there was a lot of them died and I was the tail end, you know, and I don't know-nothing about that stuff, There was A. C, and John and Frank and Gotlieb and I. That would be five and this oldest one she had by this other man was a girl and the second one was a boy but he died in infancy, and then she had 3 or 4 others. There was one born after I was, but it never lived but just an hour or two I think that one was a girl, I didn't know too much about that stuff cause they never did say anything about that and they never kept no records of any kind and I didn't know anything about it.

(How big a community was that where you folks lived?) It was out in the country, just a farm area. It was a mile to the school house where we had to go to school. (How big a place did they have there, how many acres?) Oh, 40 acres on up. Some of them had large tracts of land bought it for timber purposes, you know. Reserving the timber right on it. There was a little bit of everything. Oak, there was three or four kinds of oak, lots and lots of hickory, 2 or 3

different kinds of hickory and then there's Walnut and Sycamore and then there's a, oh, Maple. (Evergreens?) Nope, there's no Evergreen of any kind unless they was planted, we were too far south for Evergreens. That's as poor as Job's turkey, that country, there it was just a starvation proposition. It didn't make any difference how hard you worked. The flood would come and wash everything away and cyclones would come tear everything to pieces, droughts would come. (You never had any desire to go back then?) No. My brother and I went down there and we got off in a little place and got off in Pamaroll, that was a little place about 7 mile. That was the closest town to where we lived. There was another town, the county seat, it was about 1 miles. We were on the old North Central and went to Pamaroll and we walked out to my sisters place and the next day we went over to another sister's place and got there in the evening, about this time, and the next day we went over to another sister's place to visit them and they had the threshing machine they was doing some threshing. And we got to see a lot of those old people that we used to know and while we were there we got a telephone call that father was seriously ill, and wasn't expected to live and they wanted us to come home immediately. We stopped there in Chicago and left that bunch, put them on the train and we took the Illinois Central and went south to visit our sisters and relations down there and so we were there wondering what to do and there was a fellow that married my oldest sister's oldest daughter, and he sez, "Well, I've got a young team of mules and they can sure cover the ground," And he sez, "I can put you in this light rig that I've got and I can take you over to Centralia in time to catch that train that comes from Centralia to Chicago and I can do that tonight," And then my two oldest sisters they made up their minds in about 2 minutes that they were going to come with us so we just bundled up the four of us and he drove and he knew all the back roads in that country and he just headed southeast and we drove just twenty minutes before the train got there. (That was pretty close connections.) You bet your life. He said, "I'll make it. I'll make it, these mules are young and they can sure take it," I think it was about 18 miles. It was a long way for a team of mules, We got there just in time to get a ticket to Chicago and in Chicago we got a ticket for Idaho Falls.

(How was your Dad?) Well, he was a little better. He lived for years after that. Yet my sisters got a visit out of it, one of them moved out after that, you know, buried there in the Ammon Cemetery. They lived there in Ammon till they died and afterwards the other sister, her and her old man, they finally got money enough and they came out. His boy, this John Volmer, he moved out and after he'd been there several years, his dad and mother, they finally racked up money enough and they came out and they stayed with us 3 or 4 weeks and visited all around. There was quite a lot of people from that country that moved up. They were scattered from Lorenzo to Rigby and Idaho Falls and all around through there. They put in about a month visiting and then one time they were there in the Ammon community and we lived up on the hills then and there were shade trees all around the house there, nice big shade trees. So we invited the whole bunch over one night for a party and all the brothers and sisters and friends and there was, oh, quite a gang there. And they did like they did down here you know, and we'd sit and visit and eat. Old Bill Volmer, he's never forgot that. He thought that was the finest thing that says that's the nearest to the Farmer's Picnic that we had in Illinois. And then years after that when we moved up here to Montana, Wilford and Levi, they bought them a car of some kind and they hit out and they went over there on a visit and they went down to this Bill Volmer's and when they told him who they were, why he says, "Come in, come in. I'll never forget that visit that I made to Idaho and the treatment they give us. I never saw such a reception in all my life. I'll never forget it as long as I live. My that was wonderful. That whole herd of people there and all we could possible eat." And they said he sat there for hours

and talked to them about that wonderful visit he had there that month in Idaho.

The only objection he had to Idaho, he said was the hills were so high it took the sun too long to get up. He was used to seeing the sun just as it hit the tree top and here he'd have to wait until it got way up there before it'd shine down to the house where the people lived. John Volmer's place was right in the hills and he didn't like that. He'd lived all the days of his life on an open prairie where there was no obstruction for the sun and he couldn't get used to that. But other than that, he sure thought that was wonderful. They said he'd sit there and talk by the hour. He was there in the fall, right at threshing time, and Dad, you know when he went back they used to gather around there and have him spin his tall tales, they called it, about Idaho and the things they could do there. And he said, "I don't know whether you believe it or not, it's the truth. I went through six or seven different places where they were threshing and I went to the man who ran the separator and I went to the man who owned the grain and I got it straight from them." And he sez, ""Those fields, acre and acre goes forty bushel to the acre" And the one fellow sez, "Well, Rudolph, I'm not going to call you a damn liar, but when I see it I'll believe it." And then, of course, he was there and he saw this and he saw them thresh his own boy's grain, he saw them thresh mine and he just followed that machine around wherever they'd go and he'd inquire around just like Dad did when he was here. And when he went back there he sez, "I don't know what there is about it, but whenever any of you guys come back from the west, you tell the darndest lies that you ever heard. It seems to strike all of you." And they wouldn't believe him any more than they'd believe Dad.

I know once when Dad, he put in an enormous crop of grain, I don't know how many acres, but there were a lot of land there at one time and we had a lot of grain. And somebody asked him one day, "Rudolph, are you going out to run up a record with the number of bushels of wheat that you're going to get this fall." And he said, "Well, he didn't know." They said, "How much do you think you're going to thresh," He told them what he thought that he should have and they said, "Oh, you'll never get it.""Well," he sez, "I've got a mighty good crop of wheat, the boys and I worked mighty hard trying to save it all, and if I don't get that much wheat I'll be disappointed." So when harvest time came, everybody was anxious to find out what old man Blatter's wheat made and he fell short about a bushel to the acre of what he wanted, I don't remember now what it was, but I think it was right close to ten bushel to the acre he got, and they talked about that for years. That was a great big crop. They'd thresh all day long from early morning to late at night for a hundred and fifty bushel. They'd have straw stacks so high that they'd cover the whole territory with straw.

August 21, 1960. "One thing I made up my mind to that if I ever got married I'd have wood chopped for my woman to burn. Some of the neighbors were always fighting about no wood to burn. One neighbor one time wouldn't get any wood, and his wife had a bunch of men to cook for, and he went off without getting some chopped. So she took an ax and cut the tongue out of a new wagon and burned it. All those examples made me make up my mind that my wife would never have to have that to complain about".

The rest of this history is written by Eva:

They lived in Ammon until 1929. Their children were: William Wilford, born 2 March 1915; Levi Preston, born 14 December 1916; Bethene, born 28 June 1918; Eva, born 21 April 1921; Calvin Sidney, born 10 October 1923; Melvin Richard, born 6 April 1925; David Lincoln, born 22 December 1926; all born in Ammon, Idaho. Two more sons were born in Zurick, Montana; Kenneth Bish, born 3 August 1930 and Kay Milton, born 29 July 1934.

William Lincoln farmed in Idaho – mostly potatoes, hay and grain. He often fed sheep during the winter. He told me one time that he was tired of trying to raise crops, because the morning glory,

a weed almost impossible to get rid of, would take over. About that time his brother, Gottlieb, moved to Chinook, Montana to raise sugar beets. Will (mother's name for him) decided he was going to move either to Alaska or Montana. The Utah Idaho Sugar Company had built a sugar factory in Chinook, and they were recruiting farmers to move there and raise sugar beets. William's wife, Olga, was very concerned that they live where there was an LDS church available and decided that Chinook would be the better place. The family moved to Chinook, Montana in March of 1929. William had rented a farm west of Chinook and planted it. It came up and looked good, then all of it died. The alkali was so bad that nothing would grow. He was able to rent a farm 7 miles east of Chinook the next year (and this farm had) much better soil. We had no electricity and no well. For most things we used river water and had to haul water from Chinook in 10 gallon cream cans to use for cooking and drinking.

The church there was a small branch. We had to rent Griffin's dance hall for our Sunday meetings. There was always a big dance Saturday night, so we had to go early Sunday morning to sweep it out, get rid of the beer cans and try to air it out. We had classes in each corner of the building. What a blessing it was when we could build our own building about 1936 and have it dedicated.

My father, William, told me that one of the first years on the North Fork place, it was so dry that spring that when they planted beets there was not enough moisture to sprout the seeds. He was so concerned that, being a very spiritual man, he said, "I went out in the field and knelt down and pled with the Lord to bless us with moisture because we so needed a crop. The message came to me, water them up. There is water in that canal – use it! That had never been done before, but I furrowed those fields as carefully as I could, so I wouldn't dig up all the seeds, and started to irrigate. All the neighbors were thinking I was 'that crazy Mormon', and watched closely. Before long, I had beets coming up and their crop was much later."

The years thru the depression were difficult. We had plenty to eat because we always raised a big vegetable garden and canned everything we could. We also raised our meat and had a root cellar to store what we couldn't put in bottles.

The owner of the land wouldn't sell it to William, so he found a place for sale only 2 miles from Chinook. It still didn't have the electric power line in to the house, but it did have a usable well. For the last several years, we all went to school in Chinook and we all graduated from High School there. The two older boys went on missions for the church, then left to pursue careers. Beth married, and in 1936 we moved to the farm William was buying. He continued to raise beets and hay and grain and had hills that served as pasture for the cattle, horses and sheep.

World War II started in 1941, and four of the five younger boys were in the military at varying times. Melvin was killed in the France-Germany area the day before his 20th birthday. As a result of all the boys and men being in the military service, Will had a hard time finding help and had to do lots of work himself. Eva went to Idaho Falls LDS Hospital to take registered nurses training in 1939, and that left only the 5 younger boys, until they left for the service.

Mom and Dad were both really hard workers. Dad had worked the fields with tractors with no cabs on them, so he got to breathe all the dust, and when he would stack the hay, it always had leaves and hay particles flying around. As a result, he had emphysema. It caused him some problems in his later years. After his mission and until his death, he worked faithfully in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He held the priesthood office of a Seventy and had many callings throughout his life. William and Olga continued to live in their home, and it was there that he died 8 April 1962 with Olga with him. He is buried in the Chinook, Montana cemetery. He was a good, honest, hardworking man. He was a good husband, father and grandfather.

Life story of Olga Vollenweider Blatter

This is the life story of Olga Vollenweider Blatter, born April 16, 1893 at Zurich, Switzerland. My father's name was Jacob Vollenweider. My mother's name was Maria Teresa Louisa Weber. They were humble people but they were honest and they were good. My father being not very strong, he couldn't take a hard job; he worked as watchman of the street car barn in Zurich. He would go to work at seven in the evening and come back at seven in the norming.

One morning, he didn't get home. Mother went to the phone and asked the men to look for him. They found him with a broken hip and wet from drizzling freezing rain. He was sick for quite a while but he couldn't fight that illness and on March 17, 1904, he passed away from this life. Of him we could truely sing, "Oh, my Poppa." To us he was so wonderful. I was only 11 years old then but I could truely say I never heard father and mother quarrel. Never had father raised his voice, neither to mother or to any of us children. No doubt they had misunderstandings or differences of opinion, but they must have settled that when we weren't around. I thought what self-control. How much it contributed to a peaceful home.

Mother suffered terribly at his death. Everyone was so kind and helpful, but you can't take away the longing and lonesomeness. So, while father was home with us girls every day, now we were all alone. Mother had to really take a job now to support us. She was a very beautiful woman and looked many years younger than she was. She had offers of marriage but she didn't take them. She wouldn't give us a stepfather. Anne, who was still in the top grades (the higher grades), quit school and went to work. She was 10 years older than I am. So with both those good women working, they kept us a going without a stepfather. For several years mother worked in a laundry of a big hotel, later on she cooked in the same place. She really could fix fine dishes of reasonable price.

Then one night I did something awful and should have got a spanking for it, but just getting over a serious illness, I got by without it. Mother never would allow cats in the house when there was babies. But that night it had been snowing outside and there was a little kitten that I had been playing with for several days. I thought I could bring it in the house and put it in the corner and make it a nice bed and it would stay, but of course, cat that she was, she was terrified of it and she went into the buggy where the baby was sleeping and almost choked her. Mother heard her struggle, looked up and saw the cat. While she was trying to get away, it scratched the baby's face. So I really deserved a spanking, but I didn't get it.

I had just learned to walk when a high fever put me to bed, and I stayed there for weeks. It was not polio, but it left me crippled for several years. Several times they wanted to put me in a Sanatarium where they were equipped to take care of me but mother refused to let me go. She wanted to do for me what she could, so she worked hard to help me. I did get through that I could be up and around again and later on to school, but I was so small that they told mother she better take me home and bring me back the following year.

When I started to school, I had to drink Ovaltine twice during the school hours and I had a wonderful teacher, an elderly man, who was taking Ovaltine, too. So we had that lunch together every day. But try as I would I just couldn't get away from the trouble of that illness. I was supposed to get 5 years old and pass away, but I passed that up and lived to get over it. Then they said I couldn't make it more than 13 years, that was the limit. But, even being ill half of the school time, I did make 13 years. So when I wanted to go into the nineth grade I took serious sick spell and I had to quit school again. They forbade me to go back to school. I had to take care of myself, not to work or to expose myself to rain or cold weather.

I stayed home for awhile after the last sick spell when I started the nineth grade, I stayed home for

awhile but I couldn't stand to lay around while I knew mother and Anne were working so hard. I went to look for a job. I found one but in two weeks I was in bed again. And they threatened me that if I didn't stay home and take care of myself I would just have to go to the Sanatarium. So I stayed home for quite some time and I went to work in an office on a lake. I thought maybe the mountain air would do me good. But it was the same thing. After two or three weeks, I went to bed again.

When I got over that sick spell, I stayed in during cold weather and kept myself comfortable but as soon as it got a little warmer I went job hunting again. I found a job. I was honest with the people. I told them I would have to stay inside when it is wet and rainy or cold and if the sun shines I am supposed to be out in the sun. So they said, "Let's try it and see what we can do," So I went to work there, at a jewelry store, and I worked there for 6 years. In nice weather I could go out with the little boy, he was just a baby when I started there and he was already for school when I left.

I had orders from the Doctors that all through the summer I had to take a swim every day because it is strengthening to the body. So I tried to go during noon hour and take my swim and I enjoyed it very much in the summer when it was nice and warm.

In 1904 something very wonderful happened. We heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ through the missionaries from America. It sounded very natural to me. Mother was Catholic and father was Luthern and the only thing father asked is that his children be raised Luthern and mother said she would. She would help us get to the Luthern Sunday School. And she did: she never tried to make us go to a Catholic church. In 1906 we asked for baptism but mother, being a widow, she didn't dare give us permission to be babtised. We had to go and ask the guardian that was placed over us when father died and he just kept us coming and coming, trying to coax him into letting us be babtised now. One day, he said OK, I guess you can, and my younger sister and I ran all the way home and we hunted up the missionaries and asked them to baptise us right now before they could change their mind. We were baptised in the lake by the home of (Carly Portsot). It was his property and he was an LDS man.

It was very wonderful to think this great privi1ege had come to us that we could have the gospel in our home. My sister Anne had to make a great decision. She was engaged to such a wonderful man as far as the world judgment is concerned. He was a glassblower by trade but he had a high office in the army, and it would be what people thought just a fine chance of a marriage. But when he found out that she had become a Mormon, he said it is either me or the Mormons, you can't have both of us. She said, "Well, I guess it will be the Mormons then." She was baptised before we were and we were truely grateful for it.

While I worked in the jewelry store, I had always loved grand opera. I went whenever I could but when I could get there, I had to earn my own money. I went to Grand Opera every winter on Saturday evening, Saturday night. That was when the prices were more reasonable. Sometimes I would be asked by young men if I would go to the opera. I said yes, "OK, if you will do it my way." "How is that?" I said, "There will have to be at least three seats between us. I am not sitting with a boy who takes me to the opera." "Why is that?" I said, " I go to the opera to listen to the musik, not to hold hands." So I did get quite a few opera tickets that way. Then if I was short of money I would rather do without a new dress and use the money for opera tickets. Anyway, it was my privilege to see many, many of the operas, some of them two or three times.

Also while working at the jewelry store, I took classes at the music school, 5 times a week. One night after work a girlfriend and I went with two husky LDS boys tobogganning. It was so much fun. We went high up on a mountain. But when a turn came we couldn't make it and ran into some poles. I broke both bones in my left leg. That was quite a turning point in my life.

Since I was baptised in 1906 I had been

privileged to work in the church. At this time I was Sunday School teacher and had a health class in Relief Society, and a choir member. Yes, my life was full and happy. I was so thankful for the blessings of the gospel. At this time we had about 8 missionaries in Zurich because mission headquarters were there. Two was proselyting elders and the rest of them were mission office workers. One of the proselyting elders took sick , and he was very seriously ill and had to go to the hospital. It turned out to be a cancer operation for him. So, while I was at home with a broken leg, for 7 weeks, he was at the hospital with a serious operation. Not thinking how it would all turn out, we sent messages back and forth by the elders that go to see the missionary and they came to see me. But, that man turned out to be my husband. After saying "No," to two well-to-do men, I married what he called a poor farmer with poor health.

He left the mission field in July and I followed in December of the same year, 1913. My, how the letters and cards flew back and forth, but after I got to America my husband hasn't written a letter I don't think since then. Even the boys that were on missions and the 3 boys in the service, there was only one that got a letter from him.

I didn't like to leave my mother over there alone with my sister, but she said, "You go on. If that is what you want, you go on. You know I would have rather have had you marry somebody here where I could have you close, but if that is what you want, you go over there." And one Sunday after Sunday School the whole branch came to the depot with us. My friend and I went on the train. We stayed over Sunday in one of the cities in Germany because one of the missionaries went to work there that used to work in Zurich and he wanted to see us. And he said, "When you get to New York, I don't want you to get off of that boat alone. You can't talk the language and many young girls come up missing. I will have somebody at the depot for you at the boat. My father's friend is Mission President over there now and I will write to him and have him send some missionaries there to come and get you. Now, be sure and don't go alone." So when we got there we did find the elders and they took us to the Mission Home. We had a lovely time there. They were going to take us to the opera; one of the greatest singers of all time (Caruso) was there singing that night. They thought they had figured out a trip west for us, however, so we were going to go on the train but when we got to the depot, we found that we had to change 4 different times and the Mission President said, "No, "That won't do." "You girls can't talk enough to people," so we went back to the Mission Home again and stayed two days longer, but it was too late to go to the opera that night.

And they gave us some Missionaries to take us out and show us the city of New York. It was kind of funny. The first day they gave us some missionaries that came from farming communities. One was a sheepman's boy and the other was a farm boy, and they both were so scared of those high houses and those streets in New York they hardly could cross the street. We were city kids. We were used to everything that goes on in the city so it didn't bother us. Then the next day they gave us some missionaries that came home from a mission from over seas. That was altogether different. They knew the songs we were singing over there so we couldn't talk to each other but we could sing and answer questions and one thing and another. We really had a good time that day.

Then we started west. I can't think now just how long it took; it must have been a week though. And when I got to Salt Lake my to-be husband was there and my sister Anne and her friends was there. We went to the office of the church authorities and so President Joseph F. Smith who was president then. The Mission President told me he would send me a letter of recommendation so I could go to the temple. They could not give recommendations in Europe at that time . But the Mission President thought where I could not understand one word I was saying and hearing, it would be lots better if we waited a while before we went to the temple so I could understand the covenents I was making. He

says, "You get married now by a German-speaking Bishop so your wife can understand it; then, when she can talk the language a little better, come back and go through the temple. You will be lots happier that way then to push it through now when she doesn't know what she is doing. But do come back before any children are born to you so they will be born in the covenant." So that is what we did. Two days later on we were married by a Bishop, and in two more days we went home to Idaho Falls.

That was the home of my husband. He had rented his father's farm for a year and if we could do it all right we had it for 5 years. It had two rooms and my sister-in-law-to-be, Dora Blatter helped my husband to paper both rooms and they were really lovely and clean and bright, and that new home was just lovely for us.

I wasn 't there very long until they asked me to be Chorister in Relief Society and (block) teacher. Later on a counselor and then Relief Society President. It must have seemed awful funny for a little kid like me so young and inexperienced to try to teach to the sisters and explain things to them but I prayed for guidance and I prayed that I may never be a stumbling block to anyone, but be able to help people get a strong testimony. So those 70 sisters became very dear to me. I know they must have had alot of fun at my language but we all learned to get along together.

Then in 1929 my husband got restless. So far in my life I had lived 20 years in beautiful Switzerland. What wonderful times I had had there. Especially since I had become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ. We were so busy in church work we had no time for dates. Monday night I had a music lesson, Tuesday night was Choir practice, Wednesday Sunday School Preparation Meeting, Thursday night Bible CIass, Friday night Relief Society and Saturday in winter was Grand Opera. How I missed opera when I came to Idaho Falls, but I would not trade church work for all the opera in the world.

We lived 15 years in Idaho Falls. That wasn't as lovely a city in 1929 as it is now in 1974, but the sisters were wonderful. When the Bishop asked me to be president of Relief Society. I said, "How can these fine sisters have a young inexperienced woman tell them what to do?" Well, we worked together and progressed together, These 15 years, too, were happy ones. Here 7 of my 9 children were born. The first 4 came in a little two-room cottage. Our first child was born on the 2nd of March, 1915, a fine 9 lb. boy. The weather was 30 below zero. What joy he brought into that little home. On December 14, 1916, another 11 lb. black eyed boy joined the family. (Levi Preston) The first one was blue eyed. Now we each had a baby to hold. I had learned to drive the old grey mare to Relief Society. Yes, this was in the horse and buggy days. The first two cars had made their appearance in Ammon. All was well. I did get used to many new ways. We cooked with gas back home in Zurich, Switzerland. Here I had to remember to poke wood or coal into the range. Back home we had a lovely bathroom, gas heated. Here we used the wash tub and the water had to be pumped at the well and brought into the house, but the water was nice and clear. And when you were through with it you had to take it out again.

In June, 1918, came the cutest little doll. (Bethene). She seemed all smiles with bright blue eyes. In the early winter of 1920 I had a miscarraige but in April of 1921 we were blessed with another 1ittle girl, (Eva) dark eyed this time. The blue eyes went back to their grandpa for the color of their eyes.

All this time Will was farming his father's farm. And the two-roomed cottage was getting quite small. So he talked about buying some land. We bought a 66 acre farm of our own. We had a 4-room house on it. We were now 2 miles and 1/2 from church. This farm didn't have a well; we had to dig a cistern and fill it with irrigation water. It all had to be boiled even for dish washing. But we had a lovely orchard and a rasberry patch on this place, 3 kinds of apples, beautiful pears and plums.

With 4 little ones and expecting the 5th one by

fall, my husband felt that we needed more land, so we bought a farm near to the town of Ammon. But my husband found out that the soil was so heavy that in the rainy fall, it was almost impossible to harvest the sugar beets or potatoes. I knew that this wouldn't last long. And when his brother, Gottlieb, moved to Montana in 1927, we had to follow the next year. I almost had in Ammon what I had always wanted- -twins. Maybe I better tell you what happened that gave me that day almost what I had always wanted. On the 19th of July, I miscarried twin boys with hemorrages so severe that I barely made it to the hospital. Because of the loss of blood, I suffered a breakdown. I was in bed for weeks and weeks. I did the first washing in February. I don't know how the family would have gotten along had it not been for the angel (Rose Owens) that came over every day to care for me and cook dinner. For supper they had bread and milk and cheese or something. The first girl could handle that. She was only a little over 9. But always very dependable, especially with children. How often she tended them that I may do the Relief Society work that needed to be done.

We sold the farm by Ammon to Bishop Trudi and on March 1, 1929, I started with 7 little ones to Chinook, Montana. My husband had to go on a cattle train to feed the animals we were taking along. I had orders from the doctor to stop in Great Falls at a hotel so I could get some rest. My, what a rest it was. I let them choose what they wanted at a cafeteria. Levi chose meatloaf and before he got back to the hotel he started vomiting and kept it up while I took the 2nd group of children, 3 of them, to the cafeteria. They made so much fun in the lobby of the hotel when we came with 7 children that I thought I would take them in 2 trips to eat. When Levi kept up his sickness. I couldn't see any rest and took the next train to Chinook. We went as far as Havre where we had to change and wait some time for the train. It was only 20 miles from Havre to Chinook. The children barely went to sleep when I had to wake them up again. How thankful I was when not one of them grumbled or complained. The passengers thought they were very well-behaved children. In Chinook they had a waiting room. It was very warm, for which we were very thankful at 3 in the morning in March. But the smell from the stuff that they treated the water with was awful. I felt so sorry for the children. They all wanted a drink but they couldn't stand the water. They had to wait for daylight for the men to come. There were no phones and it was 2 miles to Gottlieb's farm so all we could do was wait from 3 until the men came by daylight. I didn't mind myself. But those 7 little ones! They were tired and hungry and thirsty. At last daylight came with hope that someone would soon come for us and take us to where we could get something to eat. Again Dora, my sister-in-law was the good Samaritan .

There was a big house on the farm they had bought, 2-story and a basement. Of course, I kept wondering what kind of a home we would have. It wouldn't be long now until we would find out. We had a fine breakfast and started the 5 miles west of Chinook. It used to be called the Empire Ranch. It didn't take too long to get there. My, my what a surprise. I guess my husband meant it when he said there isn't much of a house. I really had to control myself. There was a small two-room shack for 9 of us. No water of any kind. The closest cistern was 4 miles away in Lohman. "How am I going to get the washing done? How am I going to stand it for a year in two-rooms with 7 children in a country where it gets 30 to 50 below zero?" You can't send them outside to play . It is just too cold. The farm looked like it had very nice soil, but it turned out to be alkali soil. Sugar beats, wheat, and a big garden came up well, but in a few weeks the alkali had everything, so we had to look for another farm. No crop on that at all. We even had to buy hay to keep the stock we brought from Idaho alive. How thankful I was that my husband did do as I asked him. He did not buy the farm, only rented it. By spring we found another place. That had a 4 room house, but every room was leaky. But the farm was

good. It had producing soil, and it was 7 miles east of Chinook.

In those days there were no telephones any where on the farms. When we lost the twins in 1928, the doctor told us not to have any more children for 5 years as it would take the body a long time to build up. But in August of 1930, another boy came to bless the home. My how I had to pray. I had worried so much about getting the help I needed when I needed it. The doctor was 10 miles away, the sister was 7 miles away, so one morning our older son was sent for the doctor and a woman that was going to stay with me. But while he was gone, the baby was born and I was all alone except my husband, but the father did take care of me and I came through it all right. There were no complications in the birth and I just left him lay there until the doctor got out there.

But this place too had no water. That is, we had a river going by the house that was the water we used, but for drinking or washing nice things, we had to bring water from town. That meant two 10 gallon cans with you wherever we went. That first place sure was a chance to learn to control your feelings if we didn't want to have discontent and racket all the time in the home. It was easy to get discouraged and it would have been easy to blame one another for alot of things, so we had to really try to control our selves. I am so thankful that our Father in Heaven let me live when that boy was born so I could take care of my family. There were 8 children now and they were in a strange country, strange to them.

The river had run past the house where we had to get the water to cook, wash dishes, and whatever was needed for a household. In winter it was froze up and in summer it was brown as cocoa from irrigation. My what a trial I had to keep the boys shirts white for sacrement service. They were asked to wear white shirts for that and we had several boys in the Aaronic Priesthood. I often hauled home water in milk cans to wash their shirts because the river water would discolor everything. It had to be boiled for cooking and even for dishwashing. How many hundreds of buckets had to be hauled for a family of 10 for taking baths and washing in those 7 years we lived there. But while we lived there we were able to send 2 sons on missions. How thankful we were for that. And, like in Idaho, I was Relief Society president. I was mutual president for a time, too. Soon they asked me to work as district president for Relief Society under President Bert L. Murphey. The second farm we had was really wonderful land, but one spring it was so dry, we had very little snow in the winter and no rain of any kind. It was so dry the crops just couldn't come up. We pleaded with the Lord and told him we were thousands of dollars in debt for the machinery, for feed that we couldn't pay for because we had no crops that one year, but it still kept dry.

Then one day Brother Blatter went out into the field. He knelt and told the Lord the condition we were in. We were in a new country, the people were very, very nice, the business people, but we wanted to be able to pay off our obligations and we didn't buy anything that we could get along without. So while he was praying the message came to him, water them up. The canal is full of water – use it. "Full of water?" That was a different thought for him. We had watered our wheat and other crop but nobody had tried to water up sugar beets. There isn't really anything that will make a ditch small enough to hold water and our land was quite alot higher by the canal than it was by the highway. The rows were over a half a mile long. It was awful hard to figure out how to run water through so that it didn't wash out the seeds. But he said "The Lord must mean for me to water them, or he wouldn't have said that." He started to water up beets. The neighbors stood around watching him. They said, "We thought you were a fool when you went into the field as early as you do but now we are sure you are. How do you expect to get the seed water?" Well, there were no (?) all he had to follow was a little tiny ditch. You daren't make it big or it will wash everything away. It was an awful job allright, but he watered the 80 acres of beets up. Still the neighbors thought him crazy and no rain came. Before long our beets

started to come up and he got stingers while the rest still had the dry beet seed in the ground. At last they had to try to irrigate because they made up their mind if they were going to have a crop they would have to start. That year Brother Blatter had many acres that went 25 ton to the acre, and they kept watching him from then on.

How many times Heavenly Father helped us with the farm. If you plead with him. How many times I pleaded with him that he may help us with the children as they go out in the world that he may keep them true to the church, in any or all circumstances. It is not that the people are wicked here in their actions. We have 6 denominations in this little town of 27 hundred people but tea, coffee, beer, wine and alchoholic beverages are part of their lives. Many of the young folks can get the beer right out of the refrigerator. All we could do was to tell the children of the blessings of the Word of Wisdom and pray that they may be strong enough to withstand the temptations and the teasings. They sure had to listen to a lot of that. "Not being big enough to drink any alchoholic drinks."

We had a very small branch in Chinook and when we first came the children were small. We brought 5 boys and 2 girls from Idaho then we had 2 more boys out here. So Sunday School was all we needed for awhile. But soon some of them became old enough for primary. We asked the Mission President to let us have a Primary. Who will teach it he asked. We will if we have no one else. So we did get a primary, and when it became time for MIA some of us had to teach that. There were some of us who had 3 lessons every week. And I had the theology lesson for Relief Society. That made 4 lessons. Of course, we teachers get the biggest benefit out of this. I am still thankful for the opportunity.

For quite sometime we met in a rented building. Many times on Sunday morning we had to get cigarette stubs and beer cans or bottles out before we could hold Sunday School if they held a dance the night before. Then in 1933, President Willard W. Richards helped us get a chapel in Chinook. What a wonderful blessing this was. Gottlieb and William had bought new catapillers, and both had plenty of boys to run them so they dug the big basement. We had a Branch President's room, Relief Society room, a well furnished kitchen - small but well furnished, a baptisamal font, 4 classrooms, and a hall for dinner and we have a chapel that holds I think 125 people, and an amusement hall and we were only a handful of people.

Brother P. A. Swenson who worked for the sugar beet company was chosen by the church to supervise the building. We broke ground in late May or early June and dedicated it in December of the same year, in 1936. And this handful of people, how hard everyone worked. We did so much ourselves that the money the church paid us for the work we kept on doing helped us to get what we needed. We had a severe surprise when we wanted to dedicate the chapel. We had the date set and the Apostle Ballard who got acquainted with the Blatter family in Illinois on his first mission was coming up to dedicate, when bills to the amount of 5 to 6 hundred dollars came in. How were we going to get that much money from this little bunch that had given all summer? Some said we have to wait with the dedication. Others said, "No we will canvas the people once more." One of the brethen, Brother Baile, sold a cow that he and his family were going to eat during the winter and gave the money to go on those bills. Others gave all they could then Gottlieb Blatter and Bill Blatter went to the Bank and borrowed what was needed to pay all the bills that had come up. At the dedication, the chapel and the amusement hall was filled and all those people heard a wonderful sermon on the life and birth of Christ by Apostle Melvin J. Ballard. What a spiritual feast that was, and the Blatter family had a wonderful visit with Apostle Ballard. We have enjoyed this lovely chapel for almost 40 years. Here our children grew up and they got their spiritual training in that little chapel from deacon to elder. How thankful I am that we could build that chapel .

All of our children are gone now but the last boy. He was born in 1934, and he is on the farm now. The rest of them had to go out to find their way of making a living, but they all seem to be doing all right and they are working in the church wherever they are. I am still thankful that the father of the home took time to have prayer with us morning and evening. The children learned what prayer meant. It was wonderful to listen sometimes to their prayers. They took their turn in leading in prayer. Sometimes they prayed for the brother or sister that had a heavy test in school and it made us feel that they really believed that God will help them. We would have liked to keep them around more but this little town of 27 hundred people just has no industry especially after the sugarbeet company moved away. There wasn't much for young folks here. So now they are scattered. One of them is living in Seattle, another in Shelby, the girls are both in Idaho Falls. Eva took nurses training in Idaho Falls and she found her future husband there and they have now a family of 9. This fall there will be 2 left in grade school and 2 are in college. The rest have all been college graduates. And Beth lives in Idaho Falls and her daughter found a husband there and they are both working in the church. They have a family of 5, 3 boys and 2 girls, a lovely family. And Kenny lives in Great Falls and David lives in Bountiful, Utah , so they are scattered all over. But I am sure happy that we did have that little fellow that came in 1934 because I would be very much alone now.

When the children started to leave, the boys went on missions and 3 of them went into the service. WWII was on and they had to go into the service, dad couldn't handle that big farm out there any more so we bought a farm close to Chinook , just two miles out of Chinook. It was a lot smaller than the other one was but it had pretty good soil and a 3-room shack on it. That house almost walked off by bed bugs. They fell from the ceiling, they crawled every place you could see and the lady that lived there before, she would take her finger and mash them on the wall. It was really quite some decoration until we could get some calsumine. I wasn't quite that crowded because Beth had gotten married and the two older boys were away on missions and when they came from their missions they went out job hunting. But it still was crowded. The kitchen was so small we couldn't eat there so we had to put the table in one of the rooms.

I am so thankful that father taught the children to work. They were wanted everywhere. People asked them to work for them because they knew that they wouldn't waste alot of time, they were just in the habit of working. Calvin, Melvin, and David went in the war. The last time Melvin came home before he had to go over seas, he was asked to talk. I was leading the singing so I sat on the front seat and as he was talking something said to me this is the last time you will see Melvin here. He must have had the same feeling because when he came down he said, "Mother, whichever way it goes, we take it, don't we." He didn't come home. I guess that is war. War is terrible for everyone.

After they came back, Calvin, Dad and David built a big room onto the house for a kitchen so we could all eat in there and have room to eat anyhow. I t was 16 by 26 feet and they had a basement underneath it all cemented up and a room upstairs, so it was a little better now. But we really didn't need it so much then because they were starting to get married off, and it wasn't too long until father took ill. Not serious at first, but it was getting harder and harder for him to get his breath. The doctors thought as to what it was but they couldn't hardly tell and he made arangements for us to go to Rochester to the hospital and get an examination where they had everything they needed to test a man's health with. As soon as he got there they put him in a wheelchair, they wouldn't even let him walk to his bed. He had to go to bed right now and stay there the 3 weeks he was there in bed. And it was a new disease. I can't exactly remember the name, I think it was emphezema. Anyway, it is what the doctors thought it was. There is no help for it,

at least there wasn't in those days. I don't know how it is now. But he got worse every year. By that time he and I were alone. When Kay went on a mission to Switzerland, the bretheren of the priesthood said they would do what work needed to be done to get the farm ready for spring and they were really good. And Wilford the olderst boy, he lived in Arkansas, and was married by now, he says, "I'll come home in time to harvest the hay, the first crop of hay, and Ernestine and I can take care of that so you don't need to worry Dad. That sounded good, but by the time they were here, the rains came and the week they wanted to spend with the hay they had to spend in the house and up north they had a cloudburst. It sent the water down just a rushing into Westfork and it went over the banks. We had a fine looking wheat crop and sugar beat crop and the first crop of hay was cut down and all th is rushing water went all over the field and the hay piled up in different places, the wheat laid down and when it cleared up it got so hot the sugar beats cooked. They actually turned yellow, you could almost see it. So that year the crop was nothing through no fault of ours. We just about lost everything. If we didn't have the means to keep Kay in the mission field he would have had to come home but thank goodness we were able to keep him there. Kay found his lovely wife in Switzerland. She wasn't a Swiss girl, but she was over on a mission and after he got home she had a few months to go but he wrote to her and they kept up a correspondence and consequences were that they got married. Kay had been in Guard Duty. He had to do 6 weeks. I think it is for the regular army that he had to do to California. When he came back from there he stopped in Salt Lake and they got married. They have now 4 children. Heidi 14, LeAnna about 12, Theron about 10 and Timmy the youngest about 3. So it is. That is the way it goes when a family starts growin up. They get scattered all over the country.

Levi worked for a Denver airlines and in Seattle he came to be president of the Alaska Airlines. I went to visit them a few times when they lived in Denver when he was with the airlines there but father was getting worse all the time and I couldn't really leave him any more. How often I would pray that nothing would happen to him while I was gone. I didn't want him to be all alone.

On April 8, I went to Sunday School. I had a lovely roast in the oven and we had a lovely dinner together. Dad had good appitite and he ate and ate at the table and we talked awhile. He says, "I think I will lay down." He went in on the couch and laid down awhile while I was trying to get the dishes done. All at once he screamed. I ran in to see what was wrong. He says, "Raise me up. I can't breathe." I raised him up and helped him to stay up but he couldn't. He said he just couldn't breathe no matter which way he lay. I wanted to lay him down so I could call Kenny. He lived 12 miles in Paradise Valley. He says, "Don't leave me, don't leave me." So I stayed there and held him up with pillows. I just had to have help, so I called Kenny and he said "I'll come right away," but it was 12 miles. I called President Maddox and told him that Dad is awful bad. He came right away, but it was too late. I had gone out side and hollered and yelled for Helen. We had no telephones then yet. Yes, we had telephones but not over there to the little house where they lived. So I called and called but there was a west wind taking my voice to the east and they didn't know until they saw the cars coming and wondered what was wrong.

So, on April the 8th, 1962, it was a Sunday, father passed away. The funeral was on April 12. Kay by that time was at Ft. Benning taking military training and through the Red Cross he was permitted to come home for the funeral. We had to go to Great Falls and pick him up. He flew in to Great Falls, and we had to go pick him up and bring him home. He got here just a few hours before the funeral. But it was good to see him anyhow.

Now I would be alone but I have been thankful that it was this way. If he had been left alone I don't know what would have happened to him. It was pretty hard to make him do things the doctor

wanted him to do. I don't think a daughter-in-law could have done that. At that time I didn't want to live in this house any more. It was really too big with that big kitchen and a bedroom, in fact two bedrooms, and when Kay was 14 years old electricity came through the valley and we did get the chance to get electricity. So I did have electricity and what it brings-a bathroom, refrigerator, electric washer and the things I needed while I had my family but never had. I didn't have to carry water from the river bank any more. Now I could have it in the house. But I am thankful that I do have it now.

When the boys all were home after the funeral they said, "Mother, what are you going to do now?" "Well, "I said, "I always did like traveling and when I was in Switzerland we had our trip every summer. But raising a family and traveling doesn't go very well together, so I didn't go very far during the years I was a district president we went as far as Cutbank and Shelby to visit. That is as far as I went. We went to Malta on the east and we usually held a meeting in Malta and Harlem, Chinook then up to Shelby, Cutbank and Brownine. There were no Saints inbetween there. So that is about as far as I traveled. Now and then I go to Salt Lake to visit the girls or I go to Salt Lake to visit my sister and in Idaho Falls I visit the girls but it didn't happen very often because I couldn't leave Dad very long. So I says I always have wanted to go back home to Switzerland once more. That is what I would like to do. Then if I get home alright from there and can save up money I would like to take a trip to Alaska and if I have that done I would like to make a trip to Hawaii. I guess they wondered what the heck their mother was thinking anyway. How would she travel to all those places. Her arthritis was getting bad but I decided I would go before it got too bad.

So it wasn't very long until I got a telephone call from Levi who lived in Seattle. He says, "Mother get yourself a passport and get yourself ready. We are going to Switzerland. We are going to Europe and taking you along." Now I know that that trip was made just to accomodate me. I appreciate it very much and we had a wonderful trip. Linda and I had a room and Lee and June had a room. But if they hadn't taken me with them they could have had a cot brought into their room and Linda slept on a cot so they could have had it alot more reasonable. I said," I will pay for my eats and for the extra room." "Never mind now , don't worry about that. We will figure it all out when we get home." They wouldn't take any money and I never did hear, though I asked him several times, "Let me know and I will pay you." When I went home I wanted to give him some money. "No, you just keep it and I'll let you know." So that is how I got to Switzerland. We had a wonderful trip.

Levi Blatter Biography

In compliance with the wishes of the church, I shall attempt to record a few incidents from my life which might be of interest to my family and perhaps others. My father's name was William Lincoln Blatter. My mother's name was OlgaVollenwieder Blatter. I was born at Ammon, Idaho, a small town which lies approximately five miles east and south of Idaho Falls, Idaho. My date of birth was December 14, 1916 and it was a cold, wintry day with a blizzard, making travel almost impossible. In those times the doctors traveled to the homes for the delivery of babies. I do not know whether Dr. John O. Mellor traveled there alone or whether my father went to Idaho Falls to bring him out, but I remember my folks talking about what a cold, miserable day it was.

My folks at this time lived in a small house located about a half mile from where my Uncle John lived and both of these directions were near the sand hills south west of Ammon. I am talking now 1978 and Ammon at this time was almost a part of Idaho Falls. The development that has taken place has almost joined the two cities. The house they lived in still stands today and the sand hills are very much the same today as I remember them from my youth. I don't know how long my parents

lived at this location, but I know that they at some point in time purchased a ranch on what they called the Foothills. One of my earliest recollections was the hassle and turmoil of moving from the house by the sand hills to their ranch at the foothills. I remember it was in the early spring and since all the stoves had to be taken down and let to cool before they could be moved and put in the wagon, I remember it being a cold, miserable and unpleasant day. Again I do not remember how long we lived on the ranch at the foothills but it was for several years. I can remember having to work in the fields weeding potatoes and picking potatoes. We had an old mare for a saddle horse that was about the orneriest critter that ever lived. Her chief delight was to wait until we would get almost to her or maybe even had a loop halfway around her neck and then whirl and run away so we could not catch her. I remember one time she was in the corral and somehow got the gate open and got out into the potato field. My dad chased her back and forth through the potato field and almost got her two or three times, but she pulled the same trick with him, wait until he was almost to her and then whirl and run. I recall Dad getting so angry he went back to the house and got the shotgun. What he intended to do I am not sure but he tried once more to get a rope on the horse. She whirled and ran and Dad fired at her and I think got her a little buckshot in the rear end as she was running away. After that, she took off to the corral and stayed there until Dad arrived to close the gate. We kids thought -she was a goner when Dad headed out with the shotgun. We figured his intentions were to kill her. Life was pretty basic in those days. We had no such thing as water in the house or electric lights or indoor toilet facilities. In our days you went to the outdoor toilet. I remember especially in the wintertime because you'd have to take a broom along to sweep the snow off the seats before you could sit down.

When the depression hit, there was a term used by business when all of their assets were tied up and would not be released by the government-they referred to them as frozen assets. I'd often thought that's all we had in the early days was frozen assets.

I remember some of these years the school wagon was operated by a relative of my Dad's named Bill Winder. When he got too cold to be comfortable, Bill would put two or three lanterns in the school bus or school wagon to help warm it up, and we always thought he was a pretty nice guy for doing this. They had a well on their place and that's where they got water.

During the summer months my brother Wilford and I had the job of taking the cows up to the foothills to feed during the day. The area where we usually went was Rock Hollow. It was a rather spooky place and a foul smelling place because a lot of people used it for a dump ground, especially for dead animals. I didn't mind it as long as Wilford was with me. One day he couldn't go, and I was sent out alone with the cows. We normally took a lunch with us and brought the cows back home about four or five o'clock in the afternoon. On this particular day I got scared and brought the cows back home about lunchtime. I was given a good lecture and sent back with them until it was time to come home. I don't know how old I was at this time but I couldn't have been more than five or six at the most. In fact I don't think at this time I had started school so I must have been less than six years old.

One day while we were out with the cows, a bad storm developed and in fact they had a cloud burst right in the area we were and in a matter of minutes Rock Hollow was running with water ten and twelve feet deep. If was such a flood that it went on down across the road and across one of the farms and washed out all of their potatoes and left gullies in some places as much as eight and ten feet deep. Needless to say this really frightened my parents. I think the cow herding stopped after that.

Another thing that I remember from this period in my life was there was some fellow who would gather up all of the horses in the valley that did not have to be used during the summer and would take them up into the mountains to range, and I

remember when I was a little kid sitting on the fence in the fall and in the spring to watch this great herd of horses go by. I would estimate that there were several hundred horses in one of these and it would usually be four or five cowboys herding them along. It was very exciting to me.

Those were the days when Idaho had very severe winters, and I can recall times when large pear and apple trees that we had in our orchard and were fairly close to the house would be completely buried, completely covered by snow. This was not snow on the level, but a snowdrift. They were in a place where it drifted very badly and I estimate that snowdrift to have been at least twenty feet high.

Generally we liked the winters because there was more opportunity to play and it meant that whenever we went anywhere we'd go in the sleigh, and it was always a lot of fun to ride the sleigh up and down over these drifts. I can recall going with my father and my parents into Idaho Falls where these drifts would be one continuous drift after another for mile after mile. It must have been hard on the horses because they would pull the sleigh up to the top of one and then the sleigh would push them down to the other side and then they would pull it up another drift and the sleigh would push them down on the other side. This is the way it went almost all of the way to Idaho Falls. I also remember how cold we used to get and our feet would get cold and our hands would get cold and Dad would make us get out behind the sleigh and run to warm up. And oh how I hated this. I was always afraid that he would get too far ahead and I wouldn't be able to keep up. I was in constant fear when I had to get out and walk or run behind the sleigh, but I have to admit that it was a way to keep warm and a way to keep from freezing to death.

We had water for irrigation from a canal that went around the base of the foothills. I recall one summer when something happened to the screens located at the outlet of the Snake River where the canal got its water from and a lot of fish from the Snake River came down through the canal and in fact came down through our irrigation ditches. I remember we'd go out and catch good sized trout with our hands right out of the irrigation ditch. That only happened once that I recall but what a great time we had catching fish and having a fish dinner that night.

Because of the severe winters and missing so much school when the school wagon or sled couldn't make it through, my folks decided that it would be better for us to live closer to school, and they purchased a house right in Ammon that was only a block from the schoolhouse. In the fall we would move down to this house so that we kids could go to school. I guess at that time Dad would go back and forth to the ranch as I'm sure he had cows and horses that had to be cared for, and he probably was working there because we would have big potato cellars where we put the, potatoes in the fall and then during the winter Dad would sort and grade these potatoes for sale.

We kids always looked forward to spring when we could move back up to the foothills because that was really home and that's where we enjoyed it. In 1924 or 1925 my folks sold their forty acres on the foothills and bought an 80-acre farm close to town. In fact it was located right across the street from the Ammon store. This was a great move in our life, a slight move back to civilization and I'm sure my mother enjoyed it because for the first time in her life and in her married life she had electricity in the house and the joy of electric lights after nothing but coal oil lamps and lanterns where we were before. Not only that but we had a well with good water, which was not piped into the house but we had a faucet right outside the house so there was no more carrying of water. It was almost too good to be true. We had a nice barn to put the cattle in and other good out buildings to put the rest of the stock.

I don't recall anything really significant during the time that we lived on this ranch except perhaps one winter day some of the family were sick and when we called the doctor to come out to examine them he said we had scarlet fever. And on Christmas

Day the entire family was quarantined, which meant no communications, no visiting or anything with anyone outside of the immediate family. We were quarantined for about six weeks. When we needed something from the store, we would call the store and order it. They would bring it in a box and set it in front of our place by the mailbox and then we'd have to pick it up.

My older brother and I were quite friendly with two fellows in another family that lived about two blocks away; their names were Harold and Ray Porter. They had a good swimming hole in the canal that went through their place, and we used to spend a lot of time swimming there. Although I could not swim at the time, I remember one time we were there and they were swimming back and forth across the canal and I had made up my mind that if they could do it I could. So not thinking very clearly, I went up the canal just a ways where they couldn't see me and decided I was going to swim across. I finally made it after swallowing about half of the water in the canal and thinking that I was really going to drown, but I finally managed to kick enough to get to shore.

I do recall during this period we raised a lot of potatoes and-we had a big potato cellar, and I remember one year the price of potatoes got so low that the folks had just about no income at all. In the spring we were able to sell potatoes for feed for sheep. We got fifty cents for all the potatoes you could pile on a sleigh; a big sleigh load of potatoes brought fifty cents. It wasn't worth the effort and had it not been for the fact that the cellar had to be cleaned out for the next crop, I doubt whether Dad would have moved them. In that same cellar where we stored the potatoes we would store apples and various vegetables, carrots, turnips, squash; some things of this kind would be buried in sand. Others would just be put on a bed of straw and covered over. Generally this would hold them until well along into the spring.

It is while we were at this location that mother gave premature birth to twin boys. She was very, very ill and I can remember the ambulance coming from Idaho Falls to take her to the hospital. For a long time they did not expect her to live, but she gradually got better but was very weak for at least a year after this happened. The babies were dead at birth.

In 1927-I 928 the Great Northern Railroad together with the Utah Idaho Sugar Company was opening up a new area in Montana and were encouraging people to move up there and settle that country. It was known as the Milk River Valley, and it was reportedly a good farming area, especially for sugar beets. Dad became interested in this, and one fall he and two other men, one of which was my Uncle Gottlieb, drove to Montana to look at farming possibilities. I recall that it was quite late in the fall when they left, and I guess from the-reports we had when they got back they said it was quite a trip. They were bucking snow and muddy roads and some extremely cold weather. The upshot of all this was that in 1928 my uncle decided to sell his place in Idaho and move to Montana. And in 1929 Dad did the same thing. He had always wanted to move to Alaska. I don't know why, but he had some unknown love for Alaska and wanted to go there. Mother refused to move to such a faraway place and so I think she rather reluctantly as an alternative agreed to go to Montana. Furniture and farm equipment and everything that could be moved was loaded into a railroad boxcar and in the opposite end of the boxcar were built pens for the cattle and sheep and horses. When we left Idaho, as I remember, it was either March or April or sometime early spring of 1929.

After all our furniture and every thing had been loaded, of course we had to have a place to stay until we could take the train. Dad had to go with the boxcar to feed the cattle and horses and so forth and take care of them and left mother with the children to bring them on the passenger train. So the night before we left, we were invited to stay with my Uncle John and the next morning he loaded us in the sleigh to take us to Idaho Falls to the train.

I remember that the snow was so deep that he did not follow the roads and went cross country and through other people's farms because the snow was so deep that the fences were completely buried and he didn't need to follow the roads.

It was quite a trip on the train; of course it was quite thrilling for us kids because we had never been on a train.

The first winter when we were living west of Chinook on the Empire Ranch, we had bought some hay from a farmer on the east side of Chinook. And we had a model T truck. I remember going with Dad to get a load of hay. When we went through Chinook on the way back, we stopped at the Ford garage because we had broken a fan belt. While we were at the garage the temperature was 32 degrees below zero, but the fellow at the garage said don't worry; there's a chinook coming. It was chinooking out in the Bear Paws; those are the mountains located about 16 miles to the south of Chinook. He said it was chinooking in the Bear Paws when he left there that morning. So when we got the fan belt fixed, we got in the model T and started home. After driving five miles, when we got home and looked at the temperature, the wind had started blowing, and we looked at the thermometer as we went into the house and it was 50 above. The temperature had gone from 32 below to 50 above in a matter of about 20 minutes. We got to know and enjoy these chinook winds; they would come up entirely unexpected. It would be nice and warm, just like a summer day. But when they would stop blowing, the temperature would drop just as rapidly. And one of the lessons that we learned early in our life in Montana was that no matter how nice or how sunny the day might be when you started out for the day or no matter where you were going, you prepared for cold weather because it might be 40 below before you came back.

We all worked hard on this farm on the North Fork. Some of it was very poor soil; some of it was very good. We had some good crops and we had some bad ones. We raised sugar beets and grain and hay. We usually fed sheep during the winter time. We'd haul sugar beet pulp from the sugar factory and fed them hay and bedded down the corrals with straw. Lots of times we would be up from four o'clock in the morning until five or six in the afternoon. And I can remember many of those days when the temperature didn't get above 30 or 35 below zero.

The second year that we were on this farm we had a very dry summer and the grass was very sparse for the cattle that ranged to the north of us toward the Canadian line. And because of the shortage of feed, the cattle started coming down early in the fall. Generally they would stay out there until the snow would get too deep for them and then they would gradually work their way down into the fields. Our neighbor Flynn was a cattle rancher and had several hundred head of cattle. In the winter time they'd come down in his fields, and they would feed them hay that had been stacked the prior summer. But this fall the cattle had started coming down early, and we still were harvesting sugar beets and they would get into the sugar beet fields and do a lot of damage in one night. So I got elected to the job of being night herder to keep the cattle out of our fields. I was about 13 years old at this time and had a good saddle horse. I'd go out just about the time it started to get dark and ride herd to keep these cattle out. I didn't mind it; in fact I kind of enjoyed it, playing cowboy, and quite enjoyed this work. I recall, however, one night when a bad thunderstorm came up. In fact it was so bad that the air was almost purple. The atmosphere took on a purplish color, and the air was just charged with electricity to the point where anytime one of these cows would bump horns together there'd be a streak of fire. Whenever their hooves would hit a rock, the fire would fly. It was almost spooky and like a movie nightmare. Needless to say the cattle were very restless that night and hard to handle, and one time I had about 50 head of them that I rounded up and was trying to push back up to the hills and they sort of half stampeded. They hit a fence and one of their

horns got hooked under one of the barbed wires on the fence and it just left a string of fire. I have never seen anything like it since or before. I had heard tales of balls of lightning hitting the earth, and I saw it happen that night. A great bolt of lightning hit the ground. I guess about 300 or 400 feet from where I was on the horse and it was just a big ball of fire that went rolling across the ground and it finally broke up into smaller pieces and disappeared.

During these years my uncle had quite a sizeable dairy herd and as a result had a number of cattle that were either too young to milk or steers that he was holding to fatten until they could be marketed. He made arrangements since he did not have enough pasture land to take care of them during the summer months to have them run on some range north of Chinook, very near the Canadian line. In fact it was right on the Canadian line where the North Fork of the Milk River crossed the Canadian line. My cousin Denver and I always had the job of taking this herd of cattle up to the Canadian line in the spring and going up in the fall getting them to bring them back. We enjoyed this. It was about a 30-mile trip; we'd usually try to make it in one day, but we were not always able to do that. And I remember one fall it was quite late in the fall when we got through with the harvesting and we were able to get away to go after the cattle. A friend or ours went with us. His name was Lloyd Sessions. He was later killed in the Second World War, but it was Lloyd's brother who ran the ranch where they would take these cattle for the summer. We started late one afternoon to ride up there and it was probably about ten or eleven o'clock at night when we arrived. The people had all gone to bed so there were no lights or anything. And like a bunch of dumbbells that we were we didn't want to disturb them so we decided we would go out to the haystack and dig a hole and stay there until morning. That turned out to be one of the coldest nights I ever spent in my life. Before daylight came we were all so cold that we found we had to break down and go wake these people up and get into the house. The next day we spent rounding up the cattle and then the second day we got a fairly early start getting back to Chinook with the cattle. It was a gray, cloudy day and about eight or nine o'clock in the morning it started to snow. The snow got heavier and heavier and finally the wind started to blow and we found ourselves right in the middle of a first class blizzard. We couldn't get the cows to head right into it; we were always chasing strays and finally decided that we couldn't make it. We said we'd better find a place to hole up until the storm was over. We found an old, abandoned granary that looked like a pretty good place. We pushed the cattle down into a coulee, hoping they would bed down and not drift with the wind and the storm. We rode our horses right into the granary fortunately there was enough spare wood around there that we were able to build a small Indian-type fire which we had to keep going all night long to keep from freezing to death. The next morning about eight or nine o'clock the storm stopped and we went out. I don't know whether you've ever been a situation like this or not. This was all country that we knew; we'd been over it many times. We could drive through it at night and know where we were going, but with this snow on the ground and having drifted like it was we couldn't find a single point or area that we could recognize. Had the sun not been up, we would not have been able to know what way was north, south, east, or west. But the sun came up and we were able to get our distance squared away and we went down and rounded up the cattie and headed along down to Chinook and we got in fairly early in the afternoon. But this was an experience that taught me a lesson. You'd better know where you are going when you get caught in a blizzard in Montana. Many people had died under those conditions and had it remained a cloudy day we would not have known what direction to head out into. Everything looked completely different, had completely changed and there were no points that we could recognize when they were covered with snow.

When I was nineteen years old, I received a call from the church to fill a mission in Germany. This was a great surprise and a great thrill. The call came in 1935 with instructions to report to the mission home in February 1936. These were during the Depression years and I wondered whether the folks would be able to support me while in the mission field, but there was no question in their mind that I was to go. These were tough years; there was no money but on the farm we always had plenty to eat. I remember my folks during 1933 and 1934 winters when they would slaughter a pig or a sheep and take half of it into people who lived in Chinook who they knew did not have enough to eat. During the summer time people who were unemployed were riding the freight trains on the Great Northern Railroad past our place and passed within a-quarter· of a mile of our house. Evidently the word got out -or the bums had it marked that this was a place to get a handout because I can remember mother feeding many, many, many men who would come to the door and ask for something to eat. Others would come and ask for a job or want work, and I remember of one individual who begged for dad to give him a place to sleep and just feed him. He said he'd worry about his clothes and anything else he needed, but he just wanted a job and a place to sleep and something to eat. These were really tough times.

Right in the middle of the Depression, Dad had also received a call one fall to go out as a missionary to the Indians on the Fort Peck Reservation. Since he had to have transportation, he took a truck and went to work down among the Indians. I remember after he came hack the many stories he would tell of Indian legends that would tie in with the fact that we knew that Christ had appeared among the Indians on the American continent. He had great experiences during that winter.

After I received my call, I went to Salt Lake, and we went two weeks at what we called the mission home. When they put us on the train, there were so many going east that they had a special railroad car just for the missionaries as far as New York. It turned out to be a dirty, filthy car with the seats covered with soot. The only way we could keep clean was to spread newspaper over everything, and we complained and tried to get another car but to no avail. We encountered heavy snowstorms as we crossed the country, and when we got into Buffalo the car was steam lined and the car broke. It was full of steam from there on to New York, and it was really one miserable trip and yet the railroad would do nothing about it.

After one night in New York we boarded the U.S. Constitution. The ship left the New York harbor about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was cold but clear and enjoyable until we got out the next day and hit rough water. I became seasick and that day was the last meal I had in the seven days it took to cross the ocean. I was so sick I swore I would never get on another boat as long as I lived. We eventually arrived in Hamburg where I disembarked. This was 1936 and in Europe Hitler was almost at the height of his power. We had been warned and warned and told over and over what we should do and what we should not do and that we should not do anything to provoke any controversy. We were to abide by the laws, rules, and regulations of the country where we were going.

When I was in Saar I received a letter from some friend in the United States. All it had on it in the way of an address was my name, the city and then Germany. Now we at this time had an apartment on Adolph Hitler Street. You can imagine that every city in Germany, no matter how large or small, had an Adolph Hitler Street. In spite of the fact of an incomplete address and even though we lived on a street where there were thousands of them in the country, the letter was delivered to me without any delay at all. It was a pretty good indication that immigration authorities and Gestapo and whatever knew exactly where I was, and I'm sure they knew what we were doing.

In Germany, whenever you went to a city, you had twenty-four hours in which to register with

the police. If you were going to leave town for more than three days, you went to the police and notified them. They would want to know where you were going and how long you were going to be there, and then you were expected to register with the police in the town where you were going.

When I had made out my passport application I used the name I had always used at home. Around home and around my friends I was called Levi. I didn't know it at the time but this was the name in the passport and it turns out to be a good Jewish name. The German police and the military personnel at that time were in the process of getting rid of all the Jews they could. Many years later we learned of the concentration camps where they were slaughtered by the thousands. We knew of individual cases where these people would suddenly disappear and not be seen again. Every time I would go to the police to register or for any other reason, they would look at that name and start to give me a rough time. As a result of this, after returning to the United States, I decided I would change my name and no longer go by the name of Levi but went by using my middle name and first initial…L. Preston.

On one occasion when we were in Liegnitz, there was loud knocking on the door one morning. Shultz got up and there were two police officers at the door and wanted to know if we were the American missionaries. We said "Yes": They said they wanted to see us at police headquarters at eight o'clock the next morning, and we had better be there. We said we would. We went down and they took us into a room and said they'd like to know what we'd been doing the last two weeks. So we told them as well as we could remember what we'd been doing, when meetings were held and where we'd gone. When we finished, he pushed his chair back and opened his desk drawer and took out a book. He said, "Now, maybe you'd really like to know what you've been doing," and he started to read on such and such a morning you went to a house at this time and you went down this street and you talked to so and so. From there you went to so and so. For two solid weeks every minute of the day was accounted for, and everyone we had talked to and what we had talked about. When he got through he said, "Well, that's all." He said, "We thought you would just like to know that we know what's going on." Well, if there was ever any doubt in our minds that we were being watched day and night, those doubts soon disappeared after what we had heard there.

We learned that one time there was one mountain we used to drive around on our bicycles in order to make visits to a neighboring community. There was always a lot of activity around that mountain, trucks running here and running there. Railroads were built up and hauling dirt and things back and forth. We naturally were curious about it, but not curious enough to stick our neck out. One time in talking with someone, they asked if we had ever been around there. We said, "Yes, we ride that way when we go out to this little town." He said, "I'd get shot for telling you but if you don't think Germany is prepared for war and you don't think Germany is going to win the war I can just tell you that underneath that mountain is an airport, an airport big enough that an airplane can take off and by the time it gets out from underneath the mountain or past the doors it is ready to pull off into the air." I am sure he would have been shot on sight for having told us this because this was military secrets and military information; we just made up our minds that we would never mention this as long as we were in the country.

While in Saarbricken one of the members asked me if I knew of a man who lived out in a little community that had the same name as I did. I said, "No." I got curious and one day we rode out there and we found this man, found his home; His name was Ludwig Blatter. He was a school teacher who had taught for a very great while, and I told him of my interest in trying to find relatives or someone who might be related to me in some way. I had never been able to find anyone in all Germany by the name of Blatter. I had checked telephone directories and others and had never seen the name anywhere else.

He said, "Well, that is understandable. There aren't any people in Germany by that name. The Blatter family comes from Switzerland. In fact, I came from Switzerland; I was born there, but I moved into Germany in order to get a teaching position." He had written a book, which he called the 300 Year History of the Blatter Family. I later obtained a copy of the book, brought it home with me, and turned it over to my Uncle Gottleib who was at that time doing most of the research for the Blatter family. He, in turn, gave it to some research people in Salt Lake City, who eventually concluded that there was no relationship at all between the two families. Oddly enough, in the book he referred to three brothers who had left Switzerland and gone to America. Their names were identical to the names we had, John Rudolph and I can't recall the other two names right now. The only thing that was different was the dates when he said the brothers left Switzerland and went to the United States. There was a great disparity between the dates, and this could never be reconciled so the church concluded there was no relationship between the two and they had to be an entirely different group. The fact that the names were the same is not too unusual because they reused names over and over again in Switzerland. You'd have John Rudolphs and John Rudolph's son would have a John Rudolph, and this would go on and on until they became so intermixed that it's almost impossible to distinguish who is who.

My family has specifically asked me to comment on what I thought of the Nazi regime and the German government at the time I was there. It is a difficult thing to comment on because of the things we have learned and the great atrocities the German people forced upon the Jews, here they slaughtered them by the thousands. Although we knew when we were there of the concentration camps and people disappeared overnight for no apparent reason never to be seen again, we had no idea of the great slaughter of the Jewish people or others who were not in favor of the Nazi regime. There is no doubt that Hitler was a tyrant, a fanatical one; that he had men with him who were brutal. George Goebles was minister of propaganda at the time and was referred to as the most dangerous man in all Europe because of his control of the newspapers and radio and press. He would sway and influence the German people in a matter of two or three hours. Herman Goering was head of the Air Force, a pompous, overbearing man who no one really cared for but no one said anything against. And then worst of all was a man named Himmler who was head of the secret police who was the hatchet man and killer who carried out the executions. Everybody feared the Gestapo or the German Secret Police. They were everywhere; you didn't know whether your next door neighbor was a member of the Gestapo. Children were trained and taught and indoctrinated that it was their duty and it would be a honor for them to then report any subversive activities and conversations even if it was from their own parents, and this frequently happened.

Hitler came into power at the time when Germany was in a great depression. They had just come through a period where their money had devaluated. In fact, I brought home with me German notes that had been ten dollar notes. Rather than be reprinted, they simply stamped over it a 100 dollar note. Then it would be stamped again; it would be 1000 dollars. They had inflation so badly they commonly referred to the fact that they would take a wheelbarrow loaded with paper money to buy a loaf of bread. A -man would get paid for services in late afternoon and before he had· gotten to the store it had devaluated so much that it wouldn't buy a loaf of bread. People were starving, and the situation was very, very desperate. Unemployment was throughout the country, and it was under these conditions Hitler came into power. He was able to rally the troops, gets some organization going and in very, very short time he had the German people working again. Their money took on new value and although the country itself was on a barter system they were able to gain an outstanding position in the world market. And so- in looking at it from that

standpoint, you can scarcely criticize the German people for following such a leader. He really put the country back on its feet, put the people to work, gave the people something to eat, and brought a reasonable semblance of organization and leadership to the country. From the German people's standpoint anyone had to admire Hitler for the things that he was able to do. What they did not admire was his aggressiveness in wanting to take over other countries with part of their campaign. In fact even one of their national songs that they sang was "TodayGermany is Ours; Tomorrow the World Will Be." And this was their philosophy that they were a superior race and being of a superior race they were marked to be the leaders of the world. This was their aim.

I obtained one time a map, and again I don't know where I got it, but it was a map that was not commonly available. It was available to certain military people, but it showed on the map the areas that Germany intended to take over. The first was the Saar area I already talked about and it had already been accomplished at that time. It showed that there was an area up near the North Sea between Germany and Russia that they were going to take over. They were going to take Poland; they were going to take Czechoslovakia; they were going to take Austria. After that, heaven only knows what they had in mind.

One morning when we got up the landlady of the house asked if we had heard the news and we said, "No." She said that during the night the German army had marched into Austria and in a matter of a few hours Austria would be under the complete control of Germany. During that day Hitler actually broadcast from Vienna. Of course their story was the Communists were about to take over Austria and those good German citizens who earned a living there had asked Hitler to come in and protect themselves against the Communists. We found this hard to believe, but we figured we would wait to see what the papers had to say. My companion received his weekend edition of the Desert News sent to him by his parents. The newspaper was two weeks late and when it came it was just nothing but bits and pieces of paper that had been censored, and every article that had anything to do with German's takeover of Austria had been cut out of the paper so we still didn't know what the true story was. The German people were fine people, and they treated us wonderful and when we would meet with the saints it would be the same as meeting with saints anywhere in the United States. Their love for the gospel was great, and their desire to live the gospel, I think, was even greater than the average people living in America.

After my mission and in 1940 I found an application for a job with the FBI. I was trying to get a job as translator of the German language. I got a job with the FBI and remained with them until the spring of 1944.

In the spring of 1944 I started working for the Civil Aeronautics Board as an auditor. We did audits on the books of Pan American Airways and one or two other smaller South American Companies that had headquarters in Miami. Later on I was given charge for setting mail rates for all the local service airlines. By this time there were seven or eight people who worked under my supervision. We sat in conferences with the officials of airlines trying to determine what their costs should be and what their revenues might become without any practical experience.

I persuaded our department heads to let us go into the field and hold our mail rate conference at the carrier's office. We did this for Bonanza Airlines and Frontier Airlines in Denver. In 1945 I was offered a job by Frontier Airlines as controller, although it was not a very great salary. I decided it was my opportunity to get out into the industry and really learn the airline business from the industry side. I stayed with Frontier Airlines and held successive positions of treasurer, vice president of finance which meant I had the responsibility of all budget matters and the control of costs.

In 1960 new management took over control of

Frontier Airlines and most of the people were let go including me. I then took a job with a small company known as Petroleum Information Corporation which was entirely different from anything I had ever done. They gathered information on oil wells that were being dug throughout the United States. While working here I was contacted regarding a job with Alaska Airlines and I told them I would take the job.

In the spring of 1962 I came to Seattle to take up my work with Alaska Airlines. I remained with that company as treasurer, vice president of finance, and eventually president. I retired from Alaska Airlines when I reached the age of fifty-five in accordance with their retirement program. Through the influence of another fellow I worked with at the airlines, I became interested in a marina located in Tacoma, Washington. We went into partnership and bought the marina. This was an entirely different line of work. We sold boats, repaired boats, put boats in and out of the water, had boat storage and leased boats. During the time we owned the marina my partner became sick and it fell on me and my wife to do all the work and keep the marina going. We often worked seventeen and eighteen hours a day. It soon became obvious we could not stand this pace. When an opportunity offered itself, we sold the marina and at that time truly retired.

My life wasn't all hard work and no fun. In fact we had a lot of fun and a lot of enjoyment. I remember one incident when I was quite small about six or seven. Dad always made a definite attempt to take us boys on the Fathers and Sons Outing. We never did have much time to fish or do other things, but when it came time for the Fathers and Sons Outing, he would do everything possible to see that we could go. I remember one time when we had been working on the Model T Ford we were living at the Foothills at that time. He had worked all day and almost half the night taking that Ford apart and putting it back together, getting it tuned up so it would run to the outing adjacent to Yellowstone Park. It was over 100 miles each way and a rather long trip.

Dad kept telling us to get our chores done for the evening and get to bed early because we had to get up early if we were to make the trip. We kept fooling around and fooling around. Finally he said, "I'll tell you. I am going to give one yell tomorrow morning, and those who don't get out of bed are not going to go on the Fathers and Sons Outing." Well eventually my brother and I went to bed and when I woke up the next morning it seemed awfully quiet. I got up and asked mother, "Where is everybody?" and she said, "Well, Dad and Wilford have gone on the Fathers and Sons Outing." I said, "What about me?" She said, "You heard what your Dad said last night. You wouldn't go to bed so I guess you're going to help me milk the cows." So for three days I milked cows while Dad and Wilford were out enjoying themselves. But I can tell you it was the last time I ever got left behind for not getting up in the morning when I was called.

I have always enjoyed being outdoors and some of the highlights of my life were centered around trips we had taken with the family and occasions when I had been able to go hunting with my son. I remember one occasion when I was about six years old Dad had a band of sheep and it was being cared for by a herder in the hills east of Ammon, Idaho. I remember the names of some points along the way. There was the little town of Bone which was just a grocery store. One spring after the sheep had been out for a month or two it was time to shear. Dad hitched up a team of horses to a white-top buggy we had and put in some grub and the tools needed for shearing. We went traveling to the hills to find the sheepherder to assist in shearing the sheep. There was another man who had part of the herd that was being cared for by the same sheepherder. We worked for two or three days on the way out and I remember arriving at Bone about noontime.

Dad had a team of horses that were really spooky, one was just being broken and the other was entirely undependable so he did not dare leave the horses.

He stayed on the buggy holding onto the horses and sent me into the store to get something to eat. I had no idea what in the world to get so finally the store owner suggested Fig Newtons. I had never heard of them so told him I would take a pound of them. I paid him and went back out. Dad was very pleased with the choice so we ate Fig Newtons for the next hour or so as we continued our trip. I remember the name of such places as Pole Bridge, and Henry's Creek. In those days it was customary to start the sheep out in the Foothills after they had lambed and have the sheepherder stay with them gradually working eastward with the idea of arriving in the little town of Soda Springs by fall. At that time the sheep would be separated out and those ready for market would be shipped from Soda Springs.

I hope this will be of interest to all those who read it and I hope that our children will continue to live close to the church and follow the teachings of the leaders of the church. Because I am sure and I have found in my own life that the only real happiness comes from doing the things that the Lord has asked us to do and having been close to Him.

Excerpts taken from the Biography of L. Preston Blatter by Lynn Blatter

My Memories of William and Olga Blatter

by Calvin Blatter 2009

I don't remember much about Idaho. I heard the folks talk about the foothill place and a couple of other places. The only one I remember is the place in Ammon, it was just across the street from the store.

Dad became discouraged with Idaho. He said the soil was poor and I remember him saying the White Top (morning glory) was taking over. Dad wanted to move to Alaska but mom didn't like that idea to be so far away from church functions. They compromised and moved to Montana. Maybe uncle G (we kids called him uncle G because we couldn't say Gottlieb) had something to do with the move as he moved his family there a year earlier.

We moved to Montana the spring of 1929. In mom's history she tells of the trip to Montana and the 2 room "mansion" we lived in. Mom and dad had a bed but the 7 of us kids made a family bed on the floor. In the morning we would roll it up and slide it under Mom and Dad's bed. Five of us (I was in the first grade) went to a one room school about 2 miles from home. We usually rode horses or took the buggy.

We had heard stories of a warm wind called a "Chinook" but thought they were just that "stories", but we found out they were true stories. Christmas day after several weeks of below zero weather the Chinook hit Christmas morning. We ate Christmas dinner with all the doors and windows open. We have seen many more since then and have heard many unbelievable stories about the Chinook. Like the man who hitched his team to the sleigh and went to town for some groceries, while in town a Chinook hit. He got half way home and had to leave the sleigh and ride one of the horses home.

Another memory I have of that place was the time the School Teacher received word that cold weather had driven a herd of Antelope down from Canada and were just a few miles from the school. We took our lunches, rode horses and drove buggies to see them. What a sight. There were Thousands of Antelope all in one herd. My first school field trip.

The soil on that farm was very poor so next spring Dad rented a place 7 miles east of Chinook we called North Fork because people said it was the north fork of the Milk River. According to modern maps it is officially Battle Creek. This farm turned out to be a much better place. The soil was good; the farm had a 4 room house, even a barn to keep the horses and cows in. We were close enough to the creek so we could get water for laundry and other things but we still had to haul water from town for drinking and cooking. We also had a swimming hole in the creek where we could refresh our self after a hot day in the field. The first year we all went to school in

Zurich. It was 4 rooms but still grades 1 thru 8. The next year those in high school drove to Chinook. The younger ones were back to a one room school.

As for Dad he was a farmer from the word go. He knew and loved the soil without the modern means of sampling and testing. He knew what crops would do best in what soil. He knew when to plant and when to harvest. I have seen him pick up a handful of dirt and pour it from one hand to another, then he would smell it and often taste it. He knew his soil. He also confided in the Lord to help him make important decisions.

Back in those days Dad had to hire help to thin and hoe the beets in the spring and to top them in the fall. This was all done by hand and required many people. This was usually done by Indians from the Reservation or by Mexican Nationals from Mexico. They insisted on working 7 days a week. Dad always said if the time came he would not work on Sunday not even during harvest when the weather was so uncertain. True to his word when machinery was invented to do the work Dad shut things down on Sunday and went to church where he said he belonged.

Dad was a hard worker. Up at dawn and worked until dark. He taught us kids to do the same. I know we grumbled at the time but what a blessing it turned out to be. I can't say Dad loved horses but he sure took good care of them. They were fed and watered first thing every morning. At noon they got a full hour of rest with a little extra oats and he never worked them past six in the evening. I can't say that for his kids.

Dad wasn't known to be funny or a jokester but he could hold his own with anyone. On the North Fork place we had a field of sugar beets with rows about ¾ of a mile long. Now that is a long way to drive a team of horses in a strait line. When the beets came up the people driving by would see the crooked rows and josh dad about it. His answer was that he ordered from Montgomery Ward and everyone knows they never get the sizes right. The rows they sent were too long and he had to put some curves in them to make them fit the field.

The North Fork place was close enough to the railroad that we would see the workers going up and down the track making the needed repairs. Dad would some times remark "there goes those railroad guys with their no pushy, no pullie. One day I heard one of the workers call it a handcar. I asked dad about the different name and he told me this story. In early years the handcar was propelled by manpower. One to four men would pump up and down on a lever to make them go. Later the gasoline engine came into use and a Chinese friend of Dad's explained to him. "No Pushee No Pullie all the same he go like Hellee."

Dad could make up stories too like all kids do. We were wishing for something one day. Dad told us wishing would get us nothing, that we would have to work for what we got. But, he said, if you must wish why don't you wish for something worth while. When we asked what that would be he told us if he were wishing he would wish he owned the Rocky Mountains and that they were solid steel and all that steel was made into needles and that the needles were worn down to the eyes from sewing up his bags of gold.

Dad had a theory on working boys and I guess it proved to be right. He said if you have a job to do and send one boy to do it you get one boys worth of work. If you send two boys to do the same job you get one half of a boys worth. If you send three boys you get nothing. As for Mom what she didn't say in her history is that she could possibly have had a great career in Opera. She had a beautiful Contralto Voice. She gave it all up for the church and the hardships in Idaho and Montana.

I have a book "Pioneers in every Land" If there is such a thing as a later pioneer mom sure was one. Mom was well into her 50's and most of us had left home when she finally got electricity, running water, and indoor plumbing. This was a bitter - sweet blessing. It was possible because of the insurance from the Army for Melvin killed in Germany in World War II.

What a job it must have been cooking, washing clothes, and keeping house for nine wild kids. With all the hardships Mom had I never once heard her say she regretted the decision to come to America. She did say that she hoped someday to go back and see her beautiful Switzerland, which she got to do later on. Dad let Mom do all the bookkeeping. Budgeting for eleven was no simple task with six kids in school for many years, Sunday clothes for all of us and of course work clothes. We weren't the most fashion dressed family but we had good clean clothes to wear whether at work, school or church.

During the depression I can remember kids coming to school with two slices of bread with home made lard between them for a sandwich. I cannot ever remember being hungry during those tough times. We always had a big garden and also cows, pigs, and chickens for meat. In the summer Mom would can hundreds of quarts of vegetables from the garden and sometimes fruit if the budget allowed it. Then as the bottles of vegetables were emptied in the winter, Mom would again fill them with meat for the summer. We had no refrigeration or freezer. Canning was the only way to preserve food. Mom and Dad were very generous with their food in helping those less fortunate during the depression.

Dad wanted to buy the North Fork place after the owner died but his family couldn't agree on selling. Dad found a place closer to town that was for sale so in 1936 he bought that place and we moved there. The youngest boy Kay still lives there.

Dad became quite famous for his large wood pile. The story goes that when Dad was young he worked on a threshing crew one fall. Where ever they worked the wife was expected to feed the crew. At one place the husband forgot to chop some wood for his wife to cook with. Never the less they had a delicious meal. When the man remembered and asked his wife where she got the wood to cook with she said the only wood she could find was the wagon tongue. When things settled down Dad made a promise to himself that his wife would never be without wood for cooking. Enclosed is a picture of the wood pile. The little kid is probably Kay.

A Few Thoughts and Remembrances

of William Lincoln and Olga Vollenweider Blatter, My Father and Mother

by Kay Blatter May 2009

Dad and I used to sit on the ditch bank by the river waiting for the irrigation water to be ready to be changed and Dad would tell stories about when he was young. It started at age 15 when he moved with his mom and dad, Rudolph and Elizabeth Blatter, to the Ammon Idaho area. Rudolph and Elizabeth were very disappointed with the lives and actions of some of the missionaries living there who had taught them the gospel in Illinois, so they decided to move back to Illinois. My dad said I'm not going back; I'm staying here, so Grandma got the Bishop to promise to watch out for and take care of her baby boy. Things didn't work out well, so he headed for Oregon, keeping with a band of sheep and spent several years working and farming there. One time the boss said come on Bill help out with the milking so we can get done and enjoy the evening. Dad said I would but I don't know how to milk a cow, where I come from the women do all the chores. It is a disgrace for a man to milk a cow. The boss thought he must be a hick. One day the boss put him on a tame but bucking horse. The foreman warned dad, but dad said thanks but don't worry. The boss said take them out in the middle of that plowed field, he won't be on long enough to hurt the horse. He stayed on the horse and when it slowed down; dad would rake him with his spurs and ended up marking the horse pretty bad before he got off. The boss was mad and wanted to fire him because that was his favorite pure black pet although no one had ever been able to ride it. Dad walked over and said, don't say anything, I quit, I have had enough.

Dad had been in Chinook in the fall of 1927 and rented a farm and then in the late winter of the spring of 1928 drove to Montana. On driving north from Idaho Falls, Idaho, he picked up a fellow that was also going to Montana. Dad told him he would have to work for the ride and handed him a bottle

of alcohol and a rag. He told him he would have to keep wiping the windshield to keep the frost off (no defroster back then). They finally got through Wolf Creek Canyon and dad noticed the fellow wasn't wiping the windshield as often. It was late January and as they got out of the canyon, it was warm and by the time they got to Chinook farmers were in the field farming. Dad said what in the world kind of country is this. When they left Idaho Falls area, snow was drifted over the tops of the fences. At that point, Dad had never heard of the "Chinook winds" which are phenomena of two places in the world: Switzerland called die fernice wind and the Rocky Mountain front in northern Montana and southern Alberta. Sometimes the Chinook wind will warm the area from 40 degrees below zero to 40-50 degrees above zero in an hour time period.

The first winter they were living about 8 miles west of Chinook. The snow was so deep that they took the team and sleigh to town for groceries. While in town they were told they had better head home because a Chinook was coming. Someone had telegraphed to Chinook from Havre which is 22 miles west. (There were no telephones or cell phones back then.) They hurried and finished their shopping and started home. About halfway home, they ran out of snow and were pulling the sleigh in mud. Dad unhitched the team, and rode them home. He came back with the beet truck to take mom and the groceries home. He had to wait for the next snow to get the sleigh home.

Shortly after Helen and I were married, we just finished lunch and went over to see mom and dad. Dad wasn't home for lunch yet. Mom said to please go check on him, I'm worried. So we drove 3 miles south along milk river to the field where he was working, as we turned the last bend in the road and looked over in our field, we knew there were problems. In the middle of the field, dad had blacked out and fallen backward off the tractor and into the leveler he was pulling. Then the tractor veered to the left until it came to a large irrigation ditch, where the trailer got hung up. As we drove up one wheel was still turning with a huge pile of dirt it had thrown up. I got on the tractor and shut it off. Dad was just in front of the main blade, his feet were crossed and under the blade; the edge of the blade was on the top part of his leather shoes. Somewhere in the process he had come too and lay there as the tractor, once in a while lurched forward. He said he kept thinking how he could throw himself down into the ditch as the leveler went over it, so the blade wouldn't cut him in half. Helen and I raised the blade and got him out and into our car and took him into Chinook to the doctor. He had a broken leg and had to spend several weeks in a cast.

While in the hospital with the broken leg, he prayed and worried and wondered why this happened as he was just trying to help get the farm work done. One night Melvin appeared to him (Melvin had been killed in WWII in Germany) and dad said, "Melvin, have you come to get me?" and Melvin said, "No, your time isn't come yet, but you've been worried why this happened and I was sent to tell you that you've got to learn obedience and patience; the doctor has told you not to drive anymore, because you have already had blackout spells. As dad was recuperating in the recliner chair, the family bought him; it was the early spring of 1961. Helen went out to check the sheep while we were lambing and she left Heidi, who was almost one year old, in the house with mom. Dad was leaning back with the recliner sleeping and Heidi climbed up on his lap and shook the pepper shaker in dad's mouth, which just happened to be open. Needless to say, he came to coughing and snorting so he also learned patience in this instance.

Mom told about living in Ammon as a newlywed and not being able to speak very good English yet. One time she went into a store and asked for a pot and they brought out a night pot or chamber pot and she said no-no I need a cooking pot. Another time one morning one of the children was sick and she tried to call the doctor, but the party line was busy. She tried several times and it was still busy so she listened a little to one lady who was telling

another lady about her escapade the night before and they were talking in German. The next time she tried, it was still busy so she said in German, "I think I smell your roast burning," they hung up immediately.

The second farm dad leased in Montana was about 7 miles east of Chinook on the Hulbush farm. The house was close to the bank of what was then called the North Fork, now called Battle Creek. One sunny day mom had my next older brother Kenny tied with a rope to the clothes line part, Kenny was between 2 and 3, a salesman stopped by and knocked at the door and proceeded to chew mom out for treating that little boy so mean. Mom told him to come with me, and showed him the drop of 20 feet down in the creek which was running quite high at the time. She said I have a family to cook and wash for and other small children to take care of and I don't have time to watch him every minute. What do you think would happen and who would they blame if he fell over the bank? Needless to say, he apologized.

At that same farm the neighbor had come through our yard to get out to the country road. The neighbor had Mexicans working for him and we also had some helping in the sugar beets. Mom said someone was stealing chickens and asked dad to put the beet truck over by the chicken coop so she could sit in it and catch those Mexicans stealing my chickens. Dad said, don't do that. If you catch them they will just slit your throat. They parked the truck and she waited and once she heard some Spanish jabbering and chicken squawking mom got out of the truck and shown her flashlight on one we called Tony the Mex. Mom said "Tony, what are you doing?" He said, "oh Missus Blatter me no steals your shickens". That ended the loss of the chickens.

One time the Relief Society president asked mom if she were coming to the special work meeting they were having. Mom asked what it was about and the president said they were having the county home extension agent come in and teach them how to bake better bread. Mom said I'm not coming. I bake 8 loaves of bread every other day now and if I bake better bread, I would never be able to keep up. She said in her life story that she used 100 pounds of flour a month.

CHAPTER

Josephine Francisca Von Euw & John Henry Gernand Family

Compiled by Matilda Gernand Ogzewalla

My father, John Henry Gernand, was born 29 January 1846 at Diedenshausen, Westphalia, Germany, a son of George Manus Gernand and Catharine Elisabeth Weller. He was the third child in the family. His oldest little brother died in infancy. He had two other brothers John and George, and only one sister named Catharine, who died at the age of 29 in childbirth. The little girl she bore, also named Catharine, was reared by Uncle John and his wife, who never had children of their own.

I have never known the details of John Henry Gernand coming to America, or for sure how old he was when he came. I thought he was 20 or 24 years old. Father always felt his mother's death was premature because she grieved so at his leaving. If he left Germany at age 24, then his father was dead 2 years. Father was the only Gernand to come to America, and if his father had already passed away, it would make it even harder on the poor mother to have her son go so far away. Father always told us his mother died shortly after he left, but never mentioned his father's death that I ever remember.

I do know he left Germany to dodge the draft, the four year compulsory military training that his country required of its young men. About 12 years Fred Gernand, father's cousin, came to America and moved to Iowa. Father never went back to visit his native land, but he did correspond regularly with his brothers or Uncle George's girls up until the time of his death. He passed away at the age of 80 years and 6 months to the day on 29 July 1926, at an Idaho Falls, Idaho hospital. Mother could not read or write German, so after his death she wrote to Fred. (Fred had lived with us and worked for my father). Fred sent for his sweetheart from Germany, and after they were married they moved to Iowa.

My mother, Josephine Francisca Von Euw, was born 11 March 1859 at Red Bud, Randolph County, Illinois, daughter of Joseph Carolus Meinrad Von Euw and Elizabeth Weber. She was the eldest of 4 children. Her father enlisted in the Civil War when she was two and one half years old. Her brothers, Alexander and Meinrad, and her little sister Emma all died while their father was away. All three were a year or so old. Her mother later married John Rudolph Blatter, a buddy of Meinrad who was in Andersonville prison. Both men were from Switzerland.

Mother was very severely mistreated by her step father Rudolph Blatter. He nearly beat her to death and Uncle Jake Weber, her guardian who was her mother's brother, took Josephine to his home. Elizabeth had a big family, one baby after another, and needed Josephine badly, so Uncle Jake

consented to let her go back home. Mother told me many a time that she never went to a dance or a party or could play and have fun but WORK, WORK, WORK –more of a slave, one might say. But of course everyone had to work those days. She was just mortally afraid of Rudolph. He was rough and mean to his own children, and especially to her. She said she could never forgive him until after she joined the church and understood the gospel. My mother, Josephine, was a good woman. She couldn't do enough for her church or her neighbors. Paying her tithing and keeping the word of wisdom was easy for her. She never talked about people. My father didn't either. I never did hear gossip at any time in my parent's home.

My folks were married 31 March 1878. There were 4 of us, all girls. Emma, Katy, Anna, and me. Father felt bad about not having any boys. He used to say in German that the Gernand name was "died out". Uncle John Gernand had no children at all; Uncle George had one son who was killed in WW1 when he was only 18, so father was right as far as that particular family was concerned.

Joseph Carlos Meinrad Von Euw

Father, John Henry Gernand, had 360 acres of land. A great deal of it was timber land. He used to saw the trees down and grub the stumps out. He would have a "working" as they called it, or log rollings after the trees were felled. They would be rolled into huge piles and burned. It took many men to do this. In the winter someone would have a "working". No one was invited, but it was told around and neighbors would turn out to help each other. The wives would cook a good dinner. Some neighbor lady would come in to help cook. Most of the time, not always, if the farmer having the "working" had an uncarpeted room there would be a dance that night and he would pay the fiddler and pay for the keg of beer. Most young men would work like the dickens for that treat. (Good dinner, dance and beer!). These working days when people helped each other were common things in those days.

Speaking of carpets, they were rag carpets woven on a "loom".

The warp was closer together than are used here. It was very durable and could be made to look very attractive. The rags were thin and the warp close. Mother had a carpet put in squares and it looked checked and matched. It was very pretty. Fresh straw was put under it to make a padding. At spring house cleaning, new straw would be put in and what a clean sweet smell a room had. Mrs. Mary Keller, Will Keller's step mother, wove carpets for 10 cents per yard. She was an expert at it, but imagine – 10 cents per yard!

Our tables were set with a knife and fork and the plate turned upside down over them. The spoons were in a spoon holder and sugar in the sugar bowl. Layer cakes were on a cake stand. I never saw a dripper pan cake. And of course coffee was cooked in a big coffee pot. Coffee beans were bought whole and ground with a grinder. I can still see mother (Josephine) with the square grinder between her knees grinding away and smell that aroma. We had so much timber that we used oak and hickory for our stoves. We always had stacks and stacks of neatly split stove length pieces for the kitchen stove and lengths cut from smaller trees, sometimes left as they were or if the piece was too big it was split for the heater. A log of hickory would last all day or all night. We had a big box in the kitchen and this was kept full. It was our job (us girls) to fill the wood box each evening. When Willie Gruber lived with us he did that, but I had to get in the "chips". Chopping wood made a lot of chips. Instead of saying, "Get the kindling in", it would be chips. And boy! Those people could saw too. No jerking and pulling, but working evenly.

We smoked our meat with hickory wood. Everybody had a smoke house back in Illinois. Butchering days were something to be remembered. Neighbor again helping neighbor, we would kill 4, 5 or 6 fat hogs in one day, according to the size of one's family. This was also our lard supply. People ate meat back there, and I do mean "ate". Phillip Keller was a good butcher and he helped everyone around there. He was Will Keller, my brother-in law's father and our close neighbor. Will learned the knack of splitting the small intestines so they were thin as thin. These would be made into 2 or 3 yard lengths and stuffed with delicious tasting ground sausage meat. We owned a sausage grinder and stuffer and lard press. From the cracklings and skins mother made soap. Meat was cut up into hams, shoulders, bacon and so on; the fat cut up and rendered, the lean and different kinds of meat was ground for these sausages flavored with garlic or spices as our taste might call for. I've seen Phillip Keller roll up his sleeves to his elbow and mix ground sausage meat in a great big tub. The heart, tongue and head meat was cooked and made into what we called "liver sausage", but we didn't use much liver. Mother said liver made it too strong. This was stuffed into the large ruffly intestines and cooked again after stuffing...I suppose to cook the intestines. This kind couldn't be split, but were washed and washed and washed, salted and again washed. Bigger chunks of heart and tongue and some fat were stuffed into the stomach and also cooked after, and each stomach after it was cooked was pressed between boards to make it solid. It was called schwaddermagen.

The women would cut the fat off the "guts" and this was rendered separately. Even the feet were cleaned. Pickled pig feet were a delicacy. I like them still. Back in Illinois pigs were called pigs: shoats were shoats, and hogs were hogs. When we came west, people would call a 300 pound hog a pig and it sounded odd to us.

We didn't kill much beef. We had no way of keeping it. In each town there was a small butcher shop where we could buy that. Another thing that was typically Eastern or probably German was the "New Year shooters". A group of young men, 10, 12 or more, would come to each home New Year's eve, say a little rhyme wishing them a happy New Year; and then each would shoot his gun that had a paper wad rammed in. It would make a loud noise. I always looked forward to these events. At each home the boys would be invited in and given a treat. Mother would have cake and pie and some

of this schwaddermagen, and that went over well, for it was a change from so many sweets. At one old man's house, he gave the boys hard cider. It was almost the last place that night…they always started early and ended up at midnight. It made them all sick and much vomiting was done on the way home. They blamed it onto the hard cider, but they were probably so stuffed they would have vomited anyway.

People made their own vinegar from apple cider. We also made barrels of sauerkraut. We had a regular wooden maul made for that purpose to pound it down. We had a big kraut cutter. This was another big day.

Another big day was apple butter day. We had a 30 gallon copper kettle that we cooked it in. The day before we would have 2 apple peelers going, and everyone would work late into the night getting the apples cut into fourths and cored and ready for next morning's start. If we had plenty of apples so this could be done, we would cook the apples in cider; if not, we'd start cooking them with water. When they would cook down a little, more apples were added and this would go on until all apples were cooking; and then we cooked it 6 or 8 hours more from the time the last apples were added. Sugar and spices would be put in the last half hour. We had a wooden "stirrer". It may have had a name. If it did I've forgotten it. The apples had to be stirred constantly, using a slow fire. If it cooked too hard it would splatter all over and stick and burn. Such smooth, reddish brown apple butter no one ever tasted, unless they have eaten some made this way. Eight or ten gallons each fall was our goal. Sometimes the Elders would happen to be there and help. Every Elder said he had never tasted such good apple butter, and it was cooked so long and well that it didn't spoil easily.

The Elders of that long ago time wore split tailed coats and a "katy hat". One could recognize Mormon Elders for a mile away. The next thing that sounded peculiar to us when we came west was to hear people say we had a storm, or were going to have a storm, when in reality they only meant an ordinary rain. To us back East a storm meant a storm! This was before I was born, but I heard it from my parents, of how a cyclone took the roof off their home. When a storm came at night, mother would get up, light the lamp (which of course was a kerosene or "coal oil" one as we called it), get fully dressed, watch the lightening, shudder at the thunder, and walk the floor. Father would lay in bed and "let it storm". This day when the cyclone came, mother saw it and hollered upstairs to where dad was laying reading. (He was a great reader). It must have been Sunday or already have rained or he wouldn't have been inside reading if work could be done. He barely got downstairs when the roof came off slick and clean as if one would take a lid off a kettle, and set it down about 500 feet away from the house.

As was mentioned before, my parents were baptized in 1888. Mother (Josephine) was baptized 2 April, 1888 by Ernest S. Penrose and confirmed the same day by Charles A. Terry. Father was baptized almost a month later on the 30 April, 1888 by Charles A. Terry and confirmed by an Elder Peterson, a new companion. Elder Penrose wrote to my folks all through the years. I have a letter here written to them dated 1921. He was the son of Charles A. Penrose, who later was put in the First Presidency of the Church. It was a very fruitful field at that time in Southern Illinois. My folks, the Blatter family and two of the Blatter girls and their husbands and families also came into the church. But since that early day, not one solitary soul there has joined, except my husband and Will Keller, Katy's husband and her children. No one outside of our family, I mean.

There were quite a few spiritualistic people around that part. Uncle Jake Weber was a believer in it. He talked spiritualism so much that Father hated to be around him. Uncle Jake was a mild tempered man who spoke slow and softly. He was Grandma Blatter's (Elizabeth) brother and she must have been sort of inclined toward that belief also. This

was, of course, before our people had heard about Mormonism. I remember mother telling of some of the meetings she had attended. The small group would sit in a semi-circle around a table in darkness and silence. Whether they had prayer, I don't remember her saying. Anyway, everyone would sit quietly and wait for the spirits to come. A tambourine was paced on the table and shaken by them, and some matches were on the table also. In the dark a person can draw a line with the head of a match and a luminous streak will show. In this way the spirit would show his height. One said that he had been a king that lived before Jesus Christ was born. Mother (Josephine) asked if it was necessary to be baptized. He said "No". You could also ask them about any of your dead relatives. What the answer would be I've never heard or what else the spirits told the audience. One said he had to be at another meeting in DuQuoin or Benton, towns 10 or 15 miles away, at a certain hour so their flight must have been instantaneous. I don't know if they all spoke through a medium or not, but there was a woman whom they spoke through. Mother said she seemed to be in a daze or sleep and knew nothing what was going on; but she was their mouthpiece. Good old Uncle Jake and Aunt Lizzie joined our church in 1912. We were so happy about that.

Emma, Anna, Katy, Josephine & John Henry (seated), Tillie Gernand

One Elder, Victor D. Candland, hurt Uncle Jake's feelings terribly by telling him spiritualism was from the devil. Elder Candland had a deep voice. I can remember him distinctly even though I was just a little girl. Of course, the Elder was right, but we can't hurt people. It took a long time for Uncle Jake to get over that insult to want to listen to other Elders. He always spoke German and got after us kids if we refused to speak it. I guess I was the most rebellious one.

Throughout the years the Blatters moved to Idaho. Only my folks remained. After my husband and the Keller's joined in 1917, we moved to Lorenzo, Idaho the following year. That left my folks (Josephine and Henry Gernand) there alone. Mother cried like a baby when we left. She was very unhappy there and wanted to come West. Father hated to move and leave the farm unsold, but he did,

and it wasn't long until they sold it. I guess it was about 1 ½ years later they moved in with us. They came in November and stayed through the winter. It was these few months that Father and Gernell had such a good time together. Garnell died in May shortly after they had moved to Ammon, Idaho.

When they moved to Ammon they had a few chickens and a nice spot where they raised a good garden. Having worked hard all his life, he couldn't stand to be idle, but we were glad he could have it easier. He and mother were custodians of their ward for a year or so. This, however, we felt was too much work for either one of them, but they had to have something to do.

In July 1926, Father had an operation, a tumor on his spine internally. He wasn't given a general anesthetic, only a local. He could see and hear what was going on. He said the doctors took out his "insides" and laid them on his chest while they worked on him. He seemed to get along alright. We worried about him because of his age (80). The incision wouldn't heal and he died of blood poisoning 29 July 1926.

All her life mother (Josephine) could find things to do. Quilts were her specialty. She made hundreds of them throughout her life. Many a quilt we girls got as Christmas gifts. Each one of her grandchildren received one after her death. Mother lived 14 years after father's death. She died 2 November 1940. She was 81 years and 7 months old; loved and respected by her many friends and neighbors. She had lived alone in their Ammon home. She rented the front part so in reality she wasn't altogether alone. All she had to do if she became ill was to knock on the middle door and the tenants, which were such wonderful people, would be there to give her assistance. The lady came in every day to see how she was. It was such a relief to know this.

Mother and Father had received their Endowments 24 June 1921 in the Logan Temple. We children were sealed to them at different times later. They both lived and died faithful members of the Church, with a strong testimony of the gospel. God bless their memory.

The following are some memories Violet Cora Josephine Keller, grand daughter of Josephine Gernand, has of Josephine in 1927.

Monday June 6; Got up early and came to Grandmas'. Got here about 11 o'clock. Ironed for Grandma this afternoon. Dad calcimined the front room ceiling.

Tuesday June 7; Grandma and I papered the front room

Wednesday June 8; I painted 4 doors and baseboards. Went to town with Andors. Went to a Genealogical meeting and saw Aunt Olga, Aunt Dora and Aunt Bertha and Uncle John and Gottlieb and Andors. Aunt Olga and Uncle Andors were the only ones of my relatives who knew me. The rest said I had grown so much and Uncle Gottlieb asked which one of Katie's girls I was. Grandma said I was the youngest and that I was 17. They were surprised.

Thursday June 9; Went over doors and baseboards with another coat of paint.

Friday June 10; I varnished 5 chairs, a rocker, and a table. In the afternoon we took boxes of junk to the coal shed.

Saturday June 11; Mopped Grandma's kitchen floor and helped her get dinner. Dad came after me at 10:30; left Grandma's about 1 pm and got home about 5.

This information furnished by great grand daughter Linda Riggs Manning.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